ADVENTURE ON THE MISSOURI.

THE

MUSEUM

OF

PERILOUS ADVENTURES

AND

DARING EXPLOITS;

BEING A RECORD OF

THRILLING NARRATIVES HEROIC ACHIEVEMENTS

AND

HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISES,

INTERSPERSED WITH NUMEROUS ACCOUNTS

OF THE

MOST SINGULAR AND ENTERTAINING FACTS, FOUND IN HISTORY;

AND EMBRACING A MOST CURIOUS AND INTERESTING VARIETY

OF VALUABLE READING, FOR ALL CLASSES,

PREPARED FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

AND EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS AND DIVERSIFIED COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

Every person, whether of highly cultivated talents, or of ordinary acquirements, can be amused and entertained by the kind of reading which this book will place before him; and it is with a view to furnish recreation for the leisure of all classes of intelligent readers, that the publisher undertakes the work.

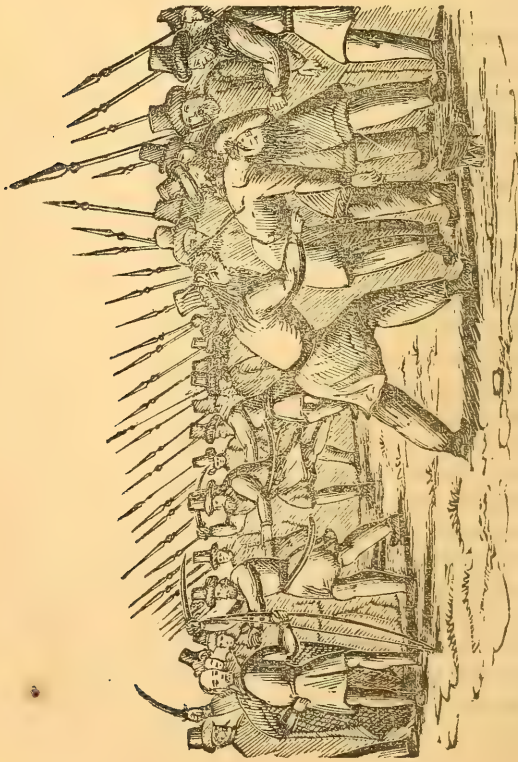
The object of the compiler has been to embody, in a popular form, a well chosen selection of those treasured incidents of noble greatness, daring enterprise, and fearless intrepidity, which adorn the page of history, and exhibit the strong traits of human character, worthy of being imitated or avoided.

It was a custom of the ancients, to keep continually before the minds of the young, the biographies of distinguished men, and to make them familiar with the incidents of virtuous and heroic achievement; and most of those great men whose actions have stamped them on the page of history, as the heroes and lawgivers of their time, have owed their celebrity to the impulse thus given to their youthful genius.

With the belief that there is emphatically a call for such a work, the publisher has made every endeavor to bring before the public a book adapted to so laudable a pur-

pose, and he confidently hopes it will be fou.. patronage. The articles composing this work h compiled from a large mass of materials, replete wit derful and intense interest, and selected with a particular care and discrimination.

For the most part, the selections are confined to known facts; though, in some cases, articles are adopted particu arly on account of their *interest*, while their authenticity may not be so clear.



DEATH OF MIRACHA.

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DARING EXPLOITS

AND

PERILOUS ADVENTURES.

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well grounded. The thunder began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning; flash following flash—above, around, beneath—every where a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned, and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and, with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge, was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it, even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the further end

of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded.

They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green color; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "We have come into the den of a —." He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength, for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if he reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping, in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay.

There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by his glowing eyes, which he rolled glaringly with fury upon us. His frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the

cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes, the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment; but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance, but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet.

"All is now over," said Wharton; "we have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which, for the moment, defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the further end of the cave; I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; and the tiger, which had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner; then stood still, and, stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth in a deafening howl.

Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity, to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however

one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having, at length, succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down, as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of the string, were two cubs. He had strangled them; and, before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw, through the aperture, how all nature was reviving, after the wild war of elements, which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength; and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears; for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had ex

amined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she was determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward, with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased.

Our Indians descended from their tree, and called upon us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves, by instant flight; for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were, no doubt, acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees, with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the

hollow below, rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side.

Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock.

He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended, for a moment, in the air above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance: she fell into the gulf, and, before she reached the bottom, she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost.

But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and, with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude: he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, while, with his right, he wrench-

ed and violenly turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss.

ATTEMPT TO TAKE ARNOLD.

General Washington having learned whither Arnold had fled, deemed it possible still to take him, and bring him to the just reward of his treachery. To accomplish an object so desirable, and at the same time, in so doing to save Andre, Washington devised a plan, which, although it ultimately failed, evinced the greatness of his powers and his unwearied ardor for his country's good.

Having matured the plan, Washington sent to Major Lee to repair to head quarters, (at Tappan, on the Hudson.) "I have sent for you," said General Washington "in the expectation that you have some one in your corps who is willing to undertake a delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward will confer great obligations on me personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost; he must proceed, if possible, to-night. I intend to seize Arnold and save Andre."

Major Lee named a sergeant-major of his corps, by the name of *Champe*—a native of Virginia, a man full of bone and muscle—with a countenance grave, thoughtful, and taciturn—of tried courage and inflexible perseverance.

Champe was sent for by Major Lee, and the plan proposed. This was for him to desert—to escape to New York—to appear friendly to the enemy—to watch Arnold, and, upon some fit opportunity, with the assistance of some one whom Champe could trust, to seize him and conduct him to a place on the river, appointed, where boats should be in readiness to bear him away.

Champe listened to the plan attentively—but with the spirit of a man of honor and integrity, replied—"that it was not danger nor difficulty that deterred him from immediately accepting the proposal, but the *ignominy of desertion and the hypocrisy of enlisting with the enemy!*"

To these objections Lee replied, that although he would appear to desert, yet, as he obeyed the call of his commander-in-chief, his departure could not be considered as criminal, and that if he suffered in reputation for a time, the matter should one day be explained to his credit.

As to the second objection, it was urged, that to bring such a man as Arnold to justice—loaded with guilt as he was—and to save Andre, so young, so accomplished, and so beloved—to achieve so much good in the cause of his country, was more than sufficient to balance a wrong existing only in appearance.

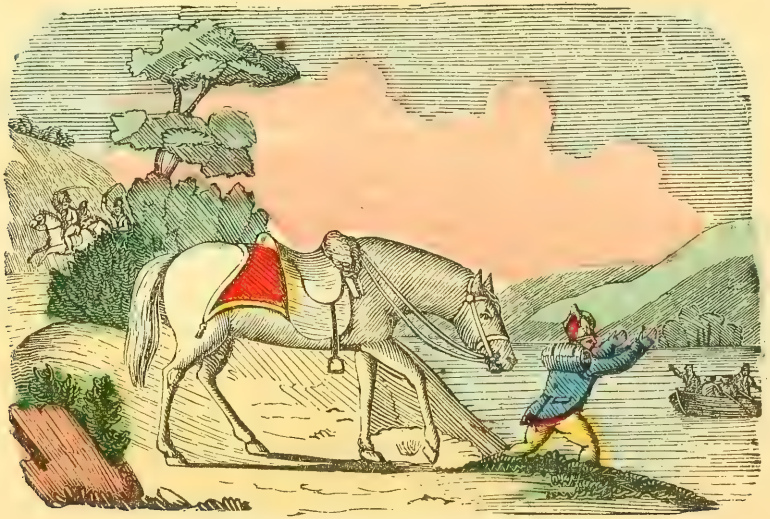
The objections of Champe were at length surmounted, and he accepted the service. It was now eleven o'clock at night. With his instructions in his pocket, the sergeant returned to camp, and taking his cloak, valise, and orderly book, drew his horse from the picket, and mounted, putting himself upon fortune.

Scarcely half an hour elapsed, before Captain Carnes, the officer of the day, waited upon Lee, who was vainly attempting to rest, and informed him that one of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon, who, being challenged, put spur to his horse, and had escaped.

Lee, hoping to conceal the flight of Champe, or at least to delay pursuit, complained of fatigue and told the captain that the patrol had probably mistaken a countryman for a dragoon. Carnes, however, was not thus to be quieted; but withdrew to assemble his corps.

On examination, it was found that Champe was absent. The captain now returned, and acquainted Lee with the discovery, adding that he had detached a party to pursue the deserter, and begged the major's written orders.

After making as much delay as was practicable, without exciting suspicion. Lee delivered his orders—in which he directed the party to take Champe if possible. "Bring him alive," said he, "that he may suffer in the presence of



CHAMPE TAKING TO THE RIVER.

the army, but kill him if he resists, or if he escapes after being taken."

A shower of rain fell soon after Champe departed, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to take the trail of his horse, his shoes, in common with those of the horses of the army, being made in a peculiar form, and each having a private mark, which was to be seen in the path.

Middleton, the leader of the pursuing party, left the camp a few minutes past twelve, so that Champe had the start of but little more than an hour—a period by far shorter than had been contemplated.

During the night, the dragoons were often delayed in the necessary halts to examine the road; but on the coming of morning, the impression of the horse's shoes was so apparent, that they pressed on with rapidity.

Some miles above Bergen, (a village three miles north of New York, on the opposite side of the Hudson,) on ascending a hill, Champe was descried, not more than half a mile distant. Fortunately, Champe descried his pursuers at the same moment, and conjecturing their object, put spur to his horse, with the hope of escape.

By taking a different road, Champe was for a time lost sight of—but on approaching the river he was again descried. Aware of his danger, he now lashed his valise, containing his clothes and orderly book, to his shoulders, and prepared himself to plunge into the river, if necessary.

Swift was his flight, and swift was the pursuit. Middleton and his party were within a few hundred yards, when Champe threw himself from his horse, and plunged into the river, calling aloud upon some British galleys, at no great distance, for help.

A boat was instantly despatched to the sergeant's assistance, and a fire commenced upon the pursuers. Champe was taken on board, and soon after carried to New York with a letter from the captain of the galley, stating the past scene, all of which he had witnessed.

Adjoining the house in which Arnold resided, and at which it was designed to seize and gag him, Champe had taken off several of the palings, and replaced them so that, with ease and without noise, he could readily open his way to the adjoining alley. Into this alley he intended

to convey his prisoner, aided by his companion one or two associates, who had been introduced by the friend to whom Champe had been originally made known by letter from the commander-in-chief, and with whose aid and counsel he had so far conducted the enterprise. His other associate was, with the boat, prepared at one of the wharves on the Hudson river, to receive the party.

Champe and his friend intended to have placed themselves each under Arnold's shoulder, and to have thus borne him through the most unfrequented alleys and streets to the boat, representing Arnold, in case of being questioned, as a drunken soldier, whom they were conveying to the guard-house.

When arrived at the boat, the difficulties would be all surmounted, there being no danger nor obstacle in passing to the Jersey shore. These particulars, as soon as made known to Lee, were communicated to the commander-in-chief, who was highly gratified with the much desired intelligence. He desired Major Lee to meet Champe, and to take care that Arnold should not be hurt.

The day arrived, and Lee, with a party of accoutred horses, one for Arnold, one for the sergeant, and the third for his associate, who was to assist in securing Arnold, left the camp, never doubting the success of the enterprise, from the tenor of the last received communication. The party reached Hoboken about midnight, where they were concealed in the adjoining wood—Lee, with three dragoons, stationing himself near the shore of the river. Hour after hour passed, but no boat approached.

At length the day broke, and the major retired to his party, and with his led horses returned to the camp, where he proceeded to head quarters to inform the general of the much lamented disappointment, as mortifying as inexplicable. Washington having perused Champe's plan and communication, had indulged the presumption, that at length the object of his keen and constant pursuit, was sure of execution, and did not dissemble the joy such a conviction produced. He was chagrined at the issue, and apprehended that his faithful sergeant must have been detected in the last scene of his tedious and difficult enterprise.

In a few days Lee received an anonymous letter from Champe's patron and friend, informing him that on the day preceding the night for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the town, to superintend the embarkation of troops, preparing, as was rumored, for an expedition to be directed by himself; and that the American legion, consisting chiefly of American deserters, had been transferred from their barracks to one of the transports, it being apprehended that if left on shore until the expedition was ready, many of them might desert.

Thus it happened, that John Champe, instead of crossing the Hudson that night, was safely deposited on board one of the fleet of transports, from whence he never departed, until the troops under Arnold landed in Virginia Nor was he able to escape from the British army until after the junction of Cornwallis at Petersburgh, when he deserted; and proceeding high up into Virginia, he passed into North Carolina, near the Saury towns, and keeping in the friendly districts of that state, safely joined the army soon after it had passed the Congaree, in pursuit of Lord Rawdon.

His appearance excited supreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased, when they saw the cordial reception he met with from the late major, now lieutenant colonel, Lee. His whole story was soon known to the corps, which reproduced the love and respect of officer and soldier, (heretofore invariably entertained for the sergeant,) heightened by universal admiration of his late daring and arduous attempt.

Champe was introduced to General Green, who very cheerfully complied with the promise made by the commander-in-chief, so far as in his power; and having provided the sergeant with a good horse and money for his journey, sent him to General Washington, who munificently anticipated every desire of the sergeant, and presented him with a discharge from furtner service, lest he might, in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the hands of the enemy, when, if recognised, he was sure to die on the gibbet.

We shall only add respecting the after life of this interesting adventurer, that when General Washington was

called by President Adams, in 1798, to the command of the army, prepared to defend the country against French hostility, he sent to Lieutenant Colonel Lee, to inquire for Champe; being determined to bring him into the field at the head of a company of infantry. Lee sent to Loudon county, Virginia, where Champe settled after his discharge from the army; when he learned that the gallant soldier had removed to Kentucky, where he soon after died.

THE WILD TURKEY.

Fifty years ago, a stockade fort, enclosing a few hastily constructed cabins, occupied part of the ground on which is now built the bustling and flourishing city of Wheeling. The immortal demi-Indian chieftain, Simon Girty, a warrior acting under the immediate auspices of his excellency Governor Hamilton, of Detroit, several times besieged this fort with a legion of blood-thirsty savages, and was often repulsed, without the acquisition of any invincible quantity of laurels. Many other attempts were made by the Indians to possess these works, all of which proving abortive, they magnanimously resorted to the extremity of lying in ambush in places contiguous to the fort, by which means several of the settlers were decoyed and killed. The lapse of a few years, however brought with it many changes in the features of the west many expeditions were sent out against the Indians, and these "lords of the soil," at the time of our story, were supposed to have been extirpated from the settlement of Wheeling.

Perfectly confident of security, the hunters once more resumed their manly and soul-stirring vocation, and the young and timid fearlessly ventured far from their houses, without the least apprehension of danger. The hunters usually went out singly, for the purpose of avoiding noise and bustle as much as possible. One day a hunter heard the cries of a *wild turkey*, while hunting on the banks of the creek, in the vicinity of the fort, and while he was

THE WILD TURKEY

endeavoring to ascertain its location, he was fired upon and wounded by an unseen hand. Several others were deluded and decoyed by the same agent, and tradition saith, that the rifle of the *mysterious turkey* has sent its leaden ball into more than one of its sturdy pioneers. The suspicion that an Indian, or a renegado, lurked in the neighborhood, soon insinuated itself into the acute comprehension of the settlers, who, in a twinkling, determined to despatch him, and in about the same length of time abandoned their resolution. Under the concomitant apprehension of danger from the much dreaded *turkey*, the range of the hunters was materially abridged; so much so, that the unusual scarcity of accustomed provisions began to be severely felt; for be it known, that, in those days, the backwoodsman depended almost entirely upon his success in the chase for aliment, both for the *mind* and *body*.

About this time there dwelt, wherever there was a prospect of danger, a hardy veteran of the old school, yclept Lewis Wetzel, a hunter and warrior, whose deeds have been recorded in the chronicles of the West, as being of a nature and character which will for ever entitle him to the gratitude of the millions who live on the ground which he defended. When rumors and surmises about the *mysterious turkey* were the constant theme of colloquy and gossiping among the good dames and the sprightly maidens, and the unvarying object of threats and dread with the hunters, Lewis Wetzel made his appearance at Wheeling. "It's nothing but a lazy, skulking Indian," our veteran replied, after listening patiently to his informants. "I know something about that hole myself," (Lewis Wetzel had *finished* many a red skin in his day,) "and really I feel obliged to ye for letting me have the name of hooking this feller. Boys, if ye'd a lived as much in the woods as I nave, and *camped* out as often, with no other kivering than these here old blankets, I rather suppose you'd know a little more about these red skins than you do. But never fear, if there's any faith in my old rifle here, boys, that red skin never sees the sun rise again!" Although the words grated awfully in the ears of the young and tender-hearted damsels, yet all felt a pleasing sensation in contemplating the

benefits that would arise from the exit of the *mysterious turkey.* "I know something about that hole," was altogether unintelligible to the hunters, and as they could make nothing out of it, philosopher like, they permitted the matter to rest there without further inquiry.

On the following morning, shortly after the Wheeling folks had vacated their snug and comfortable beds, which might have been in the neighborhood of *day-light*, the first unusual sound which saluted their ears, was the report of a rifle. This, however, was nothing extraordinary in the backwoods. Not long after, Lewis Wetzel entered the fort, and with perfect indifference walked up to a cabin, and resting his rifle against a door, leisurely began to wind a piece of tow round the ramrod, for the purpose of cleaning his gun. Some one inquired, "Wetzel, was that you who fired?" "*Yes.*" "What did you kill?" "*An Indian!*" "An Indian! what, the turkey?" "*I reckon so.*" "Huzza! huzza, boys, the *turkey's dead!*" shouted one and all, with such a tremendous din, that all the salted venison of the good housewives *turned black!* After Lewis had taken much pains, and consumed a great deal of time in getting his rifle "in order," he yielded to the importunities of the bystanders, and conducted them to the death-bed of the *mysterious turkey.* A rapid walk of a few moments brought the party to the bank of the creek. A gigantic elm, torn from its roots by the rage of the tempest, had fallen into the stream.

"Now," said Lewis Wetzel, "you see I come here last night and *scrouged* myself up in the bush of that there tree in the creek, with my rifle ready cocked. When day broke, the first thing I see'd was a rifle glistening in that there hole over the creek, in that rock. Right behind it was an old red skin fast and snug asleep, with his black head *dowsing* upon his shoulders; so I took a dead aim and banged away, and if any of you will wade over and climb up to the hole, you'll find him in his last sleep."

Accordingly, the "hole" was quickly entered, and the *mysterious turkey* was found to be a lifeless corpse, surrounded by various trophies of his victories and murders. The cavity can be seen to this day, in nearly its original state. It is a ledge of rocks, probably about twenty-five

or thirty feet from the base. Part of the aperture has decayed and mouldered away, but sufficient yet remains to assure the visitant that the "hole" (now appellated the "Indian Rock") was a comfortable and secluded retreat for the last of the "old residenters."

THE FIRE SHIP.

In the year 1804, when Preble, as commodore of the American squadron in the Mediterranean, was gaining glory, before Tripoli, alike for himself, his officers, and crews, and for his country, Lieut. Commandant Richard Somers had command, under him, of the Nautilus, a schooner of fourteen guns.

During several fights which had previously occurred with the enemy, this officer had shown great bravery as commander of gun-boat number one; and now suggested to the commodore, that a happy result might possibly be obtained by converting the ketch Intrepid, a captured craft of about seventy-five tons—the identical vessel with which the gallant Decatur had boarded and captured and burned the frigate Philadelphia—into a fire ship, and sending her into the harbor under the walls of the Bashaw's castle, in direct contact with the entire marine force of the Tripolitans.

This daring and highly dangerous enterprise being determinated upon, Somers, with whom it had originated, received the orders, to which he was thus entitled, to conduct it; and the necessary preparations were promptly made by him. Fifteen thousand pounds of powder were first placed loosely in the hole of the ketch, and upon this two hundred and fifty thirteen-inch fuseed sheels, with a train attached from the *cabin to the fore peak.* Only one officer, the talented and lamented Lieut Henry Wadsworth, brother of the present Commodore Wadsworth, was to accompany him, and four volunteer seamen were to compose the crew.

All things were now in readiness, except the selection of the men; for it came to this, at last, that every man on

board the Nautilus had volunteered his services. This done, it was determined without delay to attempt the enterprise—to succeed in it or perish.

Two nights successively did the Intrepid move; but owing to light and baffling winds, nothing could be accomplished. These failures, and an unusual movement in the harbor after dark on the third night, led Somers to believe that the suspicions of the enemy had been excited, and that they were on the lookout. It was the general impression that their powder was nearly exhausted; and as so large a quantity as was on board the ketch, if captured, would greatly tend to protract the contest, before setting off, he addressed the crew upon the subject, telling them, "that no man need accompany him who had not come to the resolution to blow himself up, rather than be captured; and that such was fully his own determination." Three cheers was the only reply. The gallant crew rose, as a single man, with the resolution of yielding up their lives, sooner than surrender to their enemies; while each stepped forth, and begged as a *favor* that he might be permitted to apply the match! It was a glorious moment, and made an impression on the hearts of all witnessing it, never to be forgotten.

All then took leave of every officer, and of every man, in the most cheerful manner, with a shake of the hand, as if they knew that their fate was doomed; and one and another, as they passed over the side, to take their post on board the ketch, might be heard, in their own peculiar manner, to cry out, "I say, Sam Jones, I leave you my blue jacket and duck trowsers, stowed away in my bag;" and "Bill Curtis, you may have the tarpaulin hat and Guernsey frock, and them petticoat trowsers I got in Malta—and mind, boys, when you get home, give a good account of us!" In like manner, did each thus make his oral will, to which the writer was witness, and which last "*will and testament*" he caused to be executed to the very letter.

It was about nine o'clock, on the night of the fifth of September, 1804, that this third and last attempt was made. The Nautilus had been ordered to follow the Intrepid closely in, to pick up and bring out her boat's crew

in case they should succeed in the exploit. Hence, though it was very dark, we never lost sight of her, as I had been directed by the first lieutenant—the late gallant Washington Reed—who commanded in the absence of Somers, to keep a constant watch of her, for this purpose, with a night glass.

At the end of an hour, about ten o'clock, P. M., while I was engaged in this duty, the awful explosion took place. For a moment the flash illumined the whole heavens around, while the terrific concussion shook every thing far and near. Then all was hushed again, and every object veiled in a darkness of double gloom. On board the Nautilus, the silence of death seemed to pervade the entire crew; but quickly the din of kettle drums beating to arms, with the noise of confusion and alarm, was heard from the inhabitants on shore. To aid in the escape of the boat, an order was now given by Reed, to *"show a light"*—upon the appearance of which, hundreds of shot from an equal number of guns, of heavy calibre, from the batteries near, came rattling over and around us, but we heeded them not: one thought and one feeling alone had possession of our souls—the preservation of Somers and his crew!

As moment after moment passed by without bringing with it the preconcerted signal from the boat, the anxiety on board became intense; and the men, with lighted lanterns, hung themselves over the sides of the vessel, til their heads almost touched the water—a position in which an object on its surface can be seen furthest in a dark night—with the hope of discovering something which would give assurance of its safety. Still no boat came, and no signal was given; and the unwelcome conclusion at last was forced upon us, that the fearful alternative of blowing themselves up rather than be captured, so bravely determined upon at the outset of the enterprise, had been as bravely put in execution. The fact that the Intrepid, at the time of the explosion, had not proceeded as far into the harbor by several hundred yards, as it was the intention of Somers to carry her, before setting her on fire, confirmed us in this apprehension; still, we lingered on the spot till broad day-light, though we lingered in vain.

in the hope that some one, at least, of the number, might yet be rescued by us from a floating plank or spar, to tell the tale of his companions' fate.

To our astonishment, we learned next day that Lieut. Israel, a gallant youth, who had been sent with orders from Commodore Preble, to Somers, after he was under way in the ketch, had accompanied him in the expedition, and had shared his destiny.

Such was the end of the noble fellows, who, a few days only before, on board their own gun boat, number one, had beaten six of the enemy's fleet, of equal force with themselves, immediately under the guns, and within pistol shot of a shore-battery; an achievement accomplished only, in their peculiar position, by backing astern, and keeping up an incessant fire of canvass bags, filled with one hundred musket balls each, till our gallant commodore in the "Constitution," stood in to take the fire of the battery, and thus enable us, under his cover, to obey the order, "*to come out of action*"—a signal which had already been flying more than an hour, and which Somers, at first, would not, and at last, (from the fierceness of the fight,) could not see.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.

In the year 1797, John Smith was indicted for the wilful murder of Henry Thompson. The case was one of a most extraordinary nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled. The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate, in an unfrequented part of Lincolnshire. A person, supposed to be an entire stranger to him, had, late in a summer's day, requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had, it was supposed, after partaking of some slight refreshment, immediately retired to bed, in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered his room for that purpose, he was found in his bed, perfectly dead; and from the appearance of the body,

t was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence on his person, and the countenance retained the same expression which it had borne during his life. Great consternation was of course excited by this discovery, and inquiries were immediately made, first, as to who the stranger was, and second ly, as to how he met with his death. Both were unsuc cessful. As to the former, no information could be obtained—no clue discovered to lend the knowledge either of his name, his person, or his occupation. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighboring village about an hour before he reached the house where his existence was so mysteriously terminated; but could be traced no further. Beyond this all was conjecture.

With respect to the death, as little could be learned as of the dead man; it was, it is true, sudden, awfully sudden; but there was no reason, that alone excepted, to suppose that it was caused by the hand of man, rather than by the hand of God. A coroner's jury was, of course, summoned; and after an investigation, in which little more could be proved than that which I have here stated, a verdict was returned, to the effect, that the deceased *died by the visitation of God.* Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. In the mean time rumor had not been idle; suspicions, vague, indeed, and undefined, but of a dark and fearful character, were at first whispered, and afterwards boldly expressed. The precise object of these suspicions was not clearly indicated; some implicated one person, some another; but they all pointed to Smith, the master of the house, as concerned in the death of the stranger. As usual, in such cases, circumstances totally unconnected with the transaction in question, matters many years antecedent, and relating to other persons, as well as other times, were used as auxiliary to the present charge. The character of Smith, in early life, had been exposed to much observation. While his father was yet alive, he had left his native country, involved in debt, known to have been guilty of great irregularities, and suspected of being not over-scrupulous as to the mode of ob taining those supplies of money of which he was continually

in want, and which he seemed somewhat inexplicably to procure.

Ten years and more had elapsed since his return, and the events of his youth had been forgotten by many, and to many were entirely unknown; but on this occasion, they were revived, and, probably, with considerable additions.

Two months after the death of the stranger, a gentleman arrived at the place, impressed with a belief that he was his brother, and seeking for information either to confirm or refute his suspicions. The horse and the clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were instantly recognized; one other test there was, though it was uncertain whether that would lead to any positive conclusion —the examination of the body. The test was tried; and although decomposition had gone on rapidly, yet enough remained to identify the body, which the brother did most satisfactorily. As soon as it was known that there was a person authorised by relationship to the deceased to inquire into the cause of his death, and if it should appear to have been otherwise than natural, to take steps for bringing to justice those who had been concerned in it, the reports which had been previously floating idly about and circulated without having any distinct object, were collected into one channel and poured into his ear. What those reports were, and what they amounted to, it is not necessary here to mention—suffice it to say, that the brother laid before the magistrates of the district such evidence as induced them to commit Mr. Smith to jail, to take his trial for the willful murder of Henry Thompson As it was deemed essential to the attainment of justice, to keep secret the examination of the witnesses who were produced before the magistrates, all the information of which the public were in possession before the trial took place, was that which I have here narrated.

Lord Mansfield's charge to the grand jury upon the subject of this murder, had excited a good deal of attention. He had recommended them, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the evidence to insure a conviction, to throw out the bill; explaining to them most justly and clearly, that, in the event of their doing so, if any addi-

tional evidence should, at a future time, be discovered, the prisoner could again be apprehended and tried for the offense; whereas, if they found a true bill, and, from deficiency of proof, he was now acquitted on his trial, he could never again be molested, even though the testimony against him should be morally as clear as light. The grand jury, after, as was supposed, very considerable discussion among themselves, and, as was rumored, by a majority of only one, returned a true bill.

Never shall forget I the appearance of anxiety exhibited upon every countenance on the entrance of the judge into court. In an instant the most profound silence prevailed; and interest, intense and impassioned, though subdued, seemed to wait upon every word and every look, as if divided between expectation and doubt, whether something might not yet interfere to prevent the extraordinary trial from taking place. Nothing, however, occurred; and the stillness was broken by the mellow and silvery voice of Lord Mansfield—"*Let John Smith be placed at the bar.*" The order was obeyed; and, as the prisoner entered the dock, he met on every side the eager and anxious eyes of a countless multitude bent in piercing scrutiny upon his face. And well did he endure that scrutiny. A momentary suffusion covered his cheeks; but it was only momentary, and less than might have been expected from an indifferent person, who found himself on a sudden "the observed of all observers." He bowed respectfully to the court; and then folding his arms, seemed to wait until he should be called upon to commence his part in that drama in which he was to perform so conspicuous a character. I find it difficult to describe the effect produced on my mind by his personal appearance; yet his features were most remarkable, and are indelibly impressed in my memory. He was apparently between forty and fifty years of age; his hair, grown gray, either from toil, or care, or age, indicated an ap proach to the latter period, while the strength and upright ness of his figure, an the haughty coldness of his look, and an eye that spoke of fire, and pride, and passion, ill concealed, would have led conjecture to fix on the former. His countenance, at the first glance, appeared to be that

which we are accustomed to associate with deeds of high and noble daring; but a second and more attentive examination of the face and brow was less satisfactory. There was, indeed, strongly marked, the intellect to conceive and devise schemes of high import; but I fancied that I could trace, in addition to it, caution to conceal the deep design, a power to penetrate the motives of others, and to personate a character at variance with his own, and cunning that indicated constant watchfulness and circumspection. Firmness there was, to persevere to the last, but that was equivocal; and I could not help persuading myself that it was not of that character which would prompt to deeds of virtuous enterprise, or seek the "bubble, reputation, at the cannon's mouth:" but that it was rather allied to that quality which would let no compunctious visitings of nature shake his fell purpose, whatever it might be. The result of this investigation into his character, such as it was, was obviously unfavorable; and yet there were moments when I thought I had meted out to him a hard measure of justice, and when I was tempted to accuse myself of prejudice in the opinion I had formed of him; and particularly when he was asked by the clerk of the arraigns the usual question: "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" as he drew his form up to his fullest height, and the fetters clanked upon his legs, as he answered with unfaltering tongue and unblanching cheek, "Not guilty," my heart smote me for having involuntarily interpreted against him every sign that was doubtful.

The counsel for the prosecution opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He began by imploring them to divest their minds of all that they had heard before they came into the box; he entreated them to attend to the evidence, and judge from that alone. He stated, that in the course of his experience, which was very great, he had never met with a case involved in deeper mystery than that upon which he was then addressing them. The prisoner at the bar was a man moving in a respectable station in society, and maintaining a fair character. He was, to all appearance, in the possession of considerable property, and was above the ordinary temptations to commit so foul a crime

With respect to the property of the deceased, it was strongly suspected that he had either been robbed of, or in some inexplicable manner made way with gold and jewels to a very large amount; yet, in candor, he was bound to admit, that no portion of it, however trifling, could be traced to the prisoner. As to any motive of malice or revenge, none could by possibility be assigned; for the prisoner and the deceased were, as far as could be ascertained, total strangers to each other. Still there were most extraordinary circumstances connected with his death, pregnant at least, and imperiously demanding explanation; and it was justice, no less to the accused than to the public, that the case should undergo judicial investigation. The deceased, Henry Thomson, was a jeweller, residing in London, wealthy, and in considerable business; and as was the custom of his time, in the habit of personally conducting his principal transactions with the foreign merchants with whom he traded. He had travelled much in the course of his business, in Germany and Holland; and it was to meet at Hull a trader of the latter nation, of whom he was to make a large purchase, that he had left London a month before his death. It would be proved by the landlord of the inn where he had resided, that he and his correspondent had been there; and a wealthy jeweller of the town, well acquainted with both parties, had seen Mr. Thomson after the departure of the Dutchman; and could speak positively to there being then in his possession jewels to a large value, and gold, and certain bills of exchange, the parties to which he could describe. This was on the morning of Thomson's departure from Hull, on his return to London, and was on the day but one preceding that on which he arrived at the house of the prisoner. What had become of him in the interval could not be ascertained; nor was the prisoner's house situated on the road which he ought to have taken. No reliance, however, could be placed on that circumstance; for it was not at all uncommon for persons who travelled with property about them, to leave the direct road, even for a considerable distance, in order to secure themselves as effectually as possible from the robbers by whom the remote parts of the country were greatly infested He had not been seen

from the time of his leaving Hull till he reached the village next adjoining Smith's house, and through which he passed without even a momentary halt. He was seen to alight at Smith's gate, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He now came to the most extraordinary part of the case. It would be proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the deceased died by POISON—poison of a most subtle nature, most active in its operation, and possessing the wonderful and dreadful quality of leaving no external mark or token by which its presence could be detected. The ingredients of which it was composed were of so sedative a nature, that instead of the body on which it had been used, exhibiting any contortions, or marks of suffering, it left upon the features nothing but the calm and placid quiet of repose. Its effects, and indeed its very existence, were but recently known in this country, though it had for some time been used in other nations of Europe; and it was supposed to be a discovery of the German chemists, and to be produced by a powerful distillation of the seed of the wild cherry tree, so abundant in the Black Forest.

But the fact being ascertained that the cause of the death was poison, left open the much more momentous question, by whom was it administered? It could hardly be supposed to be by the deceased himself; there was nothing to induce such a suspicion; and there was this important circumstance, which of itself almost negatived its possibility, that no phial, or vessel of any kind, had been discovered, in which the poison could have been contained. Was it then the prisoner who administered it? Before he asked them to come to that conclusion, it would be necessary to state more distinctly what his evidence was. The prisoner's family consisted only of himself, a housekeeper and only one man-servant. The man-servant slept in a small house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thompson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, and the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the housekeeper's. It would be proved by a person who happened to be passing by the house on the night in question, about three hours after midnight, that he had been induced to remain and

watch, from having his attention excited by the circumstance, then very unusual, of a light moving about the house at that late hour. That person would state, most positively, that he could distinctly see a figure, holding a light, go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the housekeeper's room, and the light disappeared for a minute Whether the two persons went into Thomson's room he could not see, as the window of that room looked another way ; but in about a minute they returned, passing quite along the house to Smith's room again ; and in about five minutes the light was extinguished, and he saw it no more.

Such was the evidence upon which the magistrates had committed Smith ; and singularly enough, since his committal, the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week, the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined ; and in order to refresh his memory, had been placed at dark, in the very spot where he had stood on that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it, was acted over again ; but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above mentioned, to ascertain, when the light disappeared, whether the parties had gone into Thomson's room. As if, however, to throw still deeper mystery over this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement ; that, after the person had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room there was nothing which could account for this appearance ; his bed was in a different part, and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more, (said the learned counsel,) and he had done his duty ; it would then be for the jury to do theirs. Within a few days there had been found, in the prisoner's house, the stopper of a small bottle, of a very singular description ; it was apparently

not of English manufacture, and was described by the medical men, as being of the description used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtue by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the counsel for the prosecution; and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who had listened to it with deep attention. Twice only did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of his housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lip; and the notice of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and, I thought, an apprehension, but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution; it amounted, in substance, to that which the counsel stated; nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the house; but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even to his knowledge.

When the case was closed, the judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence; and if the jury were of the same opinion, they would at once stop the case. Upon this observation from the judge, the jury turned round for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his lordship's view of the evidence. The counsel folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He stated, that having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had his character assailed by suspicions of the most afflicting nature, that character could never be cleared by his acquittal, upon the ground that the evidence against him was inconclusive, without giving him an opportunity of stating his own case, and calling a witness to counteract the impression that had been raised against him, by explaining those circumstances which at present appeared doubtful. He urged the learned judge to permit him to state his case to the jury, and to call his housekeeper, with so much earnestness, and was

seconded so strongly by his counsel, that Lord Mansfield, though very much against his inclination, and contrary to his usual habit, gave way and yielded to the fatal request.

The prisoner then addressed the jury, and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he could never feel satisfied to be acquitted, merely be cause the evidence was not conclusive ; and pledged him self, in a very short time, by the few observations he should make, and the witness whom he should call, to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds, upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the dreadful crime. With respect to the insinuations which had been thrown out against him, he thought one observation would dispose of them. Assuming it to be true, that the deceased died from the effect of poison, of which he called God to witness that he had never even heard the name or the existence until this day, was not every probability in favor of his innocence? Here was a perfect stranger, not known to have in his possession a single article of value, who might either have lost, or been robbed of, that property which he was said to have had at Hull. What so probable as that he should, in a moment of despair at his loss, have destroyed himself? The fatal drug was stated to have been familiar in those countries in which Mr. Thomson had travelled, while to himself it was utterly unknown. Above all, he implored the jury to remember, that although the eye of malice had watched every proceeding of his since the fatal accident, and though the most minute search had been made into every part of his premises, no vestige had been discovered of the most trifling article belonging to the deceased, nor had even a rumor been circulated that poison of any kind had ever been in his possession. Of the stopper which had been found, he disowned all knowledge ; he declared most solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was pro duced in court ; and he asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce upon an impartial mind even a momentary prejudice against him? One FACT, and one only, had been proved, to which it was possible for him to give an answer—the fact of his having gone to the bedroom of his housekeeper on the night in question. He

had been subject, for many years of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage while she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light; and after she had remained in his room for a few minutes, finding himself better, he had dismissed her and retired again to bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest. It had been said, that after his committal to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He avowed, that finding his enemies determined, if possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought it probable they might tamper with his servant; he had, therefore, kept her out of the way; but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was concerned, the statement which he had just made.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a very powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave to it an appearance of truth. The housekeeper was then put into the box, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. According to the custom, at that time almost universal, of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a single word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner or appearance; she might be about thirty-five, or a little more, with regular, though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment. She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story that he had told of his having called her up, and her having accompanied him to his room, adding, that after leaving him, she had retired to her own room and been awakened by the man-servant in the morning, with an account of the traveller's death. She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here, that which, though not known to me till afterwards, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene.

The counsel for the prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstance mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had intervened between the candle and the window, which was totally irreconcileable with the appearance of the room when examined; and he had half persuaded himself, that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the search of the officers of justice, the opening of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously disappeared. His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which, as she could not help seeing its importance, would have led her at once to a positive denial. He knew, moreover, that as she had not been in court, she could not know how much or how little the inquiry had already brought to light; and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it so also, and by that means draw forth all that she knew. After some unimportant questions, he asked her, in a tone and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust—

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room, you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room?—Yes.

Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it opened once or twice, while it stood there?—A pause; no answer.

I will call it to your recollection; after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door or did it remain open?—He shut it.

Then it was open again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?—It was.

Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?—Not above a minute.

The door, when open, would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?—It would.

I forget whether you said the closet was on the right or left hand side of the window.—The left.

Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?—None.

Could you speak positively to that fact? have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?—I never opened it myself.

Did you never keep the key?—Never.

Who did?—Mr. Smith, always.

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes towards the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical; cold, damp sweat sat upon his brow, and his face had lost all its color; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another, till she had told him all that he wanted to know. A medical man was immediately directed to attend her; and during the interval occasioned by this interruption to the proceedings, the solicitor for the prosecution left the court. In a short time the gentleman who attended the witness returned into court, and stated that it was impossible that she could at present resume her place in the box; and suggested that it would be much better to allow her to wait for an hour or two. It was now about twelve in the day, and Lord Mansfield having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court for two hours. The prisoner was taken back to jail, and the witness to an apartment in the jailer's house; and strict orders were given that she should be allowed to communicate with no one, except in the presence and hearing of the physician. It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench, the prisoner his station at the bar, and the housekeeper her's at the witness box; the court in the interval had remained crowded with the spectators, scarce one of whom had left his place, lest during his absence it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness—I have a very few more questions to ask of you, but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs upon a thread.

Do you know this stopper?—I do.

To whom does it belong?—To Mr. Smith.

When did you see it last?—On the night of Mr. Thomson's death.

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it; some other articles there were on it, not material to my story. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness; and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner. A few words will bring my tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the house-keeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback with two sheriff's officers, and, after pulling down a part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thomson was found there, amounting, in value, to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson. The result was too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the, perhaps, unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder, the evidence against whom was so slight as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquittal; but who, persisting in calling a witness to prove his innocence, was, upon the testimony of that very witness, CONVICTED and EXECUTED.

INCIDENTS IN THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

During the severely contested battle on Lake Erie, which reflected so much honor on our brave and intrepid seamen, it was repeatedly the lot of Commodore Perry to see men swept from his side; some, even, while conversing with him. One of these incidents displays the coolness and presence of mind that prevailed among the officers, and indeed, throughout the ship, enabling them to jest with present dangers. The second lieutenant of the Lawrence, while standing beside Commodore Perry, was struck in the breast by a chain-shot. The shot having passed through the bulwark, had no other effect than to knock him down, and lodged in the bosom of his waistcoat. He fell with an exclamation, and remained for a moment stunned by the violence of the blow. Perry raised him up, and seeing no marks of a wound, gave him some cheering words, and told him he could not be hurt. The lieutenant coming to himself, put his hand into his bosom, pulled out the chain-shot, and exclaiming, "No, sir, but this is my shot," thrust it with great sang froid into his pocket.

In the course of the action, Perry noticed a prime and favorite sailor, who was captain of one of the guns, very much embarrassed with his piece, which, in consequence of the forelock being broken, was rather unmanageable and rebounded. Perry approached him, and in his usual encouraging manner, asked him what was the matter. The honest tar, who had been showing signs of infinite vexation, turned round, and, as if speaking of a favorite, exclaimed, reproachfully, "Sir, my gun behaves shamefully, shamefully!" He then levelled it, and having taken aim, raised up and squared himself in a fine martial style, when suddenly a cannon ball struck him in the breast, passed through him, and he fell dead, without a groan.

Lieutenant Yarnell, of the Lawrence, behaved throughout with great bravery and coolness. He was dressed as a common seaman; a red bandanna handkerchief was tied round his neck, and another around his head, to stanch two wounds he had received. From these, the blood trickled down his face, and a splinter having passed through

his nose, it had swelled to a hideous magnitude. In this frightful plight, looking like the very genius of carnage and ill luck, he came up to Perry, in the hottest and bloodiest of the fight, and announced to him that all the officers of his division were killed. Perry ordered others in their place. Shortly after, Yarnell returned with a repetition of the dismal tidings, that all the officers were shot down: "Then, sir," said Perry, "you must endeavor to make out by yourself. I have no more to furnish you!"

One circumstance which Perry relates deserves particular mention. It has in it something of sentiment that is above common life, and absolutely belongs to poetry. When, in the sweeping havoc that was sometimes made, a number of men were shot away from around a gun, the survivors looked silently around to Perry—and then stepped into their places. Whenever he looked at the poor fellows that lay wounded and weltering on the deck, he always found their faces turned towards him, and their eyes fixed on his countenance. It is impossible for words to heighten the simple and affecting eloquence of this anecdote. It speaks volumes in praise of the heroism of the commander, and the loyal affection of his followers.

When Perry went off from the Lawrence to shift his flag to the Niagara, he stood up in the boat gallantly waving his sword, and was heard cheeringly to exclaim, "Pull away, my brave boys!" so earnest was he, that though the balls whistled around him, he could scarcely be made to take a seat, and an old sailor, who had been in both battles of the Constitution, absolutely held him down.

Just after he had got on board the Niagara, and was on the quarter-deck, a sailor who commanded one of the guns, seeing all his men shot down, turned with eagerness to Perry, and, laying both hands upon his shoulders, exclaimed, "For God's sake, sir, give me some more men!" Such was the vivid animation that prevailed among all ranks, that they had lost all sense of danger, and thought of nothing but victory.

When the Niagara dashed through the enemy's line, as she passed the Lady Provost, Lieutenant Buchan, the commander of that vessel, was shot through the face by a musket ball. The vessels were then within half pistol shot

so that every thing could be seen distinctly from one to the other. The crew of the Lady Provost, unable, in their crippled state, to stand the fire of the Niagara, ran below, but their unfortunate commander remained on deck, and Perry saw him leaning on the companion-way, with his face on his hand, looking with fixed stare at his enemies. Perry immediately silenced the marines on the quarter-deck, and running forward, ordered the men to cease firing. He afterwards learned that the strange conduct of Lieutenant Buchan, was owing to sudden derangement caused by his wound. He was a brave officer, and had distinguished himself in the battle of the Nile.

While Perry was engaged at close quarters in the Niagara, Lieutenant Turner, a fine, bold young sailor, who commanded the brig Caledonia, of three guns, spreading every sail, endeavored to get into the action. His foresail interfered between him and the enemy, but, rather than take in an inch of canvass, he ordered his men to fire through it. Seeing the commodore engaged in the thickest of the fight, he proposed to the commander of another small vessel, to board the Detroit; the other, however, prudently declined the rash but gallant proposal.

It has been mentioned that two Indians were on board the Detroit, stationed in the tops, to pick off our officers with their rifles. No sooner did the ships come into close action than they were dismayed by this new and tremendous species of battle, and slunk into the hold. When the ship was taken, they anticipated cruel treatment if their nation was discovered, and borrowed sailor's clothes that they might pass for Englishmen. Thus disguised, they lay in close concealment for two days, when word was brought to Perry, that two Indians were concealed below, who had not tasted food for eight and forty hours. He had them brought upon deck, where they made a most uncouth and ludicrous appearance, with their borrowed garments bagging about them. They expected nothing less than to be butchered and scalped, but, notwithstanding, preserved the most taciturn inflexibility of muscle. Perry, however, after putting a few good humored questions to them, ordered them to be taken away and fed; a degree of lenity

which seemed to strike them with more surprise than their stoic natures are apt to evince.

The only time that the coolness and self-command of Perry experienced any thing like a shock, was on seeing his young brother, a midshipman, knocked down by a hammock, which had been driven in by a ball. In the momentary agony of mind, he gave him up as slain, but had the delight to see him rise up perfectly unhurt.

Perry speaks highly of the bravery and good conduct of the negroes, who formed a considerable part of his crew. They seemed to be absolutely insensible to danger. When Captain Barclay came on board the Niagara, and beheld the sickly and party-colored beings around him, an expression of chagrin escaped him, at having been conquered by such men. The fresh water service had very much impaired the health of the sailors, and crowded the sick list with patients.

We shall close these few particulars of this gallant and romantic affair, with the affecting fate of Lieut. Brooks, of the marines. It presents an awful picture of the scenes which the warrior witnesses in battle—his favorite companions suddenly cut down before his eyes—those dreadful transitions from the flush of health and the vivacity of youth, to the ghastliness of agonized death—from the cheering and the smile, to the shriek and the convulsion.

Brooks was a gay, animated young officer, remarkable for his personal beauty. In the midst of the engagement he accosted Perry in a spirited tone, with a smile on his countenance, and was making some observations about the enemy, when a cannon ball struck him on the thigh, and dashed him to the opposite side of the deck. The blow shattered him dreadfully, and the sudden anguish forced from him the most thrilling exclamations. He implored Perry to shoot him and put an end to his torture: the latter directed some of the marines to carry him below and consign him to the surgeon. The scene was rendered more affecting, by the conduct of a little mulatto boy of twelve years of age, a favorite of Brooks. He was carrying cartridges to one of the guns, but on seeing his master fall, he threw himself on the deck, with the most frantic gesticulations and piercing cries, exclaiming that his mas-

ter was killed; nor could he be appeased until orders were given to take him below, when he immediately returned to carrying cartridges.

Mr. Hamilton, the purser, who had worked at a gun like a common sailor, being wounded, was carried below and laid on the same mattress with Brooks. The wound of the latter was stanched, and he lay composed, calmly awaiting his approaching death. Hamilton observes, that he never looked so perfectly beautiful as at this moment when the anguish of his wound had imparted a feverish flush and lustre to his usually blooming countenance. He asked with great solicitude after Perry, and how the battle went. He gave a few directions about his own affairs, and, while his voice was growing weaker and weaker, recommended his little mulatto to kindness and protection, directing in whose hands he should be placed. While he was yet talking, Hamilton's attention was attracted by some circumstance which occasioned him to look another way for a moment—the voice of his companion died away upon his ear, and when he turned his face again, poor Brooks had expired.

THE BLACK ASSASSIN.

There are many situations of life that man is placed in, which will bring forth talent, strength, courage, and ingenuity, which himself and others deemed totally at variance with his nature. I am one whose life has been an undisturbed scene of quietness. No quarrel or dispute ever rendered it necessary for me to call forth *my* moral or physical strength, both of which I am now inclined to think I possess; at least, the reader will bear me out when I have related the following adventure:

I was on a journey in the fall of 1818—it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month—when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house in New Hampshire. There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse; nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to urge him on. I deter

mined to gratify his whim; and, at the same time, a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling, indescribable, seemed to urge me to enter Having knocked and requested to be conducted to the lady of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting-room, where sat a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger. In a few words I related the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange, unaccountable feelings that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodging for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, it is true but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them all. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I feel unusually lonesome, and if it were not bordering on the superstitious, I might reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying, for similar feelings have been mine ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot tell."

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours fled so quick, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find it was eleven o'clock. This was a signal for retiring; and by twelve, every inmate of the house was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one; its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway. I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the staircase; the step came along the gallery, slow and cautious. I had

seized my pistol, and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements, seemingly mysterious or suspicious; the sound of the step stopped at my door—then followed one as if applying the ear to the keyhole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless—the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person now slowly passed on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed-chamber. I now went by instinct, or rather by conveyance of sound; for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door, mine seized the other. A deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he had heard the sound and awaited the repetition; it came not—all was still; he might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry, I caught the glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady. I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber; through the half opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtained bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he, gracious heaven! a negro! For at that moment a tall, fierce looking black approached the bed, and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented by the bard's conception. I was now all suspense; my heart swelled in my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted we stood gazing on each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor. The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in the bed, and seemed an angel in white clouds emerging forth from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her, with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh, do not murder me! take all: you cannot, will not murder me, sir."

The servants now rushed in; all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a run away slave. I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who, in after years, called me *husband*, and related to our children the miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.

ADVENTURE OF A KENTUCKY SETTLER.

The late John Haggin, Esq., of Mercer county, came to Kentucky at an early period. On his arrival the few inhabitants resided principally at Harrodsburgh and Boonsborough. Lexington had not then been settled. Mr. Haggin, desirous of commencing the cultivation of the fertile land in this region of country, made some entries, that is, purchased several tracts from government; among the rest, one at a place near where Harrison, Bourbon, and Fayette counties unite. He commenced the improvement of the place, removed some of the trees, erected a small log-house, and brought to his new residence some furniture; among other things a few iron kettles, to be used in making sugar from the sugar-trees, which were then, and are now abundant in that country. Owing to the want of roads and means of transportation, heavy iron utensils were of great value, and but few persons had or could procure them. Shortly after Mr. Haggin commenced working on his new place, the hostility of the savages became so alarming, that he was constrained to abandon his cabin and seek security in the fort at Harrodsburgh. Previously, however, to his departure, he used the precaution of burying his kettles. He was accompanied to Harrodsburgh by his wife and one child, a daughter, who is now residing in Woodford county, united in marriage to a gentleman of respectability. Mr. Haggin spent the winter with his family in the fort, where they were somewhat incommo-

ded by the crowd of persons within so small a place. In the spring, perceiving no indications of the savages in the vicinity, and desirous of getting out of the fort, he erected a cabin in the valley near the stream leading from the Big Spring towards the fort, on the side next to where the town of Harrodsburgh now is situated, less than a quarter of a mile distant from the fort, (the fort being on an eminence,) but directly in view. Mr. Haggin and his family spent the summer at their little tenement, engaged in domestic concerns, and cultivating a small portion of land; released, to be sure, from the confinement of the fort, but under continual apprehension of a visit from the Indians. Each morning, before the door was unbarred, they peeped out of the cabin, "illuminated by many a cranny," to spy out the insidious enemy, who, it was feared, might be lurking about behind logs and trees, ready to rush in and murder the family. They remained, however, in a great measure, uninterrupted until fall, when Mr. Haggin determined to revisit his place on this side of the river, for the purpose of removing some of his kettles to Harrodsburgh, preparatory to making sugar in winter. He set out in company with an active woodsman that he had hired to assist him. On the second day, they came in sight of Mr. Haggin's place, in the edge of what is now Harrison county; they were riding slowly and cautiously along, watching for enemies, when, looking forward to the place where the cabin had stood, they perceived that it had just been burned down, and saw three or four Indians sitting near the ruins

Haggin proposed to his companion that they should fall back and prepare themselves, and then return and give the Indians battle. They retreated a few hundred yards, dismounted, took off their exterior clothing, retaining only their shirts, leggins, and moccasins, tied their other clothing on their horses, and turned them loose, intending, in case of a retreat, to regain their horses; but if they could not succeed in that, they deemed it prudent to be lightly clothed, that they might fly with more celerity. Having examined their rifles, and seen that every thing was in order, they set out to attack the enemy. It was arranged that Haggin should proceed on foremost, fire his gun at the savages, and retreat to a tree; that his companion

should reserve his shot until the enemy approached, and then fire and retreat; thus they would fire and load alternately. But this well arranged plan, like many others equally sagacious, proved abortive. Whilst Haggin and his companion were engaged in a council of war, it did not occur to them that the savages had seen them and were concerting plans also.

Mr. Haggin, agreeably to the mode of attack agreed on, advanced slowly, his body bent down, casting his eyes forward, intently watching for a sight of an Indian, to get shot at. He heard a low voice behind him; he listened; his companion cried out in a quicker under tone, "Haggin, don't you see we are about to be surrounded? let us retreat." Haggin cast his eyes around and saw two hundred Indians rise up from among the cane, having nearly surrounded him. He immediately fled; they pursued, but did not then fire, lest in shooting across, they should kill each other. The two flanks of the ambuscade began rapidly to close upon Haggin. He directed his steps towards his horse, which was quietly feeding on the cane. Haggin was a very active man and a fleet runner; but some of the savages appeared to equal him. He reached his horse, and sprung from the ground, intending to leap into the saddle from behind. As he placed his hands on the horse's rump, an Indian ran the muzzle of his gun against Haggin's side, and fired. That moment Haggin leaped; at the same instant the horse, being alarmed, sprang also; Haggin fell, and thought he was mortally wounded; but feeling no pain, rebounded to his feet and fled, exerting his whole strength. The savages perceiving that he had escaped and was ahead of them, commenced firing on him, and perhaps one hundred bullets were commissioned to kill, but none took effect. The chase was kept up for some hours, when the Indians, finding it fruitless, ceased the pursuit. Haggin being very hot and much fatigued, went into a creek to cool his limbs. After he came out he sat down at the root of a tree and fell asleep; when he waked, he discovered that it was snowing, and the air had become cold, and he was much chilled. Having time now to think, the horrors of his situation arose to his view; he had lost his horse, gun, and clothes, he was forty

miles from Harrodsburgh, and twenty-five miles from the nearest other station, which was Boonsborough, without food or the means of getting any, night coming on, snow falling, no blanket to keep him warm, nor means of striking fire; he might, perhaps, freeze to death. He determined to steer for Boonsborough. After indescribable difficulty in making his way through the cane, loaded with snow, and suffering from cold, loss of sleep, and fatigue, he reached Boonsborough the next morning. Having eaten something, he laid down and slept from that time until the following morning.

In the mean time, the man who accompanied Mr. Haggin, had got to Harrodsburgh, and reported that he was killed, overwhelming his wife with the distressing intelligence.

Haggin, on the day of his arrival, set out for Boonsborough, accompanied by a Mr. Pendergrast, for Harrodsburgh. The wife of Mr. Pendergrast had been staying for some time with Mrs. Haggin, in a little tenement near the fort at Harrodsburgh. Haggin had supplied himself with clothing and a gun before he left Boonsborough. The two friends journeyed on without interruption, until they arrived at a little eminence near Mr. Haggin's residence. On casting their eyes to the spot where they expected to find what was most dear to them on earth, their wives and children, what must have been their astonishment and horror, when they beheld the cabin a smoky ruin, and one or two hundred savages around the place. Haggin's feelings were now wrought up to desperation; he called on Pendergrast to follow, saying he no longer valued life, now his wife and children were murdered; that he would die, but sell his life dear to the enemy. Pendergrast accompanied him; they rushed directly up to where the Indians were standing. The reckless manner in which they approached, excited the surprise of the savages; they stood inactive, not making any attempt to injure the two desperate men. At this moment one or both of them cast a look towards the fort, and saw, or thought they saw, their wives on the wall of the fort, waving their handkerchiefs to them. The desire of living immediately returned to their hearts. They changed their

course and sprang towards the fort. The Indians raised the yell, darted after them, and many guns were fired. Both of the white men fell, in full view of the fort; the wives screamed, believing their husbands were slain. In a moment Haggin was on his feet again; he rushed forward, the savages in close pursuit; one struck him on the back with his tomahawk, it proved harmless; the gate flew open, and he was received with a shout of joy in the arms of his wife, having escaped entirely unhurt; his fall had been accidental. But poor Pendergrast fell to rise no more. His friends, from the fort, saw the savages take the scalp from his head.

MUTINY AT SEA.

A MUTINY of a most serious character broke out in the month of November, 1834, on board the barque Manly, Captain Davies, master, while at sea; and which was put down in a most extraordinary manner. The vessel sailed from London on a whaling expedition to the South Seas, in August, with a crew of twenty-five men; but in consequence of the mutiny was obliged to put into Buenos Ayres, from whence she arrived in the St. Katharine's dock. The following particulars have been gleaned from the journals of the ship, and from copies of the depositions taken before the British consul at Buenos Ayres. It appears that some dissatisfaction evinced itself among the crew in the beginning of November, when preparations were about to be made for killing whales. On the night of the 19th, some of the hands came aft and demanded a larger allowance of grog. The captain gave them an extra glass, as the night was stormy. The next day he informed them that he could not give a regular double allowance of spirits until they commenced taking seals, but they should have an extra glass on stormy nights, when reefing topsails. The men appeared satisfied; but the next day they refused to have the allowance of spirits which was served out. The steward informed the captain

of this, and intimated that a design existed on the part of the officers and men to take the command of the ship and throw him overboard. Some hours afterwards, White the chief officer, came into the cabin, and said the dissatisfaction among the men was increasing, and he did not know what to do with them. Thomas Goodfellow, the carpenter, however, informed the captain that White was the chief cause of the excitement. At ten o'clock, P. M. on the 21st, the steward informed the captain that something was wrong forward, and the crew were only waiting the first favorable opportunity to seize the ship. On the 22d the spirits were again refused by the crew. Captain Davies then prepared for the worst, and secretly removed six barrels of gunpowder, each weighing 100 pounds, and 1,500 rounds of cartridges, into his state room. He then loaded two pistols. At 8, P. M., White, who it appears had been in consultation with the crew, entered the cabin. The steward having heard words to the effect, "that they would make a fine ship of the Manly," had before reported these words to the captain, who, on White's appearing, told him to look at his pistols, and pointing to the gunpowder, told him if any attempt was made to take the ship, he would blow up every soul on board. White advised him not to be rash, and said he would stand by him. On Sunday, the 23d, White told the crew that the captain would blow up the ship next day if he did not find land, and they had better secure him at once. At midnight, William Burwood came on deck, and was heard to say that they had better seize the captain when he came on deck at eight o'clock. At four, A. M., Burwood appeared with a drawn dirk in his hand, and told the man at the helm he meant to run the captain through if he made any resistance. It was then resolved that White should go below and seize the captain, and that on a given signal the second and third mates should proceed to his assistance, secure the captain's hands and feet, and throw him overboard. The captain having full information of what was going on, from the steward, determined rather than the ship should be taken, to perish with all on board. After recommending his soul to God, he looked up the companion and observed the three mates, one of whom

WI-JUN-JON.

had a rope in his hand ready to secure him. The captain then holding the muzzle of one pistol into a barrel of powder, and the other pistol in his right hand, prepared to meet them. White first came down, but appeared thunderstruck when the captain, pointing his pistol towards him, declared if he moved an inch he would blow his brains out, and discharge the other pistol into the powder. White appeared petrified with fear, and the captain remained in this position several minutes, with the pistol ready cocked, observing that the slightest pressure on the trigger would send them all into the air. White begged for mercy, and the captain drove him with the muzzle of the pistol into a state room, where he locked him in. The second mate came down soon after to look after White and on receiving a similar reception, ran up the companion, and fell against his brother, who was standing on the hatchway with a rope destined to tie the captain hand and foot. The captain, finding the ship was going out of her course, went on the deck with the steward, well armed, and found some of the men inclined to relent. He threatened to shoot the first man that disobeyed orders, and restricted the crew to a particular part of the vessel. Having, however, heard that the crew were still disposed to seize the ship, he thought it best to run the ship into Buenos Ayres. White, in the interim, was released. The captain, carpenter, and steward, kept watch, well armed. Burwood, the second mate, made a confession of his guilt, which tended to implicate White as the ringleader of the mutiny. On the 7th of December, the vessel arrived in the River Plata, and anchored close to his Majesty's ship North Star, Captain Vernon Harcourt commander. An inquiry then took place, from which it appeared that the mutineers intended to have taken the vessel into Tristan d'Acunha. The depositions were taken before the British Consul at Buenos Ayres, and Captain Harcourt; and the three officers, George White, William Burwood, and Joseph Burwood, together with John Breymen, boat-steerer, and Henry Best, were instantly placed under arrest on board the North Star. The proceedings against the other men were dropped, from the great expense attending their removal to England with the necessary evidence; but

Captain Harcourt undertook to detain them until the departure of the Manly.

The conduct of Captain Davies, in this trying affair. has been spoken of as above all praise. The Manly is a fine vessel, and there was every prospect of a profitable voyage. She was formerly a fourteen gun brig, and was well provided with arms and ammunition, which is supposed to have excited the crew to mutiny, as being well adapted to a piratical expedition.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

THERE lived once in Switzerland, a rich bachelor, about forty years of age, called Peter Gortz, who had the reputation of being a very pious, but rather austere and thrifty man. He kept but one servant, an orphan, whom, as a child, he took to wait on him, and afterwards taught her to write and read, boasting her fidelity, and indulging her, as if she had been his daughter. He was her only friend. At sixteen, Caroline de Burgh was as comely a girl as eyes need see, with the gait of a peacock, and a skin like new milk; but, from her silent and almost haughty disposition, the young men called her prude, the young women, fool; though mothers, even of less lowly station, would point her out to their own giddy geese, and cry, "Take pattern from poor Lina!"

Suddenly she appeared to grow timorous and melancholy; and, one day, was seen by a neighbor to hurry from her master's house, in fearful agitation. Peter Gortz pursued, but missed her; the neighbor sought with better fortune, and overheard her muttering to herself, "The virgin forbid I should be so rash—yet—any thing rather than *that!* I can bear it no longer." This man instantly seized and questioned her on the meaning of these words; but as she only trembled, blushed, and wept, he forcibly led her back to her master, who looked pleased at her return, and on what she had said being repeated to him, merely laughed out, "I was too strict this morning, perhaps; silly wench, don't quarrel with thy second father."

What was this person's amaze, when next morning his wealthy neighbor ran to him, all affright, with the tidings that his house had been robbed of gold and plate to a large amount, though no locks were broken, and his servant either murdered and concealed, or carried off alive, which seemed most likely, as every thing that had belonged to her was missing, and no sounds of contention had disturbed her master in the night. The menaces she had used, tempted the hearer at once to suspect her, though the loser did not. She must, it was supposed, have taken the road to her native village. Officers of justice pursued that *route*, and, overtaking a wagon, whose driver looked alarmed at their appearance, insisted on searching it. There, indeed, they found a female, answering the description given them, hidden with her trunk amid the straw. She denied her name, but a sheathed knife was found about her, on which it was graven. "Well," she cried, as if bewildered, "no law can force my return to him." Not heeding her, they lifted out her box. "'Tis heavy enough," said one, significantly. "Is it?" she screamed to the driver. This appeal caused them to arrest him also. Falling on his knees, he swore, by all the saints, that he only knew this girl as having hired him, in the next town, to come privately to a certain house, for herself and baggage; that he had gone, stolen in, moved the box from her chamber to his wagon, where, by another bribe, she had induced him to conceal her. The lid was forced, and at the bottom of her wardrobe, sewn into some articles of apparel, were discovered a sum of money and several articles of silver, bearing the initials of Peter Gortz. In positive distraction, Caroline shrieked, "I refused to be his wife, and I told him I would leave him. Oh, he threatened to punish me!" "*You* had threatened it too," said one of her captors, "and now, of course, would fain criminate your accuser." "Nay, then, I am lost indeed!" she cried, and was conveyed to the prison of the town she had just left, amid the execrations of its assembled inhabitants, who had never before heard of such a way as hers, for requiting an offer of marriage from a superior.

She was tried immediately on her apprehension. Who

could bear witness in her favor? Who knew her character as well as Peter Gortz himself? He gave his evidence with extreme reluctance; every thing tended to prove her guilt. She was condemned to die without delay, yet the priest who attended her could gain no avowal of the theft. Finding her so impenitent, he tried all the power of terror on her soul, with but the result of unnerving her for the awful fate she was to meet. I cannot grace my story with a word of praise of her heroism. She begged for time; she supplicated the virgin to interpose and save her young days; she grovelled at the feet of her guards. Her shrieks and groans rung from the very scaffold. She struggled with her executioner, till even he was overpowered by her pleading beauty. At length, her strength and reason failed—she became insensible. The fatal cord was adjusted, and the poor wretch left to hang for the usually appointed hour.

Her body, according to the sentence of the law, was given for dissection. It fell to the lot of a rising anatomist, named Ebreson, who had it conveyed to the wonted scene of his scientific vigils, a large arched cellar beneath his house, chosen for its coolness; yet its air was noisome, and its walls discolored. It was lighted from the ceiling by an antique lamp, whose rays fell upon the instruments of his labor, and the still more terrific looking preparations on which he had toiled. The operator was accustomed to attire himself, for those experiments, in a dark dress, which tightly fitted his gigantic figure, and left his lean arms bare. His fiery eyes, cadaverous and strong features, set off by black locks, which streamed over his shoulders, must have rendered him a frightful picture. Before him, on the table, lay the body of Caroline, partially covered with a cloth, often before used for similar purposes, and here and there, stained from the dead. Ebreson, who had hitherto been constrained to study from such revolting remnants as his elders might leave of their church-yard spoils, was gratified in attaining an entire figure, so recently deprived of life. He had not attended Caroline's trial, though he had listened, with a sad, shuddering interest, to the account of her early crimes and punishment. He commenced his examination. The limbs

were scarce yet rigid; and when he bared the face, he observed the manner of her death had neither blackened nor distorted it; for the first time was he aware of her identity with one he had seen walking the world in maiden pride; oft had he felt inclined to ask the young thing's name. *He knew it now*—and half forgetting his art, sighed forth, "Had she but been as good as she was fair, *this* is not a breast that I could lacerate."

He turned away to make some preparations for his horrid work, when a heavy sigh, which seemed to bear upon its breath the word, "Mercy!" recalled him to the side of Caroline. He seized her wrist, a feeble fluttering pulse vibrated, thrilling to his touch.

She opened her eyes, gazed round her, saw the surgeon, and all his accompanying horrors. She sprung from the board, and threw herself at his feet: her own disarray affected her not. The feelings of this world she believed had passed away for ever; but in the most earnest accents, she articulated, "I know not whether I am in the presence of God or a devil, but I am innocent!" "INNOCENT!" repeated Ebreson, in his sepulchral voice. "Yes," she continued, wringing her hands; "in pity, torture me not; or say this dismal place is but purgatory—*that* I did deserve, for I did carry a knife about me, that I might put an end to my own life, rather than be his; but of the crime for which I suffered, he *knows* me guiltless; and thou, terrible being! canst read in my soul that I speak truth. Thou look'st just—this will not last eternally. Spare, save me! and I will worship thee!" Such an appeal, in such circumstances, and under such delusion, could not for a moment be doubted. Ebreson, in a transport of gratitude, poured over that bruised throat the vinegar which he kept at hand as a disinfector, weeping forth—"Be calm, child! and fear me not—you are with a fellow creature, who believes, and will protect you. This earth, and the life so miraculously preserved, shall still be endeared to you."

Instantly screening her limbs from the chill air, he led her to his own room, and consigned her to bed, brought her food and wine while his servant slept, and would have left her to rest, but that her state still bordered on deli-

rium; so he sat all night, like an elder brother, beside her But now what was to be done? To announce her existence to the world, cruelly as it had used her, and branded as was her lowly name, might but provoke fresh persecutions; she had no power to prove the crimes of Gortz, her new benefactor's bare assertion of her innocence would not have impressed others with a like conviction, for Ebreson was, as yet, an obscure and needy man. The only course left was to fly, call herself something else, and. in a distant part of the country, live in retirement; but how could she gain a living, while unable to mix with her kind? Ebreson resolved never to abandon her—he could toil for both. He could trust no one with his secret. Caroline, he thought, would no longer be exclusively his, if he shared the knowledge of her life with his dearest friend. He had one brother in the place, a Catholic cure. Locking up his treasure, he stole out ere dawn, awakened this holy man, and borrowed all his money, by telling him that debts and some quarrels relative to a hasty marriage, forced him to change his name and residence. The priest charged himself with forwarding all goods. Ebreson then hired a swift conveyance, bade Caroline array herself in his attire, packed up his books, instruments, and wardrobe, and started. When his servant rose, the cure was ready to account for any thing.

Ebreson found in his poor Caroline such intellect and virtue, that he married her. The good cure settled with them, and they knew not what had become of Gortz, save that he had left the theatre of his wickedness. One night *Frere Basil* entered their abode, with a face of dismay: "Brother," he said, "I come from a shocking sight—the death-bed of a despairing sinner. I was called in to administer the consolations of religion to an aged man, who has not long resided here. He will have no physician, though the people about him think he cannot see another sun rise; yet poverty is not the sole cause of his recklessness—he refused the last sacrament, calling himself unworthy of it; so I hastened to secure charitable aid. "What is this unhappy penitent's name?" asked the wife." "Gortz, sister." "Now, all the gentle saints be praised!" she cried. "No questions, brother: our neighbor, the no-

tary, must accompany us all. Pray heaven we are not too late!" This party accordingly hurried to the wretched abode of the dying man; as they entered his chamber, they heard him rave: "Talk not to me of sealed confessions—the whole world gaped on *her* degradation—and I have wandered for twenty years, like the accursed, undying Israelite—still no rest from that thought. I can give ye nothing, mercenaries! If ye find any gold, bury it at the gallows foot, or lay it out in masses—but no! no hopes of pardon for *thy* murderer, innocent Lina!"

Caroline drew aside his curtain; at first he stared, without recognition. When she called him by name, believing that he beheld a spirit, he coweringly hid his face; but, removing his hand from his eyes, she whispered, "Peter Gortz! take courage! I bring you peace and pardon—you are no murderer. The queen of heaven enabled her true servant wondrously to save me from death, and you from despair. I am a happy wife and mother. Yonder is my husband, come to serve you, if he can."

The moment Gortz was assured of her life, he started up, and—retributive justice again! begged for one hour's—for but one half hour's breath. "Some potent restorative," he cried; "my poor girl's fame must be cleared to all the world, and as much atonement made as wealth can do." The draught was given—the notary was ready; to him Peter deposed that, believing Caroline thought herself entirely dependent and in his power, her rejection of his suit, and threats of departure, had stung him to vindictive madness. She told him she had packed up, ready to set forth with the first light, and insisted on leaving the house to seek a conveyance, telling him that she had left her trunk open, and he might search it if he would, for she had stolen nothing. These words gave his hitherto indefinite desire for revenge a feasible shape; and, during her absence, he had actually sewn into her raiment the plate and money which he concealed at the bottom of her box, leaving it apparently just as he found it; and when she returned, he bid her farewell with a semblance of relenting, and retired for the night. Having made this statement, he formally consigned the whole of his wealth to her, and sunk into a peaceful slumber, from which he never awoke in this world.

THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA.

BY A RESIDENT OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

The North American wolf is naturally shy; and if we may place confidence in those stories we hear of the ravages committed by the wolves inhabiting some of the mountainous regions of Europe, he is, by comparison with his brethren of the Old World, a very harmless sort of creature. This great mildness of disposition is not, however, owing to any physical deficiency; for although certainly less voracious than the European wolf, he is somewhat larger and stronger. In America they are rarely known to attack human beings; for during a long residence in a district where they were rather numerous, I never was able to make out a clear case where a person had been attacked by them. I have indeed heard of persons being pursued, or *hunted*, as the Americans call it, by a number of wolves; but in all such cases the individuals were on horseback; and therefore the probability is, that the wolves pursued the horses, and not the men. However, from the facts I am about to relate, it would seem otherwise.

A medical gentleman residing not far from the Chemung river, a tributary of the noble Susquehanna, had one night, in the middle of winter, been visiting a sick person at a distance of eight or ten miles from his own house. The country in that vicinity was then quite new, and but very few settlers had encroached on the aboriginal forests. The doctor had been accustomed for some years to travel through those wild regions at all seasons, and at all hours, by day and by night, but never had been in any way molested; nor had he ever had the slightest apprehension of danger from the wolves that were known occasionally to inhabit the surrounding woods. On the night in question, he set off homeward at a late hour, as he frequently had been wont to do; but before he had proceeded far, he became aware of his being pursued by a gang of wolves. The night was exceedingly frosty, but clear and star-light. For awhile they were only heard at a distance; but by-

and-by the doctor could clearly distinguish five or six of them in full chase within less than twenty rods of him. The snow being pretty deep at the time, he found it was impossible to leave them; so he made up his mind to quit his horse, and ascend the first tree which appeared favorable for such a purpose. It was not long before such a one offered; and, permitting his horse to go at large, he was amongst the branches in a few seconds, and quite out of the reach of his hungry pursuers. He never doubted but they would continue in pursuit of his horse, which he flattered himself would be able, now that he was relieved from his load, to make his escape. But, to his surprise, he beheld no fewer than eight large wolves come round the tree on which he had taken shelter, and, instead of pursuing his horse, quietly awaited his coming down. Although he had no wish to descend under such circumstances, he was fully aware of the fate that awaited him should he find it expedient to remain until morning in his present situation. To escape from the effects of the keen frost he knew was impossible; and therefore he determined to maintain his position, in spite of the occasional serenading of the party below. What his feelings were during the night, or how the wolves contrived to amuse themselves for so many hours, I cannot precisely state; but about day-dawn they united in a farewell howl, and left the poor benumbed doctor at liberty to descend. With great difficulty he succeeded in reaching the ground; and with still more he managed to reach the nearest dwelling, distant about three miles, from whence he was conveyed to his own house in a sleigh. Had his family been aware that the horse had returned without his rider, they undoubtedly would have gone in search of the doctor, and most probably have relieved him from his imprisonment at a much earlier hour. But although the horse had, no doubt, gallopped straight to its stable door, the family knew nothing of its arrival until daylight returned.

The doctor did not escape without experiencing the ill effects of roosting for half a dozen hours in a leafless tree, in a severe North American January's frost; for a mortification ensuing in both his feet, the only chance of saving his life was by amputating both his legs. However, the

doctor yet lives to narrate his adventure, or, as he terms it, "his wolf scrape;" and is one of the few instances on record in his part of the world, of having been in real danger of becoming a supper for a few of those hungry animals.

The winter was more than usually severe among the mountains on the north waters of the Susquehanna. The snow fell early in the month of December, so that winter might be said to have set in pretty decidedly some time before Christmas. I had been on a visit for a few weeks in the vicinity of S—— L——; but had accepted of an invitation to meet a party of my own country people, at the residence of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. T——, on the last day in December, with an understanding that we were "to dance *in* the new year;" for even in the back settlements of America we could at times meet and dance, and enjoy whatever the country afforded, forgetting for a time the gayer and more splendid scenes we had once been familiar with in our dear native country. The distance I had to travel was but six miles; yet the road—if a dim track through the woods might be so called—was at all seasons bad; now the snow was so deep that it was rendered still worse, so that it took a considerable time to get through it. At that season of the year the wolves occasionally infest the neighborhood; and although at all seasons depredations are liable to be committed upon the small flocks of sheep in the vicinity, yet it is in winter, when they *pack* and hunt together, that the greatest danger is to be apprehended. The day previous to my proposed visit, a party of thirteen (for their numbers were easily ascertained by their tracks in the snow) had issued from their haunts in the adjoining forest, and had destroyed nearly fifty sheep belonging to the gentleman with whom I was sojourning. Although they had probably sucked the blood of the chief part of the sheep they had killed, they of course had not been able to devour the carcasses of more than a fourth part; it looked as if they had slaughtered them through sheer wantonness. My invitation to my friends was to dine at two o'clock; for it is not customary to keep to the extremes of fashion in the back woods. I, however, for some reason or other, saw fit to

defer going until evening, when, as my road lay close along the edge of the swamp the wolves were known to inhabit, I stood a good chance of being serenaded by their wild and melancholy howlings, and probably might arouse some of them from their lairs. My friends pressed me to travel by daylight, but I kept my determination; and just as the shades of evening were closing in, I desired my horse to be got ready; and when the boy brought him saddled to the door, he called my attention to the howling of the wolves, which could be distinctly heard in the exact direction of the road I had to travel, although the noise seemed to proceed from a swamp at a couple of miles distance. Being prepared with a stout cudgel in lieu of a riding-whip, I mounted my horse, and set forward, already beginning to repent of having delayed my journey until so late an hour. By the time I had passed the scene of carnage of the preceding day, and was about to enter the dark and almost trackless woods, daylight had totally disappeared, and nothing remained for me but to pursue my way, and make the best of it.

I had not proceeded far ere I came to a steep descent where the water from an adjoining spring had overflowed the snow, which was consequently formed into a continued sheet of ice, all the way down the declivity. My horse being smooth-shod, I deemed it safer to walk; therefore dismounting, and taking the bridle in my hand, I endeavored to lead the way down the slippery path. Before, however, I had got half way to the bottom, away slid both my feet, and down I came. My horse was so startled at the suddenness of my fall, that he made a spring to one side of the track, lost his footing, and came down close beside me. But in the spring he made when I fell, from my hand being fast in the bridle, I was jerked back some distance up the hill with such force, that, when I recovered a little from the shock, I felt fully persuaded that my shoulder was dislocated. We both, however, gathered ourselves up as well as we were able; and there we stood, in no condition to protect ourselves from the wolves, should they see fit to attack us; for from the way in which my horse stood, I was afraid that he had suffered still more damage than myself. When the pain of my shoulder had

somewhat subsided, I examined it more minutely, and convinced myself that it was not dislocated; but the severe wrench had injured it so much that I had no hope of making use of that arm during the remainder of my ride. And as regarded my horse, I was pleased to find that he still possessed the use of his four legs, although one of them moved with less ease than it had done before. Having contrived to get to the bottom of the descent, I again mounted, with extreme difficulty—for I could only use my left hand—in which I had to grasp both the bridle and my war-club. Had the wolves attacked us, we should have been in considerable danger; for I found, on preceding, that one of my horse's fore legs was severely sprained. but either they were not aware of our condition, or they were in no need of a supper; for on getting beyond the confines of the swamp, I aroused several of them from their quiet hiding-places; and instead of stopping to scrutinize me and my horse, away they ran through the thick underwood, while I hallooed with all my might, giving every tree within the reach of my club, a good left-handed blow or two. In this manner I continued along the dim and unbroken track, feigning to be a very hero—although I candidly confess that I only recollect one or two instances in my whole life when I felt so thoroughly intimidated. Afterwards, I could not help thinking that I had only received the reward of my folly—for I had sprained my own shoulder severely—injured my horse's leg—disappointed myself of the pleasant society of my friends for a few hours—and all this for the credit of being able to boast of having dared to ride past the "wolf swamp" after night-fall, when it was known that thirteen ravenous wolves were inhabiting it.

CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

BY COL. ETHAN ALLEN.

THE first systematic, or bloody attempt at Lexington to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and

fully determined me to take a part with my country. And while I was waiting for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony, now State of Connecticut, to rally the Green Mountain boys, and, if possible, to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and after guarding all the several passages that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake at Ticonderoga with two hundred and thirty valiant Green Mountain boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I had landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the vanguard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner; as the day began to dawn, and I found myself necessitated to attack the fort before the rear could cross the lake; and as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the following manner:

"Friends and fellow soldiers: you have for a number of years past been the scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and, in person, conduct you through the wicket gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress, in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any, contrary to his will. You that will undertake, voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

The men being at this time drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right; and at the head of the centre file, marched them immediately to the wicket gate, aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who immediately snapped his fusee at me. I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party followed me into the fort. I formed on the parade in such

a manner as to face the barracks, which faced each other. The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword, but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head; upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarters, which I readily granted him, and demanded where the commanding officer slept; he showed me a pair of stairs in front of the garrison, which led up to the second story in said barracks, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain Delaplace, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver up the fort, instantly. He asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him: "In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress." The authority of Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again, but I interrupted him, and with a drawn sword near his head demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the mean time some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof sundry of the barrack doors were beaten down, and about one third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of said commander, a Lieutenant Felham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This enterprise was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the 10th of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled upon its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and drank success to Congress, and liberty and freedom to America.

MYSTERIOUS INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE.

It may be presumed that all wise and religious men have come to the settled conclusion, that, in regard to supposed remarkable providential interpositions, we ought neither to believe lightly, nor to reject sceptically; neither to admit unproved tales, nor to fight against well supported facts. The general doctrine, that the all-powerful and all-wise Creator can and may afford extraordinary manifestations, is not doubted by any Christian; and that he occasionally does so, even in modern times, is both consistent with reason, and supported by evidence. Such facts, when fully substantiated, are too valuable to be overlooked; they form a link between the visible and the unseen world; and I am induced therefore to bring before your readers a remarkable narrative, which is seriously vouched for by the author of "Tremaine," and which, if true, must be capable of corroboration from other sources. I cannot suppose that the writer, though anonymous, has fabricated the story, as Defoe did that of Mrs. Veal's ghost, to recommend Drelincourt's work on Death; but in so serious a matter, I should wish for direct and well-authenticated testimony. The surviving friends of Sir Evan Nepean, or some gentleman in the public offices, must surely be able to vouch for the facts, if they really occurred. The narrative is as follows:

"At the memorable dinner at Mr. Andrews, which I have mentioned, his story naturally recalled many others, of the same kind; and one voluble gentleman, who had a greater range than accuracy of memory, asserted that Sir Evan Nepean, when under-secretary of state, had been warned by a vision to save the lives of three or four persons, who, but for this appearance, would all of them have been hanged through Sir Evan's neglect.

"You may well suppose we did not give much credence to this; but knowing Sir Evan very well, I informed him of what he was charged with, and begged him to tell me what the ghost said. 'The gentleman,' said he, good humoredly, 'romances not a little; but what he alludes to is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me

"He went on to tell me, that one night, several years before, he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health—had dined early and moderately—had no care, nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven to two in the morning, had never closed an eye. It was summer, and twilight was far advanced; and to dissipate the *ennui* of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the Home Office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass-key. The book of entries of the day before lay open upon the table, and, in sheer listlessness, he began to read. The first thing appalled him: 'A reprieve to be sent to York, for the coiners ordered for execution the next day.' It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve; and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm, he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, roused him up, (it was then long past three,) and asked him if he knew any thing of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk could not remember. 'You are scarcely awake,' said Sir Evan; 'collect yourself; it must have been sent.' The chief clerk said he did now recollect he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York. 'Good,' said Sir Evan; 'but have you his receipt and certificate that it is done?' 'No!' Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early.' It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery lane. There was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig, to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the under-secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"With an exclamation of horror, cried the clerk of the crown, 'The reprieve is locked up in my desk.' It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York the

next morning, at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart."

The above facts are so extraordinary, that they require ample verification. The narrative may have been incorrectly transmitted; and if Sir Evan Nepean cannot be proved to have related it circumstantially as it is given above, it might be resolved into the more simple statement, that not having received a return to his order to send the reprieve, he was uneasy, and went out in the night to his office, to satisfy his mind. This takes away the most wonderful portion of the story, though it still leaves several remarkable circumstances, which may be justly termed "providential," particularly the finding the crown clerk precisely as he was setting off for the country, at four o'clock in the morning, so as just to allow time for the express to arrive at York before the execution.

* * * * * *

But if the facts recorded of Sir Evan are correctly narrated, they are very extraordinary, and ought to be kept on record, as an instructive illustration of the providential care of GOD. Sir Evan's unaccountable wakefulness; his getting up, and walking out in the park at two o'clock in the morning; his promenading up and down before the Home Office, and determining to go in without any object; his having the pass-key, and letting himself in through the doors and fastenings, unnoticed by the sentinels; his finding the entry-book not deposited in its proper place, but left carelessly on the table; his happening to notice the very entry upon which so much depended; his not being satisfied with the chief clerk's statement, that the reprieve had been duly sent to the proper officer, the clerk of the crown, but repairing to that officer, at four o'clock in the morning, to know if it had been forwarded; and his finding him before he set out on his intended journey, just in time, and barely in time, to prevent the execution—present a chain of events little short, in their union, of a direct miracle, though each particular was of trivial occurrence.

The whole depends upon the exact circumstances being accurately ascertained. There may be some mystery not unfolded. Sir Evan might be laboring under somnambulism, and have gone to his office, as persons under that in

fluence have often done to the scenes of their daily affairs, and have taken down the book, and placed it on the table before he was awake. Still, the providential interposition would not be the less apparent. Or he might have gone to examine the office books in secret, more especially if he suspected any negligence or irregularity; and he might not, for obvious reasons, wish to state this, but would rather pass off his visit, which the neglect about the reprieve, had unavoidably brought to light, as a mere accidental circumstance. His having a pass-key to open, not merely office desks and presses, but outer doors, is somewhat singular, unless he thought it his duty to make occasional inspections, when the clerks and attendants were absent. Such facts require to be fully cleared up, before any decided conclusion can be grounded upon them.

Immeasurably glorious and consolatory is the doctrine of a special individual providence. What can be more delightful than the consciousness, that we have an all-wise and almighty Friend, who is about our path, and about our bed; who knows all our ways; and without whose vigilant superintendence, not a hair of our head falls to the ground. To understand and value this truth rightly, we must look at it in all its range. We must not confine it to a few striking incidents; to the apparently strongly marked, isolated footsteps of the Divine power; we must not be too anxious to catch at the extraordinary incidents, as if it were only in such events as these that the traces of omniscient Providence are to be found. Whether such narratives as those above related are correct or not, the grand truth of a superintending Providence lies much deeper; it extends throughout the whole course of human life; it began, so far as concerns mankind, with Adam, and it will not cease till the morning of the resurrection: and even if no such inspired histories as those of Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob, or Joseph, or Moses, or David, were on record; and there were no such uninspired corroborations as the page of history amply affords; still the last day will solve all difficulties, and show, amidst every paradox, that there is "a GOD that judgeth in the earth."

GIRL RESCUED FROM AN INDIAN

GIRL RESCUED FROM AN INDIAN.

Previous to the revolution, when a few ordinary looking buildings occupied the present site of the pleasant village of Exeter, it is well known that the country around was generally a wilderness, inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians. The intercourse between them and the early settlers was frequent, though not of a friendly nature. The natives, improvident, indolent, and idle, were continually begging and stealing from their more frugal and industrious neighbors. As the benefit of such an intercourse was all on one side, and to the serious inconvenience and injury of the other, it was suffered to continue by the whites, only because they were the weaker party, and did not possess the power to discontinue it.

At this time, an elderly farmer by the name of Rowe, lived on the south bank of the Exeter river, a short distance below the falls, and near the present site of Furnald's tannery. Among the numerous natives that used to frequent his house, was a young Indian from the borders of the Concheco river. Mr. Rowe had a daughter by the name of Caroline, a comely lass of seventeen, to whom this Indian became much attached, and wished to take her home with him, and make her his squaw. The young lady treated all his overtures with scorn and derision; for she had no particular fancy for the Indian character, or his precarious mode of life. Whether the Indian was capable of the most refined and delicate sensations of love, it is not necessary to determine; but it is certain he exhibited all the frenzy of some of our modern lovers, on being so decidedly rejected and forbidden the hospitalities of the house. Finding entreaties vain, he did not give up in despair; but formed a resolution to possess himself of the object of his wishes, willing or unwilling. This was a bold and hazardous undertaking, and in which, if detected, his life would be the forfeit; but his ungovernable feelings prompted him on at all hazards.

One day, at early dawn, he glided up the river in his canoe, unperceived; and to prevent given alarm, hid it on the opposite shore, swam across, and concealed himself

near the house of Mr. Rowe. The family had not yet arisen; and he waited there sometime in breathless anxiety, for a favorable moment to seize his intended victim. At length he heard the family stirring in the house; and soon after, saw Mr. Rowe come out of the door, and pass on to his rude built barn, to feed his cattle. When he was fairly out of sight, the Indian rushed into the kitchen, and to his great joy, found Miss Caroline there alone. He did not stop to parley, but folded her in his arms at once; and, notwithstanding her screams and resistance, he triumphantly bore her to the river, and with her plunged into the stream. Her father heard her cries, seized his pitchfork, the only weapon he had at hand, and pursued the Indian; but he only arrived on the bank just as they leaped into the water. The father, being unequal to the task of swimming across, ran some distance up the stream for a boat—he luckily found one, jumped into it, and started off in pursuit. Meanwhile the Indian swam across the river with his fair one, to his bark canoe, put her into it, and paddled off down the stream as fast as he could. The father, as he turned round the bend of the river, came in full view of the fugitives, and paddled after them with all his strength. There was an interesting aquatic race; and the boats glided on the surface of the water, with the swiftness of an arrow. The Indian labored under some disadvantages—he had two in his canoe, and propelled it with a paddle; the old gentleman was alone in his boat, had row-locks, and two good oars; and would, beyond question, shortly have won the race, had not the Indian bolted. His keen eye soon observed that the other boat neared him fast in spite of all his efforts, and that he soon would be caught if he continued in the water. He found a small creek on the west side of the river; he ran his boat into it, and trusted to the swiftness of his feet and the dense forest of trees to elude his pursuer. The father followed on; but after trying the forest awhile, he found it was a losing race to him. He could ply the oar with more effect than he could the foot. He lost sight of the fugitives; but as he found no difficulty in tracing their foot steps in the frost, and in the occasional patches of snow he resolutely pushed forward.

The pursuit had continued for some hours—the father was an elderly man and somewhat infirm; he became weary and began to falter. There seemed to be no prospect of his overtaking the Indian, or of rescuing his daughter; but as he could not think of returning without her, he still continued on, even against hope.

At this critical juncture of severe trial and deep despondency, the welcome form of a youthful hunter, met his eye. He was on his return home, from a short excursion in the woods. To him he unfolded his tale of wo, and the vigorous youth, fired at the outrage committed by a son of the forest on the peace and dignity of a daughter of civilized life, started off with zeal in the pursuit. Night had already commenced its reign; but the moon wheeled its broad disk in the sky and shone almost as bright as day. He could follow their trail without much difficulty; and a few hours active pursuit brought him in sight of them. The Indian had kept a good look out, and was aware of his approach; but was artful enough to make the young lady his shield of defence. He made her walk between himself and the hunter, so that he could not fire without endangering her life. The hunter followed on at a distance for some time; but the vigilance of the Indian thwarted every attempt to attack him.

At length the young hunter, determined at all events to rescue the young lady, hit upon an expedient which proved successful. He lingered behind as though he had become fatigued, and let the Indian pass on out of sight. He then took a sweep around the line of their march as fast as he could, came out ahead on their route, concealed himself behind a tree, and shot the Indian through the head as he passed along. They were then in what is now the town of Medbury; but they had travelled a long distance, as the Indian took a circuitous route, in order to elude his pursuers.

Thus was the young lady rescued, and relieved at once from her tedious flight and from her fearful apprehensions of a life of wretchedness and wo, among the natives of the forest; and thus the rash and passionate Indian rightly paid the forfeit of his life for his bold and unjustifiable abduction of a maiden, who had a positive dislike for himself

and his nation. The graceful maiden and her generous deliverer immediately started on their return home. After travelling a short distance, they met her father, who had still continued on the track, notwithstanding his extreme fatigue. The chivalrous young hunter, as he surrendered his interesting charge to the arms of her father, and heard their warm-hearted acknowledgments for the signal services he had rendered in their behalf, felt more true joy than ever actuated the breast of the great conqueror of the world. Who might not be prompted to great and noble deeds of daring, even with a faint hope of obtaining such an interesting trophy of victory, and hearing from the lips of innocence and beauty the soul-stirring breathings of a grateful heart!

They all passed on to the house of the hunter, and the strangers partook of his hospitality and rested awhile their weary limbs. On taking leave the next day, the parting scene between the youthful hunter and the rescued daughter was too interesting to be mistaken. It plainly indicated that their acquaintance, so suddenly, and under such strange and peculiar circumstances commenced, might not be doomed to an evanescent existence. The old gentleman and his daughter soon reached home in safety, to relieve the anxiety and gladden the hearts of his family and friends.

How strangely change the scenes of life! Our great afflictions are often the very means by which we receive our greatest blessings. Six months after this event, the interesting Caroline was seen riding along, a willing bride, by the side of her gallant hunter, to bless his home and gladden his heart. The rash abduction by the Indian, only hastened her on to the arms of a kind and affectionate husband, and in his safe keeping, we may be allowed most respectfully to leave her.

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF GENERAL WADSWORTH.

After the failure of the expedition against the British garrison at Penobscot, General Wadsworth was sent, in

the spring of 1780 by the legislature of Massachusetts, to command the District of Maine. The principal objects of his mission were to retain the inhabitants in their allegiance, and in their attachment to the American cause, and to obstruct the efforts of the enemy. In these employments he spent the summer of 1780, and the principal part of the following winter. Before the end of February he dismissed his troops, the period of their enlistment being finished, and began to make the necessary preparations for his return to Boston. Mrs. Wadsworth, and a friend of hers, Miss Fenno, of Boston, had accompanied him, and continued here to this time.

His preparations for returning could not escape notice. A neighboring inhabitant, hostile to the American cause, had attentively observed his motions, and announced his design to the commander of the British fort; observing, that, if he seized the present moment, he might make General Wadsworth a prisoner; that he was defenceless, having only six soldiers under his command; that he would speedily leave the country; and that the least delay would frustrate this important object. The British commander listened eagerly to the intelligence, and immediately sent a party of twenty-five soldiers, with their officers, to attack the house in which he lodged. They embarked in a small schooner, already equipped for a cruise, and proceeded to an inlet four miles from the general's quarters, called West South River. Here they arrived at the beginning of the evening, and lay concealed in the house of one Snow, a Methodist preacher, (professedly a friend to him, but really a traitor,) until eleven o'clock. The ground was covered with snow, and the weather severely cold. The surface, in the neighborhood of the house, was hilly. An enemy could therefore advance within a few rods, without being discovered. For this reason the sentinel at the door was regularly ordered to fire his piece at the appearance of an enemy, and to escape without attemping to enter the house; as any effort of this nature would enable the enemy to enter at the same time.

The party came suddenly upon the sentinel, who gave the alarm by crying, "Who is there?" His comrades instantly opened the door, and as he went in, the enemy fired

a volley into the kitchen, which was the soldier's guard-room, and entered it together with the sentinel. Another party of them at the same instant fired through the windows of the room in which the general and his lady slept and blew the windows in. A third, at the same moment, forced their way through the windows, and took possession of the room in which Miss Fenno lay. Thus they were masters of the whole house, except the room where the general lay, which was strongly barred. The British officers, finding nobody in Miss Fenno's room, beside her and Mrs. Wadsworth, who, hastily dressing herself, had escaped into it, ordered the firing there to cease.

General Wadsworth had a pair of pistols, a blunderbuss, and a fusee. With the pistols, which he had discharged several times, he had defended the windows of his room, and a door which opened into the kitchen; and prevented the assailants from entering. He now heard their feet advancing through the front entry, and snapped his blunderbuss at them. They retreated. He snapped it again at several of the soldiers, who were forcing their way through the pannel of the kitchen door. These retreated also. He then seized his fusee, and discharged it upon some others, who were breaking through one of the windows. These also fled. The attack was then renewed through the entry. Against this he defended himself with his bayonet. His linen discovering him to the soldiers in the kitchen, they fired at him; and one of their balls went through his left arm, and terminated the contest.

Upon his announcing that he would surrender, the firing was ordered to cease. The soldiers, however, continued to fire from the kitchen. General Wadsworth, unbarring the door, and opening it, said, "My brave fellows, why do you fire after I have surrendered?" The soldiers rushed into his room, and one of them, who had been badly wounded, exclaimed, with an oath, "You have taken my life, and I will take yours," pointing a musket at his breast. The commanding officer, who had entered the room through the other door at that moment, struck the musket with his sword and saved the general's life. One of the officers now brought a candle from Miss Fenno's room, and ex-

claimed, "Sir, you have defended yourself too well; you have done too much for one man. You must excuse haste. Shall we help you on with your clothes? You see we are in a critical situation." The soldiers were ordered out to parade before the door. The general's clothes were soon put on, except his coat which his wounded arm rendering it impossible for him to wear, was committed to a soldier. Mrs. Wadsworth and Miss Fenno came into the room, and, suppressing their intense emotion with admirable fortitude, proposed to examine the general's wound. This, however, the haste of the party prevented. Mrs. Wadsworth threw a blanket over him, and Miss Fenno tied a handkerchief very closely around his arm, to check the copious effusion of blood. A soldier then took him out of the house. He was much exhausted; and, supposing the ball had cut an artery, told the officer he would not carry him far. Fortunately, however, the blood being congealed by the cold, and stayed by the bandage, ceased to flow and his strength and spirits speedily returned.

The party withdrew in great haste, and increased their expedition in consequence of the report of a musket, fired at no great distance, on the other side of the river. The two wounded British soldiers were mounted on a horse taken from General Wadsworth's barn. The general himself and a wounded American soldier, were on foot, but were aided in their march by their captors. When they had proceeded about a mile, a number of persons, who had gathered at a small house on the way, and who had seen the party when they went out, hailed them, and asked whether they had taken General Wadsworth. They said no; and added, that they wished to leave a wounded man with them; that if they took good care of him, they should be well paid; but if not, that they would come and burn their house. The wounded man, apparently dying, was then carried into the house; and General Wadsworth, after being warned that his safety depended upon his silence, was set on the horse behind the other wounded soldier. A part of their course lay over a frozen mill-pond, about a mile in length. At the head of this pond they were met by some of the party who had been left behind to take care of the Methodist preacher's house. These, having learned the

success of the enterprise, hurried back to the privateer, to carry the news. When the party reached the privateer some were overjoyed, and others swore bitterly. The captain, particularly, was in a rage, on being informed that he must return with his privateer to the fort; and, instead of sending the prisoner by a small boat, as had been originally proposed, must convey him in his vessel. Seeing some of his men wounded, he demanded, with a furious voice, how he, the general, dared to fire on the king's troops, damned him for a rebel, and ordered him to go and launch the boat, declaring, that if he did not, he would put his hanger through his body. General Wadsworth coldly answered, that he was a prisoner, was badly wounded, and could not assist in launching the boat, however he might think proper to treat him.

The commanding officer had gone into the house to take some refreshment; but hearing this abusive behavior of the captain, returned immediately, and, in a manner very honorable to himself, told the captain, that the prisoner was a gentleman, had made a brave defense, and was to be treated accordingly. At the same time he informed him, that he must return with his privateer to Bagaduce, (the point on which the British fort stood,) both on account of the prisoner, and of his own wounded men; and must therefore embark his own people, and the party, immediately. He added further, that his conduct should be represented to General Campbell, as soon as he arrived. The poor captain, thunder-struck with this denunciation, lost his importance in a moment. The men were embarked, the stern of the boat was given to the general, and after they had got on board, the best cabin and the most comfortable things which the vessel could afford.

The general's arm was now benumbed, rather than painful. The vessel was soon under way; and a cold northern wind drove her with such violence as seriously to incommode General Wadsworth and his fellow-sufferers.

I will now return to the ladies, who were left behind in their desolate house. Not a window in this habitation escaped the destruction. The doors were broken down, and two of the rooms were set on fire. The floors were

drenched with blood; and on one of them lay a brave old soldier, (through whose arm, near the shoulder joint, had been driven the whole charge of a musket, consisting of a wad, powder, and ball,) begging for death, that he might be released from misery. To add to the sufferings of these unfortunate ladies, a number of the neighboring inhabitants having heard of the disaster, flocked in and filled the house. Here they did nothing but gaze about with an idle curiosity, or make useless, numerous, and very troublesome inquiries. Scarcely any thing could be more wearisome, or more provoking. At length the ladies assumed resolution enough to reprove them with some severity; and thus restored them from the stupor, produced by these novel and disastrous events, to thought, feeling, and exertion. As soon as they had fairly recovered themselves, they very cordially and kindly united their efforts to render the best offices in their power. The next morning they repaired the doors and windows, cleansed the floors, dressed the wounded man in the best manner in their power and placed the family in as comfortable circumstances as the case would admit.

You will easily believe, that the solicitude of both General Wadsworth and the ladies, particularly Mrs. Wadsworth, was extreme. What an affectionate wife must feel for a husband, situated as he was, nothing but the experience of such a wife, in such circumstances, could enable even the female heart to realize. To all his other distresses was added, in the mind of the general, the most excruciating anxiety respecting his little son, a boy of five years old. This child, and a sister younger than himself, slept with a maid in the bed-room, directly in the range of the enemies' first discharge into the kitchen. As the general was leaving the door, after he had been made a prisoner, the maid came to it with the younger child; but he could not recollect that he had seen his son after the onset. This, he thought, could scarcely have happened, unless the child had been killed.

Near the close of the day, the privateer approached the place of her destination. The signal of success was made; the capture of General Wadsworth was announced; and the shore thronged with spectators, to see the man, who

through the preceding year, had disappointed all the designs of the British in this quarter. They were composed of Britons, and American refugees, of every class. David has often deprecated, in the most pathetic manner, the triumph of his enemies. General Wadsworth was now furnished with an opportunity of realizing the import of the language, and entering deeply into the feelings of the Psalmist.

The general left the privateer amid the loud shouts of the rabble which covered the shore, and was conducted to the house of a very respectable refugee, until a report concerning the success of the expedition should be made to General Campbell, the commandant of the post, and his orders should be received.

A guard soon came, with orders to bring the prisoner to the guard-room, within the fort, which was about half a mile from the landing. A guard, even of an enemy, was to him a very desirable accompaniment at the present time; for among those who were around him, there were many persons from whom, in these circumstances, he had nothing to expect but abuse. When he arrived at the fort he was conducted into the officer's guard-room, and was treated with politeness. Soon after, General Campbell sent a messenger to General Wadsworth, with his compliments, informing him that his situation should be made as comfortable as it could be, and that a surgeon should attend him immediately, to dress his wound. The surgeon soon came, and upon examination found the joint of the elbow uninjured, and pronounced the wound to be free from danger, if the artery was unhurt. This, he said could not be determined until a suppuration had taken place After the wound had been dressed, and supper served, General Wadsworth retired to rest. In the morning the commandant sent an invitation to him to breakfast with him, and at table paid him very handsome compliments on the defense which he had made, observing, however, that he had exposed himself in a degree not perfectly justifiable. His guest replied, that from the manner of the attack he had no reason to suspect any design of taking him alive; and that he intended, therefore, to sell his life as dearly as possible. "These things," said General Campbell, "are

very natural to gentlemen of our profession. But, sir, I understand that the captain of the privateer treated you very ill. I shall see that matter set right." He then informed his guest that a room in the officers' barracks, within the fort, was prepared for him; and that he should send his orderly sergeant, daily, to attend him to breakfast and dinner at his table, where a seat would be reserved for him, whenever he chose to accept of it. This polite proffer was followed by other observations of the same general nature; after which, General Wadsworth withdrew to his quarters.

He was now alone. He was a prisoner. The ardor of enterprise was over. He had no object to engage his attention; no plan to pursue; no motive to excite an effort, or even to rouse a vigorous thought. The calm, sluggish course, became absolutely dead when contrasted by his mind with the storm of war which had just passed over. General Campbell, probably foreseeing that such must be his prisoner's situation, sent him, in the course of the forenoon, several books of amusement; and then calling upon him in person, endeavored, by cheerful conversation, to make the time pass agreeably.

Not long after, the officers of the party came in to inquire concerning his situation; and, while they were present, appeared the redoubtable captain of the privateer. He told General Wadsworth, that he called to ask pardon for what had fallen from him when in a passion; that it was not in his nature to treat a gentleman prisoner ill; that the unexpected disappointment of his cruise had thrown him off his guard; and that he hoped that this would be deemed a sufficient apology. General Wadsworth accepted it, and his visitors withdrew. Neither books nor company, however, could prevent the forenoon from being tedious and long. "Remembrance," in spite of amusement, would "awake with all her busy train." Anticipation, sometimes her very restless and intrusive companion, would present melancholy pictures, and whisper prophecies of suffering and sorrow. About four o'clock, P. M. the orderly sergeant, presenting the compliments of the commandant, summoned General Wadsworth to dinner. He accepted the invitation, notwithstanding his sufferings, and particularly as he had a wish to

see the guests. They were numerous, and consisted of all the principal officers of the garrison. Their conversation was evidently guarded, and particularly polite to the stranger. His arm, however, began to be painful; and, having satisfied his curiosity, he respectfully withdrew.

The first object which now seriously engaged his attention, was to obtain some knowledge concerning the situation of his wife and family, and to communicate his own to them. For this purpose he wrote, the next morning, a billet to the commandant, requesting that a flag of truce might be sent to a militia officer in Camden, a town on the southwestern skirt of Penobscot Bay, not far distant from Bagaduce, with a letter to the governor of Massachusetts, and another to Mrs. Wadsworth. The request was immediately granted, on the condition that the letter to the governor should be inspected. To this General Wadsworth made no objection. The letter contained nothing but an account of his own situation, a request that an exchange might be speedily effected in his favor, and an exhibition of the obliging manner in which he had been treated since he had been made a prisoner. The letter was perfectly acceptable to the British commander.

The flag was given to Lieutenant Stockton, the officer by whom General Wadsworth had been taken prisoner. As soon as the weather permitted, he set out for Camden in a boat; and within a fortnight from the disastrous night mentioned above, returned with a letter from Mrs. Wadsworth. This letter, to his great joy, informed him that his wife and family were in more comfortable circumstances than he had been prepared to imagine, and particularly that his son was alive. The child had slept through the whole of that dreadful night, and knew nothing of the family sufferings until the next morning.

This fortnight had been a painful one to General Wadsworth. The increasing inflammation of his wound had confined him entirely to his room; and the sudden transition from domestic happiness to a gloomy solitude, and from liberty to a prison, admitted of few consolations. General Campbell continued his attention to him for some time. About half the officers in the garrison called upon him as often as propriety permitted. Their conversation

on which political discussions were carefully avoided, was intentionally made as agreeable to him as might be. They also sent him in succession a variety of entertaining books. Upon the whole, the connection formed between him and them, became not only pleasant, but interesting.

At the end of five weeks his wound was so far healed, that he was able to go abroad. He then sent to General Campbell a note, requesting the customary privilege of a parole. The request was not granted. The reasons assigned were, that it would be unsafe for General Wadsworth to expose himself to the hostility of the refugees, some of whom were his bitter enemies; that the garrison might be endangered by the inspection of a military man; and particularly, that General Campbell had reported his situation to the commanding officer at New York, and must therefore receive his directions, before he made any alterations in the circumstances of the prisoner. These reasons had weight, and General Wadsworth acquiesced. At the same time he was permitted to take the air in pleasant weather, by walking some time, every convenient day, on the parade within the fort, under the care of the officer of the guard. In these walks he was attended by two sentinels, and accompanied by some of the officers of the garrison. These little excursions were very favorable, both to his health and spirits. Upon the whole, to use his own language, his confinement became tolerable.

In about two months, when the mild season was ap proaching, and began to relax the chains of winter, Mrs. Wadsworth and Miss Fenno, under the protection of a passport from General Campbell, arrived at Bagaduce, and were conducted, with much civility, to his quarters. General Campbell, and many of his officers, cheerfully contributed their efforts to render the visit agreeable to all concerned. It continued ten days. In the mean time, an answer, or rather orders, had arrived from the commanding general at New York. This Gen. Wadsworth argued from the change of countenance in some of the officers. The import of the orders was intentionally concealed from Mrs. W. and Miss F. But, Miss F. had accidentally learned their nature by a hint, which fell from an officer occasionally at the general's quarters, and indicated that he

was not to be exchanged, but to be sent either to New York, or Halifax, or some other place in the British dominions. This information she carefully concealed until the moment of her departure; when, to prevent Mrs. W. from suspecting her design, she barely said, with a significant air, "General Wadsworth, take care of yourself." The weather being fine, the ladies re-embarked, and, without any serious misfortune, landed the second day at Camden.

Soon after the departure of the ladies, General Wadsworth was informed that a parole could not be given to him, because some of the refugees had communicated unfavorable information concerning him to the commander-in-chief at New York. From this time, General Campbell withheld his civilities. Other officers in the garrison, however, visited him daily, treated him with polite attention, and beguiled by various amusements the tedious hours of his captivity. He learned from the servants who attended him, that he was not to be exchanged, but sent to England, as a rebel of too much consequence to be safely trusted with his liberty.

Not long afterwards, about the middle of April, *Major Benjamin Burton*, an agreeable, brave, and worthy man, who had served under General Wadsworth the preceding summer, was taken, on his passage from Boston to St. George's river, the place of his residence, brought to the fort of Bagaduce, and lodged in the same room with General Wadsworth. Burton confirmed the report of the servants. He had learned from a source which he justly regarded as authentic, that both himself and the general were to be sent, immediately after the return of a privateer, now out upon a cruise, either to New York or Halifax, and thence to England. There they were to remain prisoners until the close of the war, and were to be treated afterwards as circumstances should direct. This intelligence, thus confirmed, explained at once the monitory caution of Miss Fenno, and perfectly exhibited to General Wadsworth the importance of *taking care of himself*.

The gentlemen were not long in determining that they would not cross the Atlantic as prisoners. They resolved that they would effect their escape or perish in the attempt.

When an enterprise, bordering on desperation, is resolutely undertaken, the means of accomplishing it are rarely wanted.

It must, however, be admitted, that scarcely any circumstances could promise less than theirs. They were confined in a grated room, in the officers' barracks, within the fort. The walls of this fortress, exclusive of the depth of the ditch surrounding it, were twenty feet high, with fraising on the top and chevaux-de-frise at the bottom. Two sentinels were always in the entry, and their door, the upper part of which was a window sash, might be opened by these watchmen whenever they thought proper, and was actually opened at seasons of peculiar darkness and silence. At the exterior doors of the entries, sentinels were also stationed, as were others in the body of the fort, and at the quarters of General Campbell. At the guard house a strong guard was daily mounted. Several sentinels were daily stationed on the walls of the fort, and a complete line occupied them by night. Without the ditch, glacis, and abatis, another complete set of soldiers patrolled through the night also. The gate of the fort was shut at sunset, and a picket guard was placed on, or near, the isthmus leading from the fort to the main land.

Bagaduce, on the middle of which the fort stands, is a peninsula, about a mile and a half in length, and a mile in breadth, washed by Penobscot Bay on the south, Bagaduce river on the east, on the northwest by a broad cove, and throughout the remainder of the circle by the bay and river of Penobscot. A sandy beach, however, connects it with the main land on the western side. From these facts, the difficulties of making an escape may be imperfectly imagined. Indeed, nothing but the melancholy prospect of a deplorable captivity, in the hands of an enemy, exasperated by a long and tedious war, carried on against those who were deemed rebels, could have induced the prisoners to take this resolution.

Not long after, a cartel arrived from Boston, bringing letters from the governor and council to Gen. Wadsworth, with a proposal for his exchange, and a sum of money, &c., for his use. These were carefully delivered to him; but the exchange being, as General Campbell said, not

authorized, he refused to liberate the prisoners. This determination they had expected.

Several plans were proposed by the gentlemen, for their escape, and successively rejected. At length they resolved on the following. The room in which they were confined was ceiled with boards. One of these they determined to cut off, so as to make a hole sufficiently large for a man to go through. After having passed through this hole, they proposed to creep along one of the joists, under which these boards were nailed, and thus to pass over the officers' rooms, bordering on it, until they should come to the next, or middle entry, and then to lower themselves down into this entry, by a blanket which they proposed to carry with them. If they should be discovered, they proposed to act the character of officers, belonging to the garrison, intoxicated. These being objects to which the sentinels were familiarized, they hoped in this disguise to escape detection. If they should not be discovered, the passage to the walls of the fort was easy. Thence they intended to leap into the ditch, and, if they escaped without serious injury from the fall, to make the best of their way to the cove, on the surface of whose water they meant to leave their hats floating, (if they should be closely pursued,) to attract the fire of the enemy, while they were softly and silently making their escape.

Such was their original plan. Accordingly, after the prisoners had been seen by the sentinel, looking through the glass of the door, to have gone to bed, Gen. W. got up, the room being dark, and, standing in a chair, attempted to cut with his knife the intended opening; but he found the attempt useless and hazardous. It was useless, because the labor was too great to be accomplished with the necessary expedition. It was hazardous, because the noise made by the strokes of the knife, could not fail, amid the profound silence, of being heard by the sentinel, and because the next morning must bring an unpleasant detection. This part of the design was therefore given up.

The next day, a soldier, who was their barber, was requested to procure a large gimlet, and bring it with him when he came the next time to dress General Wadsworth. This he promised and performed, without a sus

picion that it was intended for any thing more than amusement He received a dollar for this piece of civility, and was sufficiently careful not to disclose a secret which might create trouble for himself.

The prisoners waited with anxiety for the arrival of the succeeding night. To their surprise, the noise made by the gimlet was such as to alarm their apprehensions, and induce them again to desist. They were, however, not discouraged, but determined to make the experiment again during the day, when they hoped the noise would either not be heard at all, or would attract no notice. The *eyes* of the sentinels were now to be eluded, for the operation must in this case be performed at times when they might very naturally be employed in inspecting the room. It was necessary, also, to escape the observation of their servants, who often came in without any warning, and that of the officers, who were accustomed to visit them at almost all times of the day. But on these difficulties their persevering minds dwelt, only for the purpose of overcoming them. The two sentinels, who guarded the prisoners, commonly walked through the entry, one after the other, from the front of the building to the rear. This distance was exactly the breadth of two rooms. After they had begun their walk, the prisoners watched them with attention until they acquired a complete comprehension of the length of the intervals between the moments at which the sentinels successively passed their door. The prisoners then began to walk within their room, at the same pace with that of their watchmen, the sound of their feet being mutually heard, and all passing by the glass door the same way, at the same time. The prisoners in this manner took two turns across the room, while a sentinel took one through the entry. This difference of time gave them all the opportunities which they enjoyed for using their gimlet.

General Wadsworth, being of the middle stature, could, while standing on the floor, only reach the ceiling with the ends of his fingers. But Major Burton was very tall, and could reach it conveniently, so as to use the gimlet without the aid of a chair. This was a very fortunate circumstance, as it saved appearances, and not improbably pre-

vented the discovery to which they were exposed from so many sources. Accordingly, whilst the garrison was under arms on the parade, and their servants were purposely sent away on errands, the gentlemen began their walk, and passed by the glass door with the sentinels. General Wadsworth then walked on; but Major Burton, stopping short in the proper spot, perforated the ceiling with his gimlet, in sufficient season to join General Wadsworth on his return. Again they passed the door and returned, as if by mere accident, when the ceiling was in the same manner perforated again. This process was repeated until a sufficient number of holes were bored. The interstices in the mean time were cut through with a pen-knife; the wounds in the ceiling, which were small, being carefully covered with a paste of chewed bread, almost of the same color with that of the board. The dust made by the gimlet was also carefully swept from the floor. In this manner they completely avoided suspicion, either from the sentinels, the servants, or the gentlemen by whom they were visited. In the course of three weeks a board was entirely cut asunder, except a small part at each corner, which was left for the purpose of holding the severed piece in its proper place, lest some accident should open the passage prematurely.

During all this time the prisoners had watched every thing which related to the return of the privateer in which they were to be embarked. They had, also, made every unsuspicious inquiry in their power, while occasionally conversing with their visitors, and with the servants, concerning the exterior part of the fort, the ditch, the position of the chevaux-de-frise, the fraising, the posting of the outer sentinels and picket-guard. The scraps of information which were obtained in this cautious manner, General Wadsworth, who was tolerably well acquainted with the place, was able to put together in such a manner as to form a complete view of the whole ground, to fix with precision the place where they should attempt to cross the wall, where, if separated by accident, they should meet again, and to determine on several other objects of the same general nature. Major Burton, whose first acquaintance with Bagaduce commenced when he was landed as a

prisoner, was less able to form correct views concerning these subjects, and labored, therefore, under disadvantages which might prove serious.

The privateer was now daily expected. It is hardly necessary to observe, that the prisoners regarded the moment of her approach with extreme anxiety. They wished for a dark and boisterous night, to conceal their attempt, and to escape from the observation of their guard, but determined that if such an opportunity should not be furnished before the return of the privateer, to seize the best time which should occur. A part of the meat supplied for their daily meals, they laid up and dried, and preserved the crust of their bread, to sustain them on their projected excursion. They also made each a large skewer of strong wood, with which they intended to fasten the corner of a large bed-blanket to one of the stakes in the fraising on the top of the wall, in order to let themselves down more easily into the ditch.

When their preparations were finished, a whole week elapsed without a single favorable night. Their anxiety became intense. The weather became warm, and the butter which had been accidentally attached to some of the bread employed as paste to cover the holes in the ceiling, spread along the neighboring parts of the board, and discolored them to a considerable extent. This fact alarmed them not a little, particularly when their visitors were now and then gazing around the room in which they were confined. Nor were their apprehensions at all lessened by several incidental expressions of some British officers, which, to the jealous minds of the prisoners, seemed to indicate, that their design was discovered.

On the afternoon of June 18th, the sky was overcast. At the close of the evening, thick clouds from the south brought on an unusual darkness. The lightning began to blaze with intense splendor, and speedily became almost incessant. About eleven o'clock the flashes ceased. The prisoners sat up till this time, apparently playing at cards, but really waiting for the return of absolute darkness. Suddenly rain began to descend in torrents. The darkness was profound. The propitious moment for which they had so long waited with extreme solicitude, had, as

they believed, finally come, and more advantageously than could have been reasonably expected. They, therefore went immediately to bed, while the sentinel was looking through the glass door, and extinguished their candles.

They then immediately rose and dressed themselves. General Wadsworth, standing in a chair, attempted to cut the corner of the board which had been left to prevent the severed piece from falling, but found that he had made a slow progress. Major Burton then took the knife, and within somewhat less than an hour completed the intended opening. The noise attending this operation was consid erable, but was drowned by the rain upon the roof. Bur ton ascended first, and being a large man, forced his way through the hole with difficulty. By agreement, he was to proceed along the joists till he reached the middle entry, where he was to wait for his companion. The fowls, which roosted above these rooms, gave notice of his passage by their cackling, but it was unheeded, and perhaps unheard, by the sentinel. As soon as this noise ceased, General Wadsworth put his blanket through the hole, fastened it with a skewer, and attempted with this aid to make his way through the passage, standing in a chair below. But he found his arm weaker and of less service than he had expected. He did not accom plish his design without extreme difficulty. But the urgency of the case reanimated his mind, invigorated his limbs, and enabled him at length to overcome every obstacle. The auspicious rain, in the mean time, roaring incessantly on the roof of the building, entirely concealed the noise which he made during this part of his enterprise, and which in a common season must certainly have betrayed him.

When the general had reached the middle entry, he could not find his companion. After searching for him several minutes in vain, he perceived the air blowing through the door of the entry, and concluded that Major Burton had already gone out and left the door open. He therefore gave over the search, and proceeded to take care of himself. After passing through the door, he felt his way along the eastern side, the northern end, and a part of the western side of the building, walking directly under

the sheet of water which poured from the roof, that he might avoid impinging against any person accidently in his way, a misfortune to which he was entirely exposed by the extreme darkness of the night.

After he had reached the western side of the building, he made his way towards the neighboring wall of the fort, and attempted to climb the bank; but the ascent being steep, and the sand giving way, he found it impossible to reach the top. He then felt out an oblique path and ascended to the top, as from his window he had observed the soldiers do when they went out to man the wall. After he had gained the top, he proceeded to the spot on the north bastion, where Burton and himself had agreed to cross the wall, if no accident should intervene. When he had arrived at this place, and was endeavoring to discover the sentry-boxes, that he might creep between them across the top of the wall, the guard-house door on the opposite side of the fort was thrown open, and the sergeant of the guard called, "Relief, turn out." Instantly there was a scrambling on the gorge of the bastion, opposite to that where he now was. This scrambling he knew must be made by Burton. The rain, in the mean time, kept the sentinels within their boxes, and made such a noise on *them*, that they could not hear that which was made by the prisoners. In this critical moment, no time was to be lost. The relief-guard was approaching. General Wadsworth made all haste, therefore, to get himself, with his heavy blanket, across the parapet, upon the fraising, which was on the exterior margin of the wall, a measure indispensable to prevent the relief from treading on him, as they came round on the top of the wall; and he barely effected it during the time in which the relief was shifting sentinels. At the same time, he fastened with the skewer, the corner of his blanket round a picket of the fraising, so that it might hang at the greatest length beneath him. After the relief had passed on, the general, with great difficulty, arising particularly from the lameness of his arm, slid with his feet foremost off the ends of the pickets of the fraising, clinging with his arms and hands to the ends, thus bringing himself underneath the pickets, so as to get hold of the blanket hanging below. Then he let himself down

by the blanket until he reached the corner nearest to the ground. From this he dropped without injury on the berme. Leaving his blanket suspended from the fraising, he crept into the chevaux-de-frise nearest to the spot where he had descended, and moved softly along to the next angle. Here he remained without noise or motion, until the relief having gone round the walls and out of the gate to relieve the sentinels without the abatis, should have passed by. As soon as he had heard them pass, and before the sentinels had become accustomed to noise around them, he crept softly down into the ditch, went out at the water-course between the sentry-boxes, and descended the declivity of the hill, on which the fort stood, into the open field. Finding himself fairly without the line of sentries, and perceiving no evidence that he had been discovered, he could scarcely persuade himself that the whole adventure was not a dream, from which he might soon awake, and find himself still in prison.

Both the rain and the darkness continued. He groped his way, therefore, among rocks, stumps, and brush, very leisurely, to an old guard-house on the shore of the back cove. This building had been agreed upon between the prisoners as their place of rendezvous, if any accident should separate them. After searching and waiting for his companion half an hour in vain, he proceeded onward to the cove. The time was happily that of low water. Here he drew off his shoes and stockings, took his hat from the skirt of his coat, to which hitherto it had been pinned, girded up his clothes, and began to cross the water, which was about a mile in breadth. Fortunately, he found it no where more than three feet in depth. Having safely arrived at the opposite shore, and put on his stockings and shoes, he found the rain beginning to abate, and the sky becoming less dark. Still he saw nothing of his companion.

It was now about two o'clock in the morning. General Wadsworth had left the fort a mile and a half behind him, and had perceived no noise which indicated that the enemy had discovered his escape. His own proper course now lay, for about a mile, up a very gently sloping acclivity, on the summit of which was a road, formerly cut, under his

direction, for the purpose of moving heavy cannon. The whole ascent was overspread with trees blown down by the wind, and to gain the summit cost him the labor of at least an hour. At length he reached the road, but, after keeping it about half a mile, determined to betake himself to the woods, and make his way through them to the river Here the day dawned, and the rain abated. Here, also he heard the reveille beat at the fort. He reached the eastern shore of the Penobscot, just below the lower narrows, at sun-rise, and found a small canoe at the very spot where he first came to the river. But he was afraid to cross it in this place, lest the inhabitants on the opposite shore, through fear of the enemy or hostility to *him*, should carry him back to the fort; or lest their kindness, if they should be disposed to befriend him, should prove their ruin. He, therefore, made the best of his way up the river, at the foot of the bank, and kept as near as he could to the water's edge, that the flood tide, which was now running, might cover his steps, and prevent his course from being pursued by blood-hounds kept at the fort. In this manner, also, he escaped the notice of the inhabitants living on the eastern bank of the river.

About seven o'clock in the morning the sun began to shine, and the sky became clear. At this time he had reached a place just below the upper narrows, seven miles from the fort. Here it was necessary for him to cross the river. At a small distance he perceived a salmon net stretched from a point thickly covered with bushes, and a canoe lying on the shore. He therefore determined, after having cut a stout club, to lie by in the thicket, in order to rest himself, dry his clothes, and discover the persons who should come to take fish from the net, that he might decide on the safety or danger of making himself known. In this situation he had spent near an hour, and made considerable progress in drying his clothes—not, however, without frequently looking down the river to see whether his enemies were pursuing him—when, to his unspeakable joy, he saw his friend *Burton* advancing towards him in the track which he had himself taken. The meeting was mutually rapturous, and the more so, as each believed the other to have been lost.

Major Burton, after having passed through the hole in the ceiling, made his way directly into the second entry without interruption. As he had been able to escape from the ceiling only by the assistance of General Wadsworth, he concluded, early, that his friend would be unable to make his way through the same passage, and, rationally determining it to be better that one should regain his liberty than that both should be confined in a British jail, made no stop to learn what had become of his companion. Passing out of the eastern door, (the same which Gen. Wadsworth selected,) he entered the area of the fort, taking the most watchful care to avoid the sentry-boxes. The night was so intensely dark, that this was a matter of no small difficulty. Fortunately, however, he avoided them all, and steered his course, providentially, to the northeastern curtain. At the moment of his arrival, the door of the guard-house was thrown open, and the relief ordered to turn out. Burton heard the orders indistinctly, and supposed that himself or General Wadsworth (if he had been able to make his way out of the barrack) was discovered. He leaped, therefore, from the wall, and fell into the arms of a chevaux-de-frise, containing only *four* sets of pickets. Had there been *six*, as is sometimes the case, he must have fallen upon the points of some of them, and been killed outright. Perceiving that he was not injured by the fall, he flung himself into the ditch, and, passing through the abatis, escaped into the open ground. As he had no doubt that either himself or General Wadsworth was discovered, and knew that in either case he should be closely pursued, he used the utmost expedition.

It had been agreed by the prisoners, that if they should get out of the fort, and in this enterprise be separated from each other, they should direct their course by the wind. Unfortunately, the gale, which in the afternoon and early part of the evening had blown from the south, shifted, without being observed by Burton, to the east. Of the region round about him, except so far as General Wadsworth had described it to him, he was absolutely ignorant In these unfortunate circumstances, instead of taking the direction which he had intended, he pointed his course towards a picket guard, kept near the isthmus, and came

almost upon a sentinel before he discovered his danger. Happily, however, he perceived a man at a small distance in motion, and dropped softly upon the ground.* The movements of the man soon convinced Burton that he was a sentinel, *and that he belonged to the picket.* By various means the two friends had made themselves acquainted with the whole routine of the duty performed by the garrison. Burton, therefore, from these circumstances, discerned in a moment where he was, and determined to avail himself of the discovery. Accordingly, whenever the sentinel moved from him, he softly withdrew, and at length got clear of his disagreeable neighbor. He then entered the water on the side of the isthmus next to the river, with the hope of being able to advance in it so far above the picket as to land again undiscovered. The undertaking proved very hazardous, as well as very difficult. It was the time of low water. The rocks were numerous in his course, and the river between them was deep. A great quantity of sea-weed also encumbered his progress. He swam, and climbed, and waded, alternately, for the space of an hour; and having made in this manner a circuit, which, though small, he thought would be sufficient to avoid the guard, betook himself to the shore. Here, chilled with his long continued cold bathing, and excessively wearied by exertion, he began his course through the forest, directing himself as well as he could towards the path which had been taken by General Wadsworth. After walking several miles through the same obstructions which had so much embarrassed his friend, he reached it, and without any further trouble rejoined the general.

After their mutual congratulations, the two friends, as they saw no persons appear, went down to the canoe, and, finding in it a suit of oars, pushed it into the water. Burton informed General Wadsworth that a party of the enemy was in pursuit of them, and that their barge would soon come round the point below, and therefore proposed, that instead of crossing the river directly, they should take

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* Major Burton dropped a glove in this spot, which, being found in the morning, discovered, thus far, the course which he had pursued in making his escape.

an oblique course, by which they might avoid being discovered. Not long after, the barge came in sight, moving moderately up the river, and distant from them about a mile. At this time the canoe was near half a mile from the eastern shore, but being hidden by some bushes on another point, escaped the eyes of their pursuers. Just at the moment, the crew of the barge, having rested for a minute on their oars, tacked, and rowed to the eastern shore, when one of the men went up to a house standing on the bank. The two friends seeing this, plied their oars to the utmost, and when the barge put off again, had it in their power to reach the western shore without any possible obstruction.

As they approached a landing place, they saw a number of people. To avoid an interview with these strangers, they changed their course, and landed on the north side of a creek, where they were entirely out of their reach, and safe from their suspicion.

After they had made fast the canoe, they steered their course directly into the wilderness, leaving the barge advancing up the river, but appearing to have made no discovery. The prospect of a final escape was now very hopeful, but as there could be no safety in keeping the route along the shore, since they undoubtedly would be way-laid in many places, they determined to take a direct course through the forest, to avoid inhabitants, and to prevent a pursuit. Accordingly, they steered towards the head of St. George's river. This they were enabled to do by the aid of a pocket-compass, which Burton had fortunately retained in his possession. Their pockets supplied them with provisions, homely enough indeed, but such as satisfied hunger, and such as success rendered delightful. Two showers fell upon them in the course of the day, and the heat of the sun was at times intense. Their passage, also, was often incommoded by the usual obstructions of an American forest, fallen trees, marshy grounds, and other inconveniences of the like nature. But with all these difficulties they traveled twenty-five miles by sunset.

At the approach of night they made a fire with the aid of a flint, which Major Burton had in his pocket, and some *spunk*, a substance formed by a partial decomposition of

the heart of the maple tree, which easily catches, and long retains, even the slightest spark. But as they had no axe, and as they did not commence this business sufficiently early, the wood of which their fire was made, being of a bad quality, burnt ill, and was extinguished long before the morning arrived. The night was cold, notwithstanding the heat of the preceding day. Both extremes were equally injurious to the travelers, and increased not a little the lameness and soreness of their limbs. General Wadsworth suffered severely. He had been a long time in confinement, and had of course been prevented from taking any vigorous exercise. He was also possessed of a constitution much less firm than that of his companion, and was much less accustomed to the hardships of traveling in a forest. For these reasons they made a slow progress during the morning of the second day. By degrees, however, the general began to recover his strength, and before evening they advanced, though not without much difficulty, twelve or fifteen miles. The sufferings of the preceding night effectually warned them to begin the employment of collecting fuel in better season. They had therefore a comfortable fire. Still the latter part of the night was very cold and distressing.

On the third day, Gen. Wadsworth was so lame, and had suffered so much from this uncomfortable pilgrimage, that he was able to make very little progress. After many efforts, he proposed to stop in the wilderness, and wait for such relief as his friend, proceeding onward to the nearest settlements, might be able to bring him. Major Burton cut the matter short by an absolute refusal to leave him behind in circumstances so hazardous. At length they determined to refresh themselves with a little sleep, and then to recommence their progress. This determination was a happy one, for they found their sleep, in the genial warmth of the day, in a high degree restorative and invigorating. They were able to travel with more and more ease, and were not a little animated with the consciousness that their pilgrimage was drawing to a close. About six P. M., they discovered from an eminence the ascent of a smoke, and other signs of human habitations, and soon, to their unspeakable joy, arrived at the place to which they

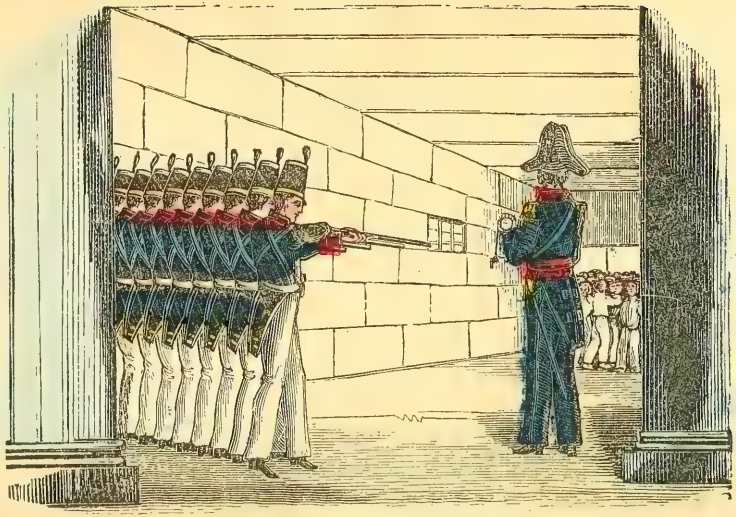
nad originally directed their course, the upper settlements on the river St. George.

The inhabitants flocked about them with a joy scarcely inferior to theirs, and not only hailed them as friends long lost, but as men dropped from the clouds. Their surprise and their affection were equally intense, and their minds labored for modes in which they might exhibit sufficient kindness to their guests.

At this friendly place they took horses, and, accompanied by all the inhabitants who were able to bear arms, proceeded down the river, within three miles of the house in which General Wadsworth had been taken prisoner. Here they crossed the river, and took up their lodgings on the other side, in a very comfortable inn. Their company had by this time increased to thirty men. Half of this force General Wadsworth gave to his faithful friend, who was then distant only three miles from his own house, a stone fort, anciently erected as a defense against the savages. It was naturally suspected by both gentlemen, that concealed parties of the enemy would lie in wait for them; and, if possible, carry them back again to their prison. Nor was the suspicion unfounded. Such a party actually way-laid Major Burton, on his return to his family; and, had he not been accompanied by this body of armed men, he would again have been taken. Finding themselves frustrated, the lurking party seized a trading vessel, lying on St. George's river, and, returning to Bagaduce, carried the first information to the fort concerning the prisoners.

As to General Wadsworth, he was now in a settlement where he could not be attacked with any hope of success, unless by a strong detachment of the enemy. He therefore continued at this hospitable inn until the next day but one. Then, having recovered one of his horses, and renewed his strength and spirits, he set out for Falmouth, (Portland,) where he hoped to find Mrs. Wadsworth. During the first day's journey he was accompanied by a small guard. From this time he was safe from the lurking parties of the enemy; and proceeded to Falmouth as his own convenience permitted.

Mrs. Wadsworth and Miss Fenno had, however, sailed for Boston before his arrival. On their passage they were



STATES PRISON REVOLT.

overtaken by a violent storm, and barely escaped shipwreck. The vessel put into Portsmouth in distress, and neither of the ladies was acquainted with a single inhabitant. They took lodgings, therefore, at an inn. When they had in some measure recovered themselves from the anxiety and distress produced by the perilous situation from which they had just escaped, they found themselves in a new scene of trouble. Mrs. Wadsworth had left all the specie in her possession with the general, when she visited him at Penobscot; and during her residence in the district of Maine, the continental bills of credit had lost their currency. She was, therefore, without money and without any known friends. After meditating some time on various expedients to extricate herself and her friend from this embarrassment, not a little perplexing to a female mind, she recollected that she had seen at New Haven, in the year 1770, Mr. Buckminster, then a tutor in Yale College, and now one of the ministers of Portsmouth.

From this gentleman, the ladies, after having made him acquainted with their circumstances, received every assistance which they could wish. When they were ready to proceed on their journey, he furnished a carriage to convey them to Newburyport. Here they met with the same friendly offices, and were supplied with the means of proceeding pleasantly to Boston, where the distresses of both Mrs. Wadsworth and the general were speedily terminated by his arrival.

STATE PRISON REVOLT

A MORE impressive exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest ferocity, under the most appalling circumstances, was never seen, than that which was witnessed by the officers of the Massachusetts State Prison, in the rebellion which occurred several years since. Three convicts had been sentenced under the rules of the prison to be whipped in the yard, and by some effort of one of the other prisoners, a door had been opened at midday, communicating with the great dining hall, and through the

warden's lodge, with the street. The dining hall is long, dark, and damp, from its situation near the surface of the ground, and in this all the prisoners assembled, with clubs and such tools as they could seize in passing through the work-shops.

Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of the ferocious spirits, who are drawn away from their encroachments on society, forming a congregation of strength, vileness, and talent that can hardly be equalled on earth, even among the famed brigands of Italy. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of infamous crimes, dressed in the motley and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment which was to be inflicted on the morrow, upon their comrades.

The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the prison, were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences likely to ensue from the conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news rapidly spread through the town, and a subordinate officer of most mild and kind disposition, hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers The most equable tempered and the mildest man in the government, was in this hour of peril the firmest.

He instantly despatched a request to Major Wainwright, commander of the marines stationed at the navy yard, for assistance, and declared his purpose to enter into the hall and try the force of firm demeanor and persuasion upon the enraged multitude. All his brethern exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard; but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said, that he had no fear, and in case of danger arms would do him no service; and alone, with only a little rattan, which was his usual walking stick, he advanced into the hall, to hold parley with the selected, congregated, and enraged villains of the whole commonwealth.

He demanded their purpose in thus coming together

with arms, in violation of the prison laws. They replied that they were determined to obtain the remission of the punishment of their three comrades. He said it was impossible ; the rules of the prison must be obeyed, and they must submit. At the hint of submission, they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and, as they were dimly seen in the further end of the hall, by those who observed, from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight cannot be conceived, nor one of more moral grandeur, than that of the single man, standing within their grasp and exposed to be torn limb from limb instantly, if a word or look should add to the already intense excitement.

That excitement, too, was of a most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations, but was seen only in the dark looks and the strained nerves, that showed a deep determination. The officer expostulated. He reminded them of the hopelessness of escape ; that the town was alarmed, and that the government of the prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said that all those who would go quietly away, should be forgiven for this offence ; but that if every prisoner was killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the prison.

They replied that they expected that some would be killed, that death would be better than such imprisonment, and with that look and tone, which bespeaks an indomitable purpose, they declared, that not a man should leave the hall alive, till the flogging was remitted. At this period of the discussion, their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to destroy the officer, who still stood firmer, and with a more temperate pulse, than did his friends, who saw from above, but could not avert the danger that threatened him.

Just at this moment, and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines, whose presence alone he relied on for succour, filing by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach, and now he knew that it was his only time to escape, before a conflict for life became, as was expected,

one of the most dark and dreadful in the world. He stepped slowly backwards, still urging them to depart, before the officers were driven to use the last resort of firearms. When within three or four feet of the door, it was opened, and closed instantly again, as he sprang through and was so unexpectedly restored to his friends.

Major Wainwright was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little windows, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a wiser as well as a bolder course relying upon the effect which firm determination would have upon men so critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage and formed at the end of the hall opposite to the crowd of criminals hud dled together at the other.

He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he should not quit that hall alive, till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed balancing the strength of the two parties; and replied that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see who was most powerful, swearing that they would fight to the last, unless the flogging was remitted, for they would not submit to any punishment in the prison. Major Wainwright ordered his marines to load their pieces, and, that they might not be suspected of trifling, each man was made to hold up tc view the bullet which he afterwards put in his gun.

This only caused a growl of determination, and no one blenched or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost exposure. They knew that their number would enable them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines after the first discharge, and before their pieces could be reloaded. Again they were ordered to retire; but they answered with more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure to kill as many as possible—their guns were presented—but not a prisoner stirred, except to grasp more firmly his weapon.

Still desirous to avoid such a tremendous slaughter as must have followed the discharge of a single gun, Major Wainwright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more

firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly into the muzzles of the guns, which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention "to fight it out." This intrepid officer then took out his watch, and told his men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not fire till they had orders; then turning to the prisoners he said, "you must leave this hall—I give you three minutes to decide—if at the end of that time a man remains, he shall be shot dead."

No situation of greater interest than this can be conceived. At one end of the hall a fearful multitude of the most desperate and powerful men in creation, waiting for the assault—at the other, a little band of disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign, to begin the carnage—and their tall and imposing commander, holding up his watch to count the lapse of three minutes, given as the reprieve to the lives of numbers. No poet or painter can conceive of a spectacle of more dark and terrible sublimity—no human heart can conceive a situation of more appalling suspense.

For two minutes not a person or a muscle was moved, not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the labored breathings of the infuriated wretches, as they began to pant, between fear and revenge. At the expiration of two minutes, during which they had faced the ministers of death, with unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear and nearest to the further entrance, went slowly out—a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and deliberately, and before half of the last minute had gone, every man was struck by the panic and crowded for an exit; and the hall was cleared as if by magic. Thus the steady firmness of moral force, and the strong effect of determination, acting deliberately, awed the most savage men, and suppressed a scene of carnage, which would have instantly followed the least precipitancy or exertion of physical force.

THE SHARK SENTINEL.

With my companion, one beautiful afternoon, rambling over the rocky cliffs at the back of the island, (New Providence, W. I.,) we came to a spot where the stillness and the clear trasparency of the water invited us to bathe. It was not deep. As we stood above, on the promontory, we could see the bottom in every part. Under the headland, which formed the opposite side of the cove, there was a cavern, to which, as the shore was steep, there was no access but by swimming, and we resolved to explore it. We soon reached its mouth, and were enchanted with its romantic grandeur and wild beauty. It extended, we found, a long way back, and had several natural baths, into all which we successively threw ourselves; each as they receded further from the mouth of the cavern, being colder than the last. The tide, it was evident, had free ingress, and renewed the water every twelve hours. Here we thoughtlessly amused ourselves for some time.

At length the declining sun warned us that it was time to take our departure from the cave, when, at no great distance from us, we saw the back or dorsal fin of a monstrous shark above the surface of the water, and his whole length visible beneath it. We looked at him and at each other in dismay, hoping that he would soon take his departure, and go in search of other prey; but the rogue swam to and fro, just like a frigate blockading an enemy's port, and we felt, I suppose, very much as we used to make the French and Dutch feel the last war, at Brest and the Texel.

The sentinel paraded before us, about ten or fifteen yards in front of the cave, tack and tack, waiting only to serve one, if not both of us, as we should have served a shrimp or an oyster. We had no intention, however, in this, as in other instances, of "throwing ourselves on the mercy of the court." In vain did we look for relief from other quarters; the promontory above us was inaccessible; the tide was rising, and the sun touching the clear, blue edge of the horizon.

I, being the leader, pretended to a little knowledge in

.chthyology, and told my companion that fish could hear as well as see, and that therefore the less we said the better; and the sooner we retreated out of his sight, the sooner he would take himself off. This was our only chance, and that a poor one; for the flow of the water would soon have enabled him to enter the cave and help himself, as he seemed perfectly acquainted with the *locale*, and knew that we had no mode of retreat, but by the way we came. We drew back out of sight, and I don't know when I ever passed a more unpleasant quarter of an hour A suit in chancery, or even a spring lounge at Newgate, would have been almost a luxury to what I felt when the shades of night began to darken the mouth of our cave, and this infernal monster continued to parade, like a water-bailiff, before its door. At last, not seeing the shark's fin above the water, I made a sign to Charles, that cost what it might, we must swim for it, for we had notice to quit by the tide; and if we did not depart, should soon have an execution in the house. We had been careful not to utter a word, and, silently pressing each other by the hand, we slipped into the water; and, recommending ourselves to Providence, we struck out manfully. I must own I never felt more assured of destruction, not even when I once swam through the blood of a poor sailor—while the sharks were eating him—for the sharks then had something to occupy them; but this one had nothing else to do but to look after us. We had the benefit of his undivided attention.

My sensations were indescribably horrible. I may occasionally write or talk of the circumstance with levity, but whenever I recall it to mind, I tremble at the bare recollection of the dreadful fate that seemed inevitable. My companion was not so expert a swimmer as I was, so that I distanced him many feet, when I heard him utter a faint cry. I turned round, convinced that the shark had seized him, but it was not so; my having left him so far behind had increased his terror, and induced him to draw my attention. I returned to him, held him up, and encouraged him. Without this he would certainly have sunk; he revived with my help, and we reached the sandy beach in safety, having eluded our enemy, who, when he neither

saw or heard us, had, as I concluded he would, quitted the spot.

Once more on terra firma, we lay gasping for some minutes before we spoke. What my companion's thoughts were, I do not know; mine were replete with gratitude to God, and renewed vows of amendment; and I have every reason to think, that although Charles had not so much room for reform as myself, that his feelings were perfectly in unison with my own. We never afterwards repeated this amusement, though we frequently talked of our escape and laughed at our terrors, yet, on these occasions, our conversation always took a serious turn; and, upon the whole, I am convinced that this adventure did us both a vast deal of good.

JUSTICE AGAINST LAW.

About two years ago, Gen. Houston, in company with two others, left Nashville, (Tenn.,) for Texas. They traveled several days, through marshes and over mountains, among Christians as well as savages, without any thing very interesting or marvelous crossing their path.

Late one beautiful moonlight evening, they entered a village, a county town in the state of Missouri, where they took lodgings for the night. The news was very soon spread over the town, that Gov. Houston, from Tennessee, had taken lodgings at the hotel, where, in a short time, he was greeted by judge and jury, counsel and client, (the court being in session,) by the accomplished female, as well as the backwoods' rustic, all of whom received the salutations of a gentleman and scholar in the person of Gen. Houston. There was an old man, with his interesting and beautiful daughter, who seemed to claim the attention of the general more than all the other visitors. There was an expression in the old man's look, differing from the rest —he looked a language which said, "can you help me?" and echo answered from the heaving breast of the daughter, *can you help?*

The old man, many years ago, had taken up a large

tract of land in that country, on which he settled with his young family, and which, through industry, he had converted into a very extensive and profitable plantation, but had, inadvertently omitted to enter it. Some time previous to this event, a knowing one ascertaining that the old man could be ejected, and legally too, set to work, had the farm entered in his own name, got a writ of ejectment, had it served, and in an hour the old man and his family were turned out of "house and home," almost pennyless. The old man entered suit in the court for the recovery of his lost farm, but having no money, he had no friends! (how true.) The general listened to his tale of woe, and intimated that he would help him on the morrow, as on that day the case would be decided.

It was a delightful morning; the sun shone cheeringly, but the old man scarcely felt his influence. True, he thought a little light had broken in on the gloom of his mind—perhaps he may come to my help; but, alas! I have no money, and counsel do not often labor for naught. During these reveries, the court was called—the counsel for the defendant opened an appeal to the jury on the *legality* of his client's claim to the farm, and labored long and hard in defense of his plea; it was thought by some that his arguments were incontrovertible. During this time there sat the old man—no friend to console him—the governor was not there—he had not been as good as his *intimation*. The counsel was about closing his appeal, and in all probability the decision would go against the plaintiff—hark! a rustling noise is heard—a move is in the crowd—a tall, genteel personage enters. The old man lifts his eye and recognizes the governor—he steps forward, introduces himself to the court, volunteers for the old man—all eyes were upon him, and when the words, "Gentlemen of the Jury," fell from his lips, the current of opinion began to change; there was an unction in the words to which the inmates of that house were unaccustomed—he proceeded eloquently, feelingly—his words fell on the listeners like the rushing of many waters—the white handkerchiefs of the ladies were soon brought into requisition—the stern jurors were seen to throw away the briny drop—the judge changed his position frequently—anon,

the whole house, judge and jury, counsel and client, spectators—all—were suffused in tears. He closed his arguments, his eloquent and his impressive appeal to the jury—walked out—and the jury, without leaving their box, gave the old man back his farm.

HORRID PUNISHMENT.

The following thrilling account of the execution of Robert Francis Damiens, in the winter of 1757, we take from the London Monthly Review of the same year. Damiens had attempted the assassination of King Louis XV., of France, from motives prompted by religious enthusiasm, and nurtured by the enemies of that prince. After undergoing mechanical torture until the *ministers of justice* had wrung from him the name of his accomplices, he was stripped for execution.

When stripped, it was observed that he surveyed and considered all his body and limbs with attention, and that he looked round with firmness on the vast concourse of spectators.

Towards five o'clock he was placed on the scaffold which had been erected in the middle of the enclosed area and was raised about three feet and a half from the ground the length from eight to nine feet, and of about the same breadth. The criminal was instantly tied, and afterwards fastened by iron gyves, which confined him under the arms and above the thighs. The first torment he underwent was that of having his hand burnt in the flame of brimstone; the pain of which made him send forth such a terrible cry as might be heard a great way off.

A moment afterwards he raised his head, and looked earnestly at his hand, without renewing his cries, and without expressing any passion, or breaking out into any imprecation. To this first torment succeeded that of pinching him with red hot pincers, in the arms, thighs, and breasts. At each pinch he was heard to shriek in the same manner as when his hand was burnt. He looked and gazed at each wound, and his cries ceased as soon as the pinching

was over. They afterwards poured boiling oil, and melted lead and rosin, into every wound, except those of the breast, which produced in all those circumstances the same effect as the two first tortures. The tenor of his articulated exclamations, at times, was as follows: "Strengthen me, Lord God; strengthen me!—Lord God, have pity on me!—O Lord, my God, what do I not suffer!—Lord God, give me patience!"

At length they proceeded to the ligatures of his arms, legs, and thighs, in order to dismember them. This preparation was very long and painful, and drew new cries from the sufferer; but it did not hinder him from viewing and considering himself with a strange and singular curiosity. The horses having been put to the draught, the pulls were repeated for a long time, with frightful cries on the part of the sufferer; the extension of whose members was incredible, and yet nothing gave signs of the dismemberment taking place. In spite of the straining efforts of the horses, which were young and vigorous, and, perhaps too much so, being the more restive and unmanageable for drawing in concert, this last torment had now lasted for more than an hour, without any prospect of its ending The physician and surgeon certified to the commissaries that it was almost impossible to accomplish the dismemberment, if the action of the horses was not aided by cutting the principal sinews, which might, indeed, suffer a length of extention, but not to be separated without an amputation. Upon this attestation the commissaries sent an order to the executioner to make such an amputation with regard especially to the night coming on, as it seemed to them fitting that the execution should be over before the close of the day. In consequence of this order, the sinews of the sufferer were cut at the joints of the arms and thighs. The horses then drew afresh, and, after several pulls, a thigh and arm were seen to sunder from the body. Damiens still looked at this painful separation, and seemed to preserve some sense and knowledge after both thighs and one arm were thus severed from his body; nor was it till the other arm went away that he expired. As soon as it was certain that there was no life left, the body and scattered limbs were thrown into a fire

prepared for that purpose near the scaffold, where they were all reduced to ashes.

JOE CALL, THE MODERN HERCULES.

THERE are incidents in the life of every individual, however insignificant his station may be in society, which, if fairly written out, would be looked upon by the sneering wiseacres of this skeptical age, as little better than sheer fiction. But the true philosopher, with a deeper vision, sees truth stamped upon them, and only wonders at the mysterious Providence who has thus seen fit to weave the beautiful flowers of romance in the dark woof of ordinary life.

The life of the late Joseph Call, Esq., of Lewis, in New York, was rife with such incidents, and although it is foreign to our purpose, in the present article, to play the part of biographer to his memory, yet we have thought an idle hour would not be unprofitably spent in rescuing from oblivion a few desultory instances in which was displayed the great and almost incredible strength with which he was gifted.

Of his early childhood we know but little, except that he was the leader and champion of all the boys in his neighborhood. One incident, however, has been related to us, which—although it does not show our hero in a very favorable light as a scholar—displays that peculiar trait of humor for which he was so remarkable. It seems that upon a certain occasion, Joe had been guilty of a breach of the rules of school, and accordingly the worthy pedagogue called him up to administer the requisite correction. Joe, indignant at the idea of being publicly whipped, no sooner made his appearance on the floor, than seizing upon the astonished knight of the birch, as uncle Toby did upon the fly, he incontinently flung him neck and heels out of the window, amidst the tumultuous shouts of his companions.

As he grew older, his natural joviality of disposition led him to frequent whimsical displays of his physical superi-

ority. At one time, he would lift a barrel of cider to his lips, and after having satisfied his own thirst from the bung-hole, would gravely offer to pass it round to the company. At another, stealing silently behind a teamster's wagon, he would seize hold of the wheel, and suddenly bringing the team to a halt, would quietly remark, "A breathing spell to your nags, neighbor!"

At one period of his life, when a teamster himself, he used frequently to find his immense strength of great service; for whenever his team would happen to get set in a mud-hole, he would crawl under his wagon, and placing his broad shoulders against the bottom, would raise the wagon, load and all, gradually up, until his horses were able to drag it forth without difficulty.

A celebrated wrestler from Albany, having heard of Joe's reputation, once made him a visit for the express purpose, as he declared, "of giving him a touch of the fancy!" Joe, with his usual modesty, disclaimed all knowledge of the exercise, but upon the stranger's pressing him, finally consented "to take hold." Accordingly, they grappled, the stranger throwing himself into the most scientific position, whilst Joe, pretending utter ignorance of all rule, assumed the most careless and exposed attitudes. They had scarcely got fair hold, when the stranger, placing his foot on Joe's toe, attempted, with a sudden jerk, to throw him by what is termed the "toe lock." But Joe, anticipating his movement, quickly permitted him to assume the necessary position, and then, as he stood for a moment balancing on Joe's toe, gravely raised him into the air, and danced him about, as a mother would her child.

On one occasion, Joe happening to spend a night at St John's, as he sat in the bar-room of the hotel where he stopped, the conversation turned upon wrestling. Joe being an entire stranger to the company collected, sat listening to the conversation, without participating much in it. At length, one individual, after relating several wonderful feats which he had accomplished, finally wound up by roundly asserting that he had thrown Joe Call! Joe, as might readily be supposed, was not a little surprised at this assertion from an entire stranger, and in that spirit of fun

which always prompted him, exclaimed, "Why! you'd swallow a common man! I should like to take hold of you myself, if you would promise not to hurt me." The bragadocio instantly accepted the proposition, and they took hold. Joe, with scarcely an effort, raised him from the floor, and holding him out at arms length, said to him, "there, *wrestle!*" The astonished wrestler could only cry, "Who—who the devil—are you?" "The man you threw; Joe Call, at your service, sir!"

But the most remarkable feat which Joe ever performed, was on the occasion of an incidental wrestling match, which occurred between himself and another individual, during the late war, at Plattsburgh. It seems, that in the British camp was a celebrated English bully, whose massive strength and great skill, both as a pugilist and wrestler, made him the terror as well as champion of the army. Joe happening one day to be in the English camp on some errand or other, it was soon noised about, and some of the officers by chance getting wind of it, and also hearing of his great strength, determined to bring about a match between this Yankee Hercules and their own bully. Accordingly, having brought them together, it was proposed to Joe that they should have a "set to." But Joe, who was any thing but quarrelsome, and whose natural nobility of character placed him altogether above any thing of the kind, peremptorily declined the match; asserting at the same time that he presumed the Englishman would throw him with the greatest ease, as he professed no skill whatever. To this the bully sneeringly replied, that he could not only throw *him*, but any other d—d Yankee they would bring on. This fling at the Yankees nettled Joe at once; for although conscious of his own strength, he cared little what taunts might be applied to his own person, yet when his nation came to be the object of such remarks, his blood boiled at once, and he determined, right or wrong, to show the sneering bully, that Yankee prowess was not to be lightly esteemed. Yielding to his patriotic feelings, he immediately announced his willingness, and they "took hold." The first trial was at what is termed "arms length," and Joe soon found that his antagonist was no "carpet knight," to be handled in the gingerly manner with which it had

JOE CALL.

been his wont to treat his "opponents of the ring." At the first onset, Joe was brought to his knee. Immediately springing up, he confessed himself fairly "filed," and then requested that they should take a trial at back-hold. To this the bully assented. We have often heard Joe say, that previous to this time, he never could discover any difference in the strength of men; but that now he felt he must exert all his power. Seizing hold of his antagonist, he bowed himself with all his strength, and squeezed the vain boaster to his breast. The Englishman gave one shriek, his arms loosed their hold, his whole frame quivered and when Joe released him from his grasp, the bully fell with eyes protruding, and blood gushing from his nostrils, dead at his feet!

MASSACRE OF MAJOR DADE'S DETACHMENT.

In the chain of events connected with that ill-fated expedition, where the gallant Major Dade and his brave band of officers and soldiers met their melancholy fate, it may not be amiss to notice the change which occurred in the command of this ill-fated detachment, since it shows the noble and generous impulses of his heart, and is so perfectly characteristic of Major Dade. From his company the two companies of Captain Fraser and Gardiner were made up. Captain Gardiner's lady was exceedingly ill, and it was much feared that if he then left her she would die. He however made every preparation for a start, and was present at *reveille*, December, 1835, and mounted his horse in front of the detachment. At this juncture, Major Dade voluntarily proposed to Major Belton, the commanding officer at the post, that he (Dade) should take Captain Gardiner's place. This proposition was immediately accepted, and on the 24th of December, 1835, the detachment moved on. Before they had proceeded far, Captain Gardiner ascertained that the transport schooner Motto was on the eve of leaving for Key West, where Mrs. Gardiner's father and children were; he concluded to place Mrs. Gardiner on board the vessel and gratify his

wishes by going with his company. He soon after joined it, but the peculiar relation in which he now stood to Major Dade, induced him to let the latter continue in command.

The oxen which drew the field pieces having broken down when only fourteen miles from Fort Brooke, the command proceeded to a branch of the Hillsborough river, six miles from the fort, and there encamped for the night; from that place Major Dade sent an express to Major Belton, and requested him to forward the field piece as soon as possible. Horses were therefore immediately purchased, and the piece reached the column that night about nine o'clock. Taking up the line of march on the morning of the 25th, they reached the Hillsborough river, but found the bridge had been burnt and destroyed, and they encamped there until the morning. The difficulty of crossing here retarded their movements very much, and on the 26th, they made but six miles. On the 27th, they crossed the Big and Little Ouithlacoochee rivers, and encamped about three miles north of the latter branch. Up to this time Major Dade, being aware that the enemy was continually watching his movements, had adopted every precaution against surprise or attack at night, by throwing up a small breastwork. Early on the morning of the 28th, the ill-fated party were again in motion, and when about four miles from their last camp, the advanced guard passed a plat of high grass, and having reached a thick cluster of palmettos, about fifty yards beyond the grass, a very heavy and destructive fire was opened upon them by the unseen enemy, at a distance of fifty or sixty yards, which literally mowed them down, and threw the main column into the greatest confusion. Soon recovering, however, on observing the enemy rise in front of them, they made a charge, and plied their fire so unerringly, that the Indians gave way, but not until muskets were clubbed, knives and bayonets used, and the combatants were clenched; they were finally driven off to a considerable distance. Major Dade having fallen dead on the first fire, the command devolved upon Captain Gardiner, and as he discovered the Indians gathering again about half a mile off, he directed a breastwork to be thrown up for their protection; but the enemy allowed

them so little time that it was necessarily very low (only two and a half feet high) and imperfect. The Indians being reinforced, and having stationed about a hundred of their mounted warriors on the opposite side, to cut off retreat, they slowly and cautiously advanced to a second attack, yelling and whooping in so terrific a manner as to drown the reports of the fire-arms. The troops soon began to make their great gun speak, which at first kept the enemy at bay, but soon surrounding the little breastwork, they shot down every man who attempted to work the gun, so that it was rendered almost useless to them. One by one these brave and heroic men fell by each other's side, in the gallant execution of their duty to their country. Being obliged by the ineffective field-work to lay down to load and fire, the poor fellows labored under great disadvantages, as, in the haste with which the work was constructed, they selected the lowest spot about that part, and consequently gave the enemy doubly the advantage over them. Major Dade, Captain Fraser, and nearly every man of the advanced guard, fell dead on the first volley, besides a number of the main column. Lieutenant Mudge received a mortal wound the first fire, and, on gaining the breastwork, breathed his last. Lieutenant Keayes had both arms broken, also on the first attack; and one of the men bound them up with a handkerchief, and placed him against a tree near the breastwork, where he was soon after tomahawked by a negro. Lieutenant Henderson received a severe wound in the left arm, but he heroically stuck to the fight, and fired thirty or forty shots before he died. Dr. Gatlin posted himself behind a log in the centre of the work, and exclaimed that he had four barrels for them; but, poor fellow, he soon ceased to use them, as he was shot early in the second attack. Towards the close of the battle, poor Gardiner received his death shot in the breast, outside of the enclosure, and fell close to Lieutenant Mudge; the command of the little party then fell on Lieutenant Bassinger, who observed, on seeing Captain Gardiner fall, "I am the only officer left, boys; we must do the best we can." He continued at his post about an hour after Gardiner's death, when he received a shot in the thigh, which brought him down. Shortly after this their

ammunition gave out, and the Indians broke into the enclosure, and every man was either killed, or so badly wounded as to be unable to make resistance. They carried off all the military stores and fire-arms, except the field piece, which they spiked and conveyed to the pond, and whatever else would be of service to them, and retreated. Some time after the Indians left, the negroes came inside of the breastwork and began to mutilate the bodies of those who showed the least signs of life, when Bassinger sprang upon his feet and implored them to spare him; they heeded not his supplications, but struck him down with their hatchets, cut open his breast and tore out his heart and lungs: such is the report of Clarke, the only survivor. However, I must confess that the appearance of the body on the 20th of February did not seem to indicate that such violence had been committed on *him*, although one of the slain (a private) was found in a truly revolting condition—a part of his body had been cut off and crammed into his mouth! The negroes stripped all the officers and some of the men of their clothing, but left many valuables upon their persons, which were discovered upon examination by Major Mountfort, of General Gaines' command, and an account carefully taken by the major, in order to transfer the articles respectively to the deceased's relatives.

Private John Thomas arrived at Fort Brooke the following day, having been wounded in the thigh, and made his escape in the early part of the action. On the 31st, Private Ranson Clarke, the only present survivor, returned to Fort Brooke with five severe wounds: one in the right shoulder, one in the right thigh, one near the right temple, one in the arm, and another in his back. This is the second miraculous escape which this individual has made. He was the only survivor of a whole boat's crew, who, with Lieutenant Chandler, of Fort Morgan, was drowned in Mobile Bay, by the capsizing of a boat in January, 1835. He is now pensioned by the government with the pitiful sum of *eight dollars per month!* Another private, by the name of Sprague, followed the day after Clarke, and brought a cleft stick which he found stuck in a creek, to which was fastened a note from Captain Fraser to Major Mountfort. As if dreading a lamentable end, he stated

that they were beset by the enemy every night, and were pushing on.

The sufferings of Clarke and Sprague, particularly of the former, must have been most excruciating. Clarke says he crept on his hands and knees, more than two thirds of the way, having traveled the sixty-five miles in about the same number of hours.

The force of the Indians could not have been less than three hundred and fifty men. This I judge of from the extent of ground which they must have covered while in ambush. Thomas estimated them at four hundred; Clarke's estimates vary from six hundred to one thousand; and Sprague thinks there were from five to eight hundred.

The attack was made about 10 o'clock A. M., and continued with little or no intermission, save that after the first repulsion, until between three and four o'clock P. M The chosen ground of the Indians seemed to be very injudicious, being an open pine woods, with very little undergrowth, and excepting the grass and palmettos, on the right of the road, afforded them no shelter. But they well knew of the small force against which they were to contend, and their object in selecting that ground was to massacre the whole party, and not leave one to tell the sad tale of their destruction; whereas, if they had attacked in a thick and dense country, many would have escaped. Wahoo Swamp, the residence of Jumper and his people, was four miles west, and Pilaklakaha, the home of Micanopy, was four miles east from the massacre ground; but these towns were deserted immediately succeeding the murder of Charley Amathla.

In the following February, an expedition under General Gaines, on their route to attack the hostile Indians at Alpea river, visited the ground occupied by the ill-fated party of Dade. On the morning of the 20th, the appearance of large flocks of vultures but too plainly foretold the approach of the army to the sad spot of slaughter. The advanced guard having passed the battle ground without halting, the general and his staff came upon one of the most appalling and affecting scenes that the human eye ever beheld. A short distance in the rear of the little field work, lay a few broken cartridge boxes, fragments of

clothing, here and there a shoe or an old straw hat, which perhaps had been exchanged for a military cap; then a cart partly burnt, with the oxen still yoked lying dead near it; a horse had fallen a little to the right, and here also a few bones of the hapless beings lay bleaching in the sun; while the scene within, and beyond the triangular enclosure, baffles all description. One would involuntarily turn aside from the horrible picture, to shed a tear of sorrow, and "wish that *he* had nothing known or nothing seen." From the positions in which the bodies of this devoted little band were found, it was evident that they had been shot down in the faithful execution of their duty; their bodies were stretched with striking regularity nearly parallel to each other, and it is very doubtful whether the Indians touched them after the battle, except to take some few scalps and to divest the officers of their coats. A short distance further, in the middle of the road, was the advanced guard, about twenty-eight in number, and immediately in the rear lay the remains of poor Dade, while a few feet to the right, in the rear, was that of the estimable Captain Fraser. To guard against surprise, our troops had been immediately formed into a quadrangular line, and soon after, a detail of the regulars commenced the pleasing though mournful task, of consigning the remains of their mutilated brethren in arms to the earth. Within the enclosure two large graves were dug, into which the bodies of ninety-eight non-commissioned officers and privates were placed, and outside of the northeast angle of the work, another grave received the bodies of eight officers, at the head of which, the field piece, which had been spiked and concealed by the enemy, but recovered, was planted vertically. The regular troops, formed into two columns and led by the immediate friends of the deceased officers, then moved, with reversed arms, in opposite directions, three times around the breastwork, while the bands played the Dead March.

CHAMBERLAIN AND PAUGUS.

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One of the first settlers of New Hampshire was a man by the name of Chamberlain. He moved from the thick settled towns near the sea-shore, and penetrated into the wilderness of that state, far from any settlement or dwelling of the whites. Here he built himself a cabin, and though surrounded by hostile Indians and ravenous beasts of prey, he feared no danger and felt no harm. The roof of his hut was hung about with the flesh of the bear, and he lay at night on the fur of the catamount and panther. He was tall—higher than the tallest Indian—strong—four of them, with their tomahawks, were no match for him with his heavy hatchet. He was swift of foot—he could outrun the moose in full trot. Artful and cunning, he entrapped the Indian in his ambush, and surpassed him in traversing the pathless wilds. The Indians passed cautiously and harmlessly by the dwelling of Chamberlain; and a score of them would lie still when they watched in ambush, and suffer him to go on unmolested, lest their rifles might miss his body, and bring him in vengeance upon them; for he valued them as lightly as did Samson the men of Askelon.*

Around the shores of the largest lake in New Hampshire, there dwelt, at that time, a powerful tribe of Indians. Their chief was Paugus. He was a savage of giant size and strength—swift, cunning—deadly with his rifle and tomahawk, and cruel—vengeful beyond the native vengeance of the Indians. He was the terror of man, woman, and child, along the frontiers, and even among the small cities on the very edge of the sea.

Bands of soldiers had often penetrated to the shores of this lake, to find out the retreat of this terrible savage, and, if possible, to slay or take him prisoner. But he was too cunning, and always eluded their search; though at one time they came so near that he saw the blaze of his wigwam, as they set it on fire, and the smoke of it curling among the tree tops that were then above his head.

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* See Judges, 14th chapter and 19th verse

Often had Chamberlain sought, in the Indian battles he was engaged in, to find out the form of Paugus, to make him the mark of his rifle, or to encounter with his hatchet the tomahawk of this fearful warrior. But they never had chanced to meet, although Paugus had learned of his tribe the character and prowess of Chamberlain.

A small body of brave men, under the command of Captain Lovell, were on their way through the wilderness, in pursuit of the Indians, and by chance passed near the dwelling of Chamberlain. He saw them, and learned the object of their march, he joined them, and was considered by them all as a great addition to the strength of their devoted little band. They traversed the woods, and encountered an overwhelming body of Indians near Lovell's Pond. This took place in May, 1725, and will long be remembered as one of the most obstinate and hard fought battles in the history of Indian warfare.

After the thickest and most desperate of the conflict was over, Chamberlain, weary with fighting—thirsty and faint under the hot sun—had retired to the edge of the pond to drink and to wash out his gun, which had grown so foul with frequent firing that at last he could not make it go off Scarcely had he arrived there, when lo, from the thicket, at a short distance from him, emerged the stately figure of Paugus, covered over with dust and blood, making his way to the water.

The warriors at once knew each other. Chamberlain's gun was useless, and he thought of rushing upon Paugus, with his hatchet, before he could load his rifle; but the Indian's gun was in the same condition with his own, and he had come to the pond to quench his thirst, and hastily scour out his foul rifle. The condition of their guns became immediately known to the warriors, and they mutually agreed not to attack each other till they washed them out, and both were ready to begin to load. They slowly and with equal movements, cleansed their guns, and took their stations on the outer border of the beach.

"Now, Paugus," said Chamberlain, "I'll have you," and with the quickness and steadiness of an old hunter, sprang to loading his rifle. "Na, na," replied Paugus, "me have you—me kill you quick"—and he handled his gun with a

dexterity that made the bold heart of Chamberlain beat fast, and he almost raised his eyes to take his last look upon the sun. They rammed their cartridges; and each at the same instant cast his ramrod upon the sand; "I'll have you, Paugus," shouted Chamberlain, as he almost resolved to rush upon the savage with the britch of his rifle, lest he should receive his bullet before he could load. The woods across the pond echoed back the sound. Paugus trembled as he applied his powder-horn to the priming. Chamberlain struck his gun britch violently upon the ground—the rifle "*primed herself*"—he aimed—and his bullet whistled through the heart of Paugus. He fell, and as he went down, the ball from the mouth of his ascending rifle touched the hair upon the top of Chamberlain's head, and passed off into the bordering wilderness, without avenging the death of its dreadful master.

Chamberlain, after recovering from the shock of such a fearful and imminent encounter, cast a look upon the fallen savage. The paleness of death had come over his copper-colored forehead. He seized upon his rifle, bullet-pouch, and powder-horn, left him on the leafy sand, and sought again the lessened ranks of the white men, as they wearily defended themselves against the encircling savages. He shouted to them of the fall of Paugus. The Indians looked about them—the tall figure of their chief was nowhere in sight. In grief and despair they ceased their fire, and withdrew into the woods, leaving Chamberlain, and the few who survived the conflict, to retrace their steps to the distant settlement.

THE RESOLUTE LOVER.

A GREAT reverse of fortune, one of those catastrophes which bankers meet with every day, precipitated Madame De Pons from the height of a most brilliant position in society, to the most humble fortune. Events of this nature are so common, and, moreover, so sudden, that it is by no means a rarity, in our times, to receive an invitation to a

grand party in the *Rue de la Paix*, and to pay your visit to the prison of St. Pelagie.

The splendid *salons* of Madame de Pons were reduced to one small garret in the Marais, and yet it was too large for the number of those who came to share her bad fortune.

In Paris, matters are settled thus: you give parties—it makes you one of the world; I make a part of this world—you give me pleasure, I give you my company; when your supper is over, and your wax lights extinguished, we are quits; for, after all, your party is but a party. In return for your invitation to me, I have the right of complaining, if the music at your concert is bad, that I have been your dupe; if the invitation was to a ball, that it was very tedious.

After the death of her husband, who blew out his brains as a compensation to his creditors, Madame de Pons found her circle of acquaintance much reduced. For all that, the Count de Marigny, who had been an old friend of M. de Pons, remained still the friend of his wife.

Madame de Pons was a fine woman. M. de Marigny was a man of distinguished appearance; he was the indispensable at every ball; the most elegant centaur in the Bois de Boulogne; tied the best neckcloth, and wore the finest diamonds; in fact, he was a man of the first fashion. As for the rest, nobody could tell where he obtained the means for this luxurious splendor; nobody knew any thing of his ancestors, nor his origin, nor his property; yet he lived like a prince, paid his way, had the most polished manners, and was witty. He was adopted into society—and, in Paris, this adoption of a certain part of the world stands in lieu of every thing, fortune, probity, ancestry—because, if you have got none yourself, society will make them for you.

Reverse of fortune is the only affliction, the pangs of which, in a vain mind, no philosophy, of whatever kind, can allay. Far from getting weaker, they increase with age; thus Madame de Pons felt keenly the loss of that society, where she had been almost worshiped. There remained to Madame de Pons an uncle, immensely rich, and without children, and who had brought her up as his

own; but this uncle, hard-hearted and unrelenting as adversity itself, seemed to consider the misfortune of her husband a crime in his niece. He forgot that his kindness might dry up her bitter tears, and his egotism, coming to the assistance of his logic, proved to him that misfortune is a crime, and indulgence the accomplice of that crime and that the best way of avoiding all the cares of life, was to have no smile of kindness but for those who were fortunate. With such cruel sentiments as these, did the uncle of Madame de Pons reply to the letter which informed him of the miseries which overwhelmed her; and he made no secret that he would deprive her, by his will, of that part of his fortune destined to the members of a family of which she had proved unworthy.

Her self-love thus assailed, her vanity wounded, she had need of all the attentions, all the love, of the count, to console her. This change of fortune, the injustice of her family, were of course the text of their conversation. Another circumstance happened to increase her sorrows. M. de Marigny informed her that it was necessary he should go on a journey to regulate some family affairs. She perceived in his departure a certain constraint, an absence of mind, which led her to suspect it to be a pretext; and when you are in misfortune, suspicion changes so quickly to certainty, that she could no longer support it—she fainted. With much difficulty the count persuaded her of his truth, and left her.

After a lapse of two months, an attorney called on Madame de Pons, announced to her the death of her uncle, and presented to her a will, by which she was appointed his sole heiress. What could she think? She was more surprised at this sudden change in her uncle's last disposition of his property, than in the immense change it would make in her fortune. This excellent uncle had made up for his former faults so well, that she sincerely lamented him.

A few days after, the Count de Marigny returned to fill the measure of her happiness, which wanted but his presence.

During the few first weeks, Madame de Pons' happiness appeared complete; she had gained her position in

society, the man she loved was near her, her house had become the rendezvous of fashion, her vanity and her heart were alike satisfied. But in a few days longer, with that acuteness which a woman always exercises in regard to the conduct of him she loves, she perceived that there was no longer room to doubt that, since his return, the character of the count was totally changed.

She mentioned this to him at first vaguely; but one evening, when they were alone, and in that intimacy which allows us more easily to enter into the sorrows of a friend, she pressed him closely on the subject. The count rose from his seat, and taking from the chimney-piece a cup of beautiful porcelain, "What would you say, Amelia, if at one blow I should dash to pieces this elegant vase?"

"I should say that it was a singular instance of folly."

"But if some necessity compelled me to do so?"

"Then I should regret nothing which happened to me through you," replied Madame de Pons, with an air of tenderness.

"You disarm me, and yet I stand in need of courage."

"Come, come, my friend, you want to create some diversion in our *tete-a-tete*, by that episode after the drama of the new school."

But just then casting her eyes on the count, who sat opposite to her, she saw his lips compressed, his forehead care-worn, his whole body trembling; she rose up in terror, and seizing his hands, exclaimed, "What is the matter? In the name of heaven, conceal nothing from me?"

The count rose, and recovering his calmness, said "Now I am able to speak; sit down, Amelia, I will tell you all."

Pale and breathless with doubt, she sat opposite to the count. M. de Marigny took both her hands in his, and fixing on her a magnetic look, said, "There are but three resources left me, Amelia;" this last word scarcely escaped his lips, so much were they compressed and trembling.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" said Madame de Pons, smiling. "*Three* resources! When you have but one, even then you should not despair."

"Listen to mine! The choice is to blow my brains out, or marry you."

At this instant, all the love Madame de Pons entertained for the count vanished; and the horrible image of the dreadful end of her first husband interposed between her and him, who, standing erect, looked like the same hideous spectre of misery.

She hesitated. She did not yet refuse him; but the stern regard of the count could not mistake her meaning.

"I understand you," said he; "you force me, then, to ny third and last resource. You have hesitated when I gave you the choice between the preservation of my life and the offer of my hand. At this very hour I place before you the alternative of the loss of your fortune, or this hand to share it with you. Yes, Amelia, either you marry me to-day, or I ruin you to-morrow."

"But this fortune," replied Madame de Pons, with terror "I possess from the bounty of my uncle; it belongs to me, entirely to me. Your mind is wandering, my friend; tell me, frankly, your situation. If you are in want of money, if any delay——tell me; you should not refuse to your best friend the pleasure of obliging you. What do you require?"

"The whole of your fortune; and since you wish for an explanation, listen:—You know, Amelia, that I became acquainted with your uncle when he was here; he took notice of me, and expressed a wish to see me at his house in Baden. His hard-heartedness to you; the disdain which had driven you from your family—those regrets at the change in your fortune which caused those tears which you vainly endeavored to conceal from me—all these sorrows, which it was out of my power to remedy, increased the love I bore towards you; I could not bear to see you wretched, humiliated, rejected from society. I pretended business of consequence—it was yours. I set off alone—I watched the motions of your uncle, who, I knew, was about to go to the waters of Baden. Three days after my arrival, he departed for that place. I followed at a distance of two stages. Arrived at an inn, I feigned an illness which the ignorance of the physicians quickly changed into a real malady. I had feigned such an illness, that it was but natural I should put my affairs in order. A notary was called in. I took the name of your

uncle, made a will in his name, and the testament which appointed you sole heiress, was enregistered in the proper form. Next day I got better, and went to Baden; your uncle and I renewed our former acquaintance—we were inseparable. One day, just as dinner was over, after a conversation which I had endeavored to make as animated as possible, I took a pinch of fine *Macouba*, the excellence of which your uncle much admired. I offered it to him. Scarcely had he smelt it, when he fell dead on the spot"

"Oh! horror!"

"Among people of rank, an accident of this kind is always a fit of apoplexy. Just so was this; but it was caused by a tremendous and deadly acid, which was concealed in the double bottom of my snuff-box. Now, then, Amelia, you know to whom you owe your fortune. But remember, that if I have gone thus far to get it for you, think you that I will stop at any thing to take it from you? The facts are now before you clearly, the necessity plainly demonstrated. I begin again. Behold, anew, I offer you my hand in exchange for your fortune. Decide, Amelia, or in an hour all Paris shall know how it was obtained"

She married him.

POE, AND TWO INDIANS.

It was about the close of the revolution that a party of six or seven Wyandot Indians crossed over to the south side of the Ohio river, fifty miles below Pittsburg, and in their hostile excursions among the early settlers, killed an old man, whom they found alone in one of the houses which they plundered. The news soon spread among the white people; seven or eight of whom seized their rifles and pursued the marauders. In this party were two brothers, named Adam and Andrew Poe, strong and active men, and much respected in the settlement. They followed up the chase all night, and in the morning found themselves, as they expected, upon the right track. The Indians could now be easily followed by their traces on the dew. The print of one very large foot was seen, and it was thus

POE, AND TWO INDIANS.

known that a famous Indian, of uncommon size and strength, must be of the party. The track led to the river. The whites followed it directly, Adam Poe excepted; who, fearing that they might be taken by surprise, broke off from the rest. His intention was to creep along the edge of the bank under cover of the trees and bushes, and to fall upon the savages so suddenly, that he might get them between his own fire and that of his companions. At the point where he suspected they were, he saw the rafts which they were accustomed to push before them when they swam the river, and on which they placed their blankets, tomahawks, and guns. The Indians themselves he could not see, and was obliged to go partly down the bank to get a shot at them. As he descended with his rifle cocked, he discovered two—the celebrated large Indian and a smaller one—separated from the others, and holding their rifles also cocked in their hands. He took aim at the large one, but his rifle snapped, without giving the intended fire. The Indians turned instantly at the sound. Poe was too near them to retreat, and had not time to cock and take aim again. Suddenly he leaped down upon them, and caught the large Indian by the clothes on his breast, and the small one by throwing an arm round his neck: they all fell together, but Poe was uppermost. While he was struggling to keep down the large Indian, the small one, at a word spoken by his fellow-savage, slipped his neck out of Poe's embrace, and ran to the raft for a tomahawk. The large Indian, at this moment, threw his arms about Poe's body, and held him fast, that the other might come up and kill him. Poe watched the approach and the descending arm of the small Indian so well, that at the instant of the intended stroke he raised his foot, and by a vigorous and skillful blow, knocked the tomahawk from the assailant's hand. At this, the large Indian cried out with an exclamation of contempt for the small one. The latter, however, caught his tomahawk again, and approached more cautiously, waving his arm up and down with mock blows, to deceive Poe as to the stroke which was intended to be real and fatal. Poe, however, was so vigilant and active that he averted the tomahawk from his head, and received it upon his wrist with a consi-

derable wound, deep enough to cripple, but not entirely to destroy the use of his hand. In this crisis of peril he made a violent effort, and broke loose from the large Indian. He snatched a rifle, and shot the small one as he ran up a third time with his lifted tomahawk. The large Indian was now on his feet, and grasping Poe by the shoulder and the leg, hurled him in the air, heels over head, upon the shore. Poe instantly rose, and a new and more desperate struggle ensued. The bank was slippery, and they fell into the water, when each strove to drown the other. Their efforts were long and doubtful, each alternately under and half strangled; until Poe, fortunately, grasped with his unwounded hand the tuft of hair upon the scalp of the Indian, and forced his head into the water. This appeared to be decisive of his fate, for soon he manifested all the symptoms of a drowning man, bewildered in the moment of death. Poe relaxed his hold, and discovered too late the stratagem. The Indian was instantly upon his feet again, and engaged anew in the fierce contest for victory and life. They were naturally carried further into the stream, and the current becoming stronger, bore them beyond their depth. They were now compelled to loosen their hold upon each other, and to swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore to seize a gun; but the Indian was the best swimmer, and gained it first. Poe then turned immediately back into the water, to avoid a greater danger—meaning to dive, if possible, to escape the fire. Fortunately for him, the Indian caught up the rifle which had been discharged into the breast of the smaller savage. At this critical juncture, Poe's brother Andrew presented himself. He had just left the party who had been in pursuit of the other Indians, and who had killed all but one of them at the expense of three of their own lives. He had heard that Adam was in great peril, and alone in a fight with two against him; for one of the whites had mistaken Adam in the water with his bloody hand for a wounded Indian, and fired a bullet into his shoulder. Adam now cried out to his brother to kill the big Indian on the shore; but Andrew's gun had been discharged, and was not again loaded. The contest was now between the savage and Andrew. Each labored to load his rifle first. The In-

dian, after putting in his powder, and hurrying his motions to force down the ball, drew out his ramrod with such violence as to throw it some yards into the water. While he ran to pick it up, Andrew gained an advantage, as the Indian had still to ram his bullet home. But a hair would have turned the scale; for the savage was just raising his gun to his eye with unerring aim, when he received the fatal fire of the backwoodsman. Andrew then jumped into the river to assist his wounded brother to the shore; but Adam, thinking more of carrying the big Indian home, as a trophy, than of his own wounds, urged Andrew to go back and prevent the struggling savage from rolling himself into the current and escaping. Andrew, however, was too solicitous for the fate of Adam to allow him to obey; and the high-souled Wyandot, jealous of his honor as a warrior, even in death, and knowing well the intention of his white conquerors, succeeded in retaining life and action long enough to reach the current, by which his dead body was swept down beyond the chance of pursuit.

STORY OF A HUNTER.

The following story comes to us from a friend, who actually heard it related by a person in the manner herein described. About thirty-five years ago I moved into this country, which was then nearly a wilderness; no settlements having been made, excepting in a few places on the borders of the lake. I arrived in the spring of the year, and commenced a clearing on the farm I now occupy. By fall I had built a good log-house, and temporary stables for my cattle—had put in the ground ten acres of wheat, and looked forward to the ensuing year for the reward of my labors. My wife and child were all my family; neighbors there were none, nearer than five or six miles, so that visiting or amusements were entirely out of the question. You may, therefore, suppose, that on the approach of a long northern winter, I had ample time to gratify my love for hunting, for which I had always a great fondness. Winter had set in early, and all my cares were

confined to keeping a sufficient stock of wood on hand for fuel, which you may imagine was not difficult, when the trees stood at my door, and taking care of the few cattle of which I was then owner. It was one day, I think in the fore part of December, when, having finished my morning's work, I took down my gun, and told my wife that I would, on my return, please her with the sight of a fat deer. Deer are now very plentiful in this part of the country, but then they were so much more so, that there was little merit or difficulty in achieving what I had promised. I took my departure about a northwest course from my cabin, which led me directly into the forest. The snow was about a foot deep, and the wind blowing hard from the north, it drifted much in openings; yet this, I thought, was in my favor, as the noise made among the trees by the wind, prevented the game from hearing my approach in still hunting. But I was mistaken in my calculations; for I had traveled five or six miles from home, and had not got a shot at a single deer, though I had seen numbers of them; but they were always on the run, and at too great a distance, and all the trees which I saw showed that they had scarcely walked during the day.

I was then a young hunter, but I have since learned that this animal is always on the move, and generally runs throughout winter days, probably from the apprehension of danger from wolves, which follow its scent through the snow. At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, on the edge of which I was struck by the singular appearance of a large stub, twenty-five or thirty feet high, with its bark off. From its scratched surface, I had no doubt it was climbed by raccoons or martins, which probably had also a den in it. From its appearance, I judged it was hollow. The stub at its base might have been seven or eight feet through, but eight or ten feet higher up, its size was much diminished, so that I could grasp sufficiently to ascend it, and ascertain what was within. My gun and great-coat were deposited in a secure place, and being an expert climber, I soon gained the top. As I anticipated, the stub was hollow, the aperture being about two and a half feet in diameter. The day, you will observe, was dark and cloudy, and looking down the hollow, I fancied

I could see the bottom at no great distance; but having nothing to put in to ascertain its depth, I concluded that I would try to touch the bottom with my feet. I therefore placed myself in the hole, and lowered myself gradually, expecting every moment that my feet would come in contact with some animal, or the foot of the hollow; but feeling nothing, I unthinkingly continued letting myself down, until my head and hands, and my whole person, were completely within the centre of the stub. At this moment a sudden and strange fear came over me; I know not from what cause, for I am not naturally timid. It seemed to affect me with a sense of suffocation, such as is experienced in dreams under the effects of nightmare. Rendered desperate by my feelings, I made a violent attempt to extricate myself, when the edges of the wood to which I was holding, treacherously gave way, and precipitated me to the bottom of the hole, which I found extended to a level with the ground. I cannot wholly account for it, but probably from the erect position in which my body was necessarily kept in so narrow a tube, and my landing on my feet on a bed of moss, dried leaves, and other soft substances, I sustained little or no injury from so great a fall; and my clothes were but little deranged in my descent, owing, probably, to the smoothness of the surface, produced by the long and frequent passing of the animals to and from their den—for a den I found it to be. After recovering from my fright, I had time to examine the interior. All was dark, and putting out my hands to feel the way, they came in contact with the cold nose, and then the fur of some beast, which I immediately knew was a half grown cub, or young bear.

Continuing to examine, I ascertained there were three or four of those animals, which aroused by the noise made in my descent, came around and smelt of me, uttering a mourning noise, taking me, at first, no doubt, for their dam; but, after a little examination, snuffing and snorting as if alarmed, they quietly betook themselves to their couch on the moss, and left me to my own gloomy reflections. I knew they were too young to do me any injury, but with that knowledge came the dreadful certainty, that the mother whose premises I had so heedlessly entered,

was quite a different personage, and that my life would date but a short period after she arrived, as arrive she certainly would, before many hours could pass over my head. The interior of the den grew more visible after my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and aided by a little light from the top, I discovered that the den was circular, and on the ground, was five or six feet in diameter, its circumference diminishing, at the height of seven or eight feet, to a diameter of less than three, owing to the singular formation of the trunk, as I have before remarked. All my attempts to reach the narrow part of the hollow, in the hopes of working my way out, as a chimney sweep might have done, were fruitless. My escape in this way, therefore, was impossible. To cut through the trunk a hole sufficient to let out my body, with a small pocket knife, the only one I had, would have been the work of many weeks, and even months, as from the examination which I had made of both the exterior and interior, I knew that it could not be less than a foot thick. The knife was the only weapon which I possessed, and a hug of my tremendous adversary would deprive me of the power to use even so contemptible an implement; and even if I succeeded in killing the bear—which was not to be expected—my case was equally hopeless, for I should only exchange a sudden death for one, if possible, even more horrid, a lingering one of famine and thirst—for my tracks in the snow I knew were long since covered by the drift, and there was no possibility of my friends finding me, by searching in a wilderness of many miles in circuit. My situation was indeed hopeless and desperate. As the shades of evening were now fast approaching, I thought of my cheerful home; my wife seated by the fire with our child in her arms, or preparing our evening meal, looking out anxiously, from time to time, expecting my return. These, and many more such thoughts, rushed through my mind, and which way soever, they were teeming with horror. At one time I had nearly determined to wreak my feelings upon the cubs, by destroying them, but the wanton and useless cruelty of the act, as they could be of no service to me, then prevented me. Yes, I would be merciful. Oh! you know not how merciful one is, when he feels that

he himself would willingly be an object of mercy from others. Two hours had probably elapsed, and to me two of the longest that I ever experienced, when suddenly the little light which had illuminated me from above, was gone; I looked up and could no longer see the sky. My ears, which at the time were peculiarly sensitive, were assailed with a low, growling noise, such as a bear makes on discovering an enemy, and preparing for an attack. I thought that my fate was at hand, as this was the mother descending to her cubs, having, by acute organs of smell, discovered that her den had been entered by some enemy. From the time I had ascertained my true situation, I had opened my knife and held it ready in hand for the encounter, come when it would. I now, therefore, braced myself for a death-grapple with my terrible antagonist, feverishly awaiting her descent. Bears always descend in the same manner as they ascend trees; that is, the head is always upward, consequently her most assailable part was exposed to me. A thought, quick as lightning, rushed through my mind, that escape was possible, and that the bear might be the means. Just as she reached that part where the hollow widened, and where, by a jump, I could reach her, I made a desperate spring, and with both hands firmly caught hold of the fur which covered her extremities, giving at the same time a scream, which, in this close den, sounded a thousand times louder than any human voice in the open air. The bear, and she was a powerful one, taken by surprise, and unable to get at me—frightened, too, at the hideous and appalling noise which I made—scrambled for life up the hollow. But my weight, I found, was an impediment to her; for about half way up I perceived that she began to lag, and notwithstanding I continued to scream, at length came to a dead stand, apparently not having strength enough to proceed; knowing that my life depended on her going on, I instantly let go with the hand in which I had my knife, driving it to the haft into the flesh, and redoubling the noise which I had already made. Her pain and fears gave her new strength, and by another effort she brought me once more to the light of day, at the top of the stub; nor did she stop there to receive my thanks for the benefit which she had confer-

red on me, but hastily descended to the ground, and made her way with all speed to the swamp. I sat for some time on the stub out of breath, and hardly crediting the reality of my escape. After giving thanks to that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved me, I descended to the ground, found my coat and gun where I had left them, and reached home, after a fatiguing walk through the woods, about nine o'clock in the evening.

ASCENDING MOUNT BLANC.

Every one who has studied geography, knows that Mount Blanc, or White Mountain, (so called because always covered with snow,) on the borders of Switzerland, is the highest mountain in Europe. It is 15,666 feet, or about three miles above the level of the Mediterranean Sea; and two and a quarter above the valleys that surround it. The top of this peak may be seen about 150 miles. The highest part is a small ridge about six feet wide, called the *dromedary's back.*

Up this mountain many parties of travelers have climbed, amid snow and ice, and the greatest peril; and in these foolish expeditions many lives are lost. Among the more striking accounts of climbing this dangerous mountain, is that of Dr. Raffles, who ascended it in 1817, and whose story is as follows.

The ascent is exceedingly steep, and is frequently made in part upon mules; but we performed the whole on foot. Our guide was Michael Ferrez, one of those who accompanied M. de Saussure in his first ascent to Mount Blanc, a robust, careful, civil, and intelligent man, to whose assistance and information we were greatly indebted. At the commencement of the expedition, we were each furnished with a long pole, with a spike at the end, for which we found abundant use before our return.

In our ascent we observed the ruin which had been wrought by many avalanches, while our ears were assailed by the thunders of others, occurring in higher districts of the mountains, and out of our sight. Trees torn up by the

ASCENDING MOUNT BLANC

roots, withered branches and blasted trunks, were scattered in every direction round us, and sometimes a considerable space was completely cleared by one of these tremendous agents of destruction. An avalanche (great mass of ice) that fell about two hundred years ago, completely buried the principal village situated at the foot of the mountain, in consequence of which the inhabitants who escaped, removed to the opposite side of the Arve, which flows through the centre of the valley, and built the present village of Chamouni, or the priory.

The higher we ascended, the more steep and difficult the way became, and we began to find the poles with which the guide had furnished us of considerable service. His mode of using them, however, was very different from that which my previous habits suggested. He taught us to hold them with both hands, resting the weight of the body upon them, and at the same time inclining the figure towards the face of the mountain. In this case, a false step would have been less dangerous than if the inclination of the body had been towards the valley. But soon their assistance became absolutely essential, when we reached the shoots or rivers of frozen snow that, towards its summit, descend down the sides of the mountain, and over which the traveler must pass. The danger here was certainly considerable, the inclination of the ice being extremely steep, and the surface perfectly smooth; one false step would have been inevitable destruction.

Our guide crossed first, making holes for our feet with his own. He then returned, and taking one at a time by the left hand, while the right grasped the pole which was to preserve the balance true, directed us to look neither above, nor on one side, but only at our feet; for if we stumbled, and touched the ice with any part of the body but the foot, nothing could save us from being precipitated down the ice, and dashed against the rocks, or the stumps of trees below.

You may be sure we implicitly followed his directions, and having passed the first in safety, the rest, for there were several, appeared less formidable; while the danger was diminished in proportion to the confidence we acquired. Ladies, however, frequently cross these icy shoots, sup-

ported and defended from danger by two poles, which pass under the arms, and are carried by two guides in the manner of a sedan chair. In this way the daughter of Admiral Navarre passed, two days before us, being the first heroine who had climbed to the summit of Montanvert, this season.

Upon one of these shoots, our guide showed us the way in which Mons. de Saussure and his party descended from Mount Blanc. It was an interesting, but somewhat terrific exhibition, and by no means adapted to spectators, much less to practitioners, of delicate nerves. He ascended the mountain, and got upon the shoot of ice, about a hundred feet above us, and planting his heels firmly in the frozen snow, he placed his pole under his right arm, leaned the whole weight of his body upon it, and then starting down the shoot, he passed us with the swiftness of an arrow from a bow--his body almost in a sitting posture, his heels and the spiked end of the pole alone touching the ice, and deeply indenting it.

The effect was horrible. It seemed impossible that he should ever recover himself. But, to our astonishment, we soon perceived him slacken his pace, turn himself round, with all the ease of an experienced skater, and leaving the ice, walk towards us without any appearance of alarm or fatigue. In this way, he said, they descended many miles in the space of a very few minutes.

We, inhabitants of cities and plains, should be long in learning such a dangerous art. My companion, however from his familiarity with perilous exploits at sea, was far less apprehensive of danger in these icy expeditions, than myself; and I shall not easily forget the benevolent anxiety with which the guide, who was helping me across one of the sheets of ice, cried out to him, (in French,) "J'ai crainte pour vous," when he saw him fearlessly following us, with no assistance but his pole.

The carefulness of the guides is very great. Every consideration, indeed, conspires to make them cautious. The lives of travelers are committed to them, and their bread depends upon the safety with which they conduct them. I believe no accident was ever known to happen, where the party had an accredited guide, and followed his direc-

tions. Those who will go alone, or act independently, must take the consequences, and they have often been calamitous and fatal.

SHIPWRECK, SUFFERING, AND MURDER.

The files of late English papers are largely occupied with the details of a narrative, which has no parallel for suffering and horror, even in the annals of shipwreck. The facts transpired at a police investigation in London. It seems that in 1835, the ship Stirling Castle, Captain Frazer, was wrecked on a coral reef, on a passage from Sydney to Singapore. The captain's wife, Mrs. Eliza Ann Frazer, together with eighteen men and two boys, comprised the souls on board. Two of the men, who were at the wheel at the time when the ship struck, were instantly killed, and the cabins were dashed into the hold, together with all the bread, pork, and other provisions. But the following harrowing narrative, taken down before the Lord Mayor of London, in the language of Mrs. Frazer herself, while it cannot but excite a shudder in every philanthropic mind, will be read with interest and sympathy. We may add, that the statement of Mrs. F. was fully corroborated, and even with additional horrors, by John Baxter, the second mate.

Mrs. Frazer deposed that the crew, when the tempest ceased, contrived to cut away the masts, in the expectation that the ship would right herself, and she did, in some degree, change her position, but not to any serviceable extent: they therefore determined to get away as well as they could in the long boat and pinnace, which they had contrived to keep secure, the two other boats which were attached to the ship, having been swept away by the fury of the elements. They knew they were to the northward of Moreton Bay, a portion of the settlements of the British crown, and they determined to make for that place with as much expedition as possible. Accordingly, having worked with the most desperate industry until four o'clock on Sunday, they quitted the vessel, and took to the boats

The ship's carpenter, the cook, the cook's mate, John Frazer, the captain's nephew, the boatswain, Edward Stone, and Bill Lorton, a seaman, took to the pinnace; while the captain, his wife, chief mate, the second mate, the two boys, and the rest of the crew, took to the long-boat. Four days after they committed themselves to the care of Providence, Mrs. Frazer was delivered of a child, while up to her waist in water, in the long-boat. The infant was born alive, but after a few gasps was drowned; and the chief mate wrapped up the body in a part of his shirt, which he tore from his back for the purpose, and let it go along with the tide. The poor mother could not account for the extraordinary vigor with which she was able to bear up against this calamity, added to the other calamities to which she was doomed to be exposed. Fortunately, she was for some time in a state of insensibility, and was not, until a considerable time after the child was consigned to the deep, aware that it was brought into the world, from which it was so rapidly hurried away. For a great many days they endeavored in vain to reach Moreton Bay, being all the time without any food, except a small quantity of the lees of hops, which they found in a cask. They suffered dreadfully from thirst as well as hunger, while in this awful situation. At last they reached a large rock, to which they fastened their boats, and then went in quest of oysters and water; but their disappointments were multiplied upon them, and they stretched themselves along the rock, in expectation of a speedy release from their sufferings, by the interposition of another tempest. In the morning, those who belonged to the long-boat, were astonished to find, that the pinnace and the men who had occupied her, had altogether disappeared. These unfortunate fellows were never heard of more, and their comrades in calamity could not conjecture what their motive could be for making an experiment by themselves, without the aid of the experience of the captain and mates, whom they left behind.

The captain's aim was all along, after they had been obliged to quit the ship, to reach Moreton Bay; but finding that wind and current were so dead against his object, and his companions being reduced to the extremity of lying

on their backs in the boat, with their tongues out, to catch the damp of the dews that fell, he resolved to make for the nearest land. It was a choice of awful evils. for he knew that the shore which it was probable they would reach, was visited by tribes of savages. They bore away before the wind, prepared to meet death in whatever shape it might present itself, and so exhausted with suffering, as to be careless whether they were to die by the hands of the natives, or to be overwhelmed by the waves. At last, they came in sight of land, and soon afterwards, their boat ran into and landed in a place called White Bay. They were about one hundred miles north of Moreton Bay, which is the principal of the penal settlements, to which the incorrigible convicts were sent to pass the remainder of their days in uninterrupted labor; and just as they touched the land, they caught sight of vast crowds of naked savages, who soon approached the beach, evidently delighted with the prize that presented itself The savages surrounded the boat, and raising it up, carried it from the beach to the bush, with its crew just as they were The moment they laid the boat on the ground, they began to strip the men of their clothes, commencing with the captain and chief officers. John Baxter, the second mate, endeavored to hide a shirt ornament, in which his aunt's hair was contained, having willingly yielded up every thing else; but the savages became infuriated at the attempt at concealment, and beat him dreadfully. It is unnecessary to say that the trinket was torn from him. They broke in pieces the watches and chronometers, and each took a portion of the machinery to stick in their noses and ears, and after they had divided among themselves the various portions of apparel, of which they stripped their captives, they threw to them the heads and entrails of the fish upon which they had been lately making their meal. The savages, after having detained them two days, took them further up into the bush, and drove them onward, that they might, as they soon ascertained, fall into the hands of other tribes, by whom an ingenious variety was to be given to their sufferings. The captain had endeavored to prevail upon them to accept the services of the poor crew for a longer time, being apprehensive that any change among

the natives would be for the worse; but they beat all the now naked whites on before them, until fresh tribes came up, and took each of them a prisoner, and set him to work in carrying pieces of trees, and toiling in other exhausting ways.

Mrs. Frazer being the only woman, was not selected by any of the tribes, but was left by herself, while they all went onward; but her husband got an opportunity to mention to her not to stir from the place in which she was at the moment, and that he would contrive to see her in a few hours. During that night, she lay in the clefts of a rock, and in the morning, after looking about without seeing a creature, she determined to follow some foot-marks and after having proceeded to some distance, she saw a crowd of black women approach. These, however, belonged to the tribe of savages by whom her husband had been taken up in the bush, on the preceding day; and they set her to work in cutting wood and lighting fires. Being quite naked, and presenting a contrast in her skin which the women did not like, she was compelled by them to rub herself all over with gum and herbs, which had the effect of making her nearly as dark as themselves.

They likewise tattooed her all over, and having pulled her hair out, covered her head with a sort of gum, and stuck the feathers of parrots and other birds all over it. One of the women having two children, obliged her to nurse one of them, notwithstanding the severe labor she had to perform, and if the child was out of temper, the nurse was kicked, and scratched, and thumped, for its peevishness. At the expiration of four days, Mrs. Frazer saw her husband, for the first time since their separation. He was dragging along a tree, and was greatly fatigued. She had just begun to inquire how it happened that he did not manage to let her know where he was, and he replied that he dared not look for her, when his tribe suddenly appeared; one of them having seen them together, made a push at the captain with a spear, and pierced him right through the body, and he fell dead in an instant. Mrs. Frazer ran to her husband, and cried out—"Jesus of Nazareth, I can endure this no longer," and pulled the spear out of his body, but his breath was gone forever. She then fell

senseless, and remained so for a considerable time, and when she recovered her senses, she found herself along with the tribe which she was obliged to serve; but what became of the body of Captain Frazer, she never could learn, and of course the barbarous region in which she was enslaved, was no place for sympathy. Shortly after this catastrophe, the first officer of the ship having been informed that the captain had been murdered by one of the tribes formed, in a fit of desperation, a plan of revenge, fettered and exhausted with labor as he was. This intention was, however, discovered, and horrible was his punishment. Mrs. Frazer had just lighted a fire, by order of her tribe and the unfortunate man's leg was thrust into it and consumed, while he, by the violence of his contortions, actually worked for the rest of his body, a grave in the sand in which he was imbedded.

Two days after this horrible event, a fine looking young man, named James Major, was disposed of. Captain Frazer, who knew a good deal of the character and habits of the savages on this coast, had mentioned to Major, that the savages would take off his head for a figure-bust for one of their canoes. It seemed, too, that it was usual for the savage who contemplated that sort of execution, to smile in the face of his victim immediately before he struck him to the earth. While Major was at work, the chief of his tribe approached him, smiling, and tapped him on the shoulder. At that instant, the poor fellow received a blow on the back of the neck from a waddle, or crooked stick, which stunned him. He fell to the ground, and a couple of savages set to work, and by means of sharpened shells, severed the head from the body, with frightful exclamations. They then ate parts of the body, and preserved the head with certain gums of extraordinary efficacy, and affixed it as a figure-bust to one of their canoes. The rest of the crew, of course, expected nothing less than death. Their apprehensions appeared to relate rather to the mode of inflicting the extreme penalty, than to the fact that they must prematurely die. Two of the seamen, named Doyle and Big Ben, contrived to steal a canoe, and endeavored to cross an island, but were drowned in the attempt to escape from, perhaps, a more fearful death.

There was a black man, named Joseph, who had been steward on board the Stirling Castle. When the savages seized the long-boat in which the crew had entered White Bay, they stripped this Joseph, as well as the rest, but as he was of their own color, they inflicted no punishment upon him, and he had the privilege of going about, which was denied to any other of the wretched strangers. This man, who was continually watching an opportunity to escape, had assured Mrs. Frazer that if he could get away, the first life he should think of saving, would be that of his mistress. He succeeded in stealing a canoe, in which he rowed off, and in six weeks reached Moreton Bay, where he informed the commandant of the penal settlement, of the horrible circumstances which had taken place at White Bay, and of the servitude in which the survivors of the crew were detained.

By this time, Mrs. Frazer was separated, and at a considerable distance from the different members of the crew, and she had given up all hopes of ever being liberated from the frightful bondage in which she was detained. The Moreton Bay commandant immediately upon hearing this, inquired in the barracks, whether any of the military would volunteer to save a lady and several of the crew of the wrecked vessel, from the savages in the bush, and a number offered their services at a moment's notice. By a system of manœuvering, entered into by a convict, who had been for some years in the bush amongst the savages, the object was effected. All the survivors were, to the best of Mrs. Frazer's belief, rescued from the savages. At the camp, the commandant and the commissary, and in fact, all the individuals who were in the service of the government, treated Mrs. Frazer and her companions in misfortune, with a degree of kindness which it is evident the former has a very warm recollection of. She was placed under medical care immediately, and every thing that was considered likely to abate the sense of what she had undergone, in witnessing the murder of her husband and the other horrors with which she was surrounded, was done.

The captain of the Mediterranean packet, in which Mrs. Frazer arrived from Sydney at Liverpool, stated that he

was at Sydney at the time of the arrival of that lady, and that the circumstances detailed, caused the greatest excitement there. The convict, to whose extraordinary exertions Mrs. Frazer owed her escape, received a free pardon from the government there, and a reward of thirty guineas. The Lord Mayor asked what were the circumstances of Mrs. Frazer? He was convinced that, if she were in necessity, the ladies in London, who were constantly looking for such objects, would speedily relieve her. The captain said that the unfortunate lady was not mistress of a farthing; the clothes on her back had been given to her by the commandant's wife; and Capt. Frazer had been the sole support of her and three children, who were in the Orkney Islands, to which she was anxious to go, as soon as possible. She was lame, had almost lost the use of one arm, and the sight of one eye, by the severity of the inflictions to which she had been subjected. The Lord Mayor said, "I shall willingly receive contributions for her benefit, and I am sure the call will soon be answered. I never heard of any thing so truly dreadful, in all my experience.'

FOOLISH FRIGHT.

A STORY is thus related by Mr. Vernon:—I was coming home one night on horseback, from a visit that I had just been making to a number of neighboring villages, where I had quartered my recruits. There had fallen a great deal of rain that day, since noon, and during all the evening, which had broken up the road, and it was raining still with the same violence; but being forced to join my company the next morning, I set out, provided with a lantern, having to pass a narrow defile between two mountains.

I had just cleared the defile, when a gust of wind took off my hat, and carried it so far, that I despaired of recovering it again, and therefore gave up the matter. By great good fortune, I had on a large scarlet cloak. I covered up my head and shoulders with it, leaving nothing but a little hole to see my way and breathe through; and for fear the

wind should take a fancy to my cloak as well as hat, I passed my right arm across my body to secure it, so that riding on in this position, you may easily perceive that my lantern, which I held in my right hand, was under my left shoulder.

At the entrance of a village, on a hill, I met three travelers, who no sooner saw me, than they ran away, as if they were possessed. For my part, I went on with a gallop, and when come into the town, alighted at an inn, where I designed to rest myself a little; but soon after, who should enter but my three poltroons, as pale as death itself. They told the landlord and his people, trembling as they spoke, that on the road they had encountered a great figure of a man all over blood, whose head was like a flame of fire, and to increase the wonder, it was placed beneath his shoulder. He was mounted on a dreadful horse, said they, quite black before, and gray behind, which, notwithstanding it was lame, he spurred and whipped right up the mountain with extraordinary swiftness.

Here they ended their relation. They had taken care to spead the alarm as they were flying from this wondrous apparition, and the people had come with them to the inn in such a drove, that upwards of a hundred were all squeezed together, opening their mouths and ears at this tremendous story.

To make up in some sort for my dismal journey, I resolved to laugh a little and be merry at their cost, intending at the same time to cure them of such frights, by showing them their folly in the present instance.

With this view I mounted my horse again behind the inn, went round about, till I had rode the distance of half a mile; then turning, I disposed of my accoutrements, that is to say, my cloak and lantern, as before, and on I came upon a gallop towards the inn. You should have seen the frighted mob of villagers, how they hid their faces at the sight, and crowded into the passage. There was no one but the host that had courage to remain and keep his eye upon me. I was now before the door, on which I shifted the position of my lantern, let my cloak drop down upon my shoulders, and appeared the same figure he had seen me by his fire.

FOOLISH FRIGHT

It was not without difficulty that we could bring the simple people from their terror, who had crowded in for safety; the three travelers in particular, as the first impression was still strong within them, could not credit what they saw. We finished by a hearty laugh at their expense, and talking of the man whose head was like a flame of fire, and placed beneath his shoulder.

This is my ghost story; and perhaps if I had not afforded these people such a conviction of their groundless apprehension, the story of my strange appearance would have passed from one old woman to another, and for centuries occasioned mortal fears throughout the country

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YATES AND DOWNING.

Some of the adventures of our countrymen, with the Indians of the west, are so striking, that, though true, they have the appearance of fiction.

In August, 1786, two young men near the Slate Creek Iron Works, in Kentucky, by the names of Yates and Downing, set out together in pursuit of a horse which had strayed into the woods. Towards evening they found themselves six or seven miles from home, and, at that time exposed to danger from the Indians. Downing even began to fancy he heard the cracking of sticks in the bushes behind them, but Yates, who was somewhat experienced as a hunter, only laughed at his fears.

Downing, however, was not satisfied. He still thought the Indians were following them, and at last determined to find out. Gradually slackening his pace, he allowed Yates to get several rods before him, and immediately after descending a little hill, he suddenly sprung aside and hid himself in a thick cluster of whortleberry bushes. Yates was humming over a song just at the time, and did not think of Downing or the Indians any more for several minutes.

No sooner was he out of sight, than Downing saw two savages come out of a canebrake, and look cautiously after Yates. Fearful they had also seen him secrete himself

he determined to fire on them, but his hand was so unsteady that he discharged his gun without taking aim, and then ran. When he had run ten or twelve rods, he met Yates, who, having heard the report of the gun, was coming back, to inquire what was the matter. The Indians were now in full pursuit, and Yates was glad to run with Downing.

Just at this place the road divided, and at some distance further on, came together again. Yates and Downing took one road, and the two Indians, probably to get ahead of them, took the other. The former, however, reached the junction of the two roads first. But coming nearly at the same time to a deep gulley, Downing fell into it, while the Indians, who crossed it a little lower down, not observing his fall, kept on after Yates.

Here Downing had time to reload his gun, but he did not think of it; for he was busy in climbing up on the banks of the ditch to learn the fate of his companion. To his surprise he saw one of the Indians returning to search for him. What should he do now? His gun was no longer of use, so he threw it aside, and again plied his heels, with the Indian after him.

Coming at length to a large poplar tree which had been blown up by the roots, he ran along the body of the tree upon one side, while the Indian followed on the other, to meet him at the root. It happened, however, that a large she bear was suckling her cubs, in a bed she had made at the root of the tree, and as the Indian reached the spot a moment first, she sprang upon him, and a prodigious uproar took place. The Indian yelled, and stabbed with his knife; the bear growled, hugged him closely, and endeavored to tear him, while Downing, not anxious to stand long to see the end of the battle, took to his heels with new courage, and finally reached home in safety; where Yates, after a hot chase, had arrived some time before him.

On the next morning they collected a party and returned to the poplar tree to ascertain what had become of the Indian and bear, but could find no traces of either. Both, they concluded, escaped with their lives, though not without injury.

YATES AND DOWNING

THRILLING SKETCH.

A PORTAL of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was let in the amphitheatre. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hand of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look around the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eyes, at last, turned on mine. Could I believe my senses? Constantius stood before me.

All my rancor vanished. An hour past, I could have struck the betrayer to the heart: I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed —the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at the worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man—to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and his misery wrought by me, I would have circled heaven and earth to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone—pale, paralyzed. The beating of my pulse stopped—my eyes seemed alone alive.

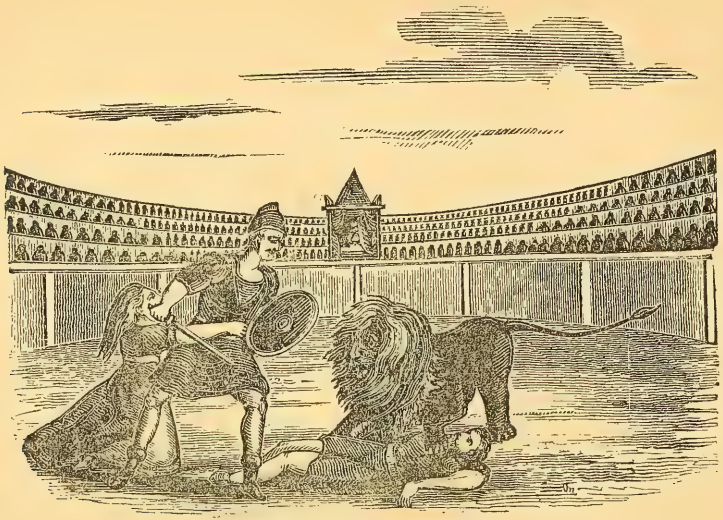
The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound, that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air, when it waived again it was covered with blood. A howl told the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprung at the victim's throat. He was met with a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The

struggle was for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared upon his hind feet, and with gnashing teeth and distended claws, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was at its wildest height. The sword now swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with blood and dust. The hands of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck terrible blows, but each weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow in the lion's throat, and sunk. The savage yelled, and spouting blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and his conqueror dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrunk from the hazard. At last the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal, a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his claws; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and growling round the body, in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted, men burst into indignant clamors, at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifices of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face; it was Salome! I sprang to my feet. I called on her name; called on her by every feeling of nature, to fly from that place of death



THRILLING SKETCH.

to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes on me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head; with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her.

There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eyes—her cheek burned; she waived her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered, in a lofty tone. "This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet,"—and she kissed the ashy lips before her—"yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned your quiet home!—Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty, only thought how he might preserve and protect you." The tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. "But," said she, in a tone of wild despair, "he was betrayed, and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared—!"

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced from the lips of my own child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me—I tottered a few paces, and fell. The lion roared, and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him; I felt his fiery breath; I saw his lurid eye glaring; I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

An exulting shout arose; I saw him rear, as if struck: gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprung high in the air, with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

With Salome clinging to his bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him

from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion had broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives, in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

REMARKABLE SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

BY DR. BREWSTER.

Those who have read Dr. Hibbert's admirable work on the *Philosophy of Apparitions*, and have appreciated the ingenious views which he has taken of this remarkable class of mental phenomena, will peruse with double interest, the very singular case of spectral illusion, which forms the subject of this paper.

It was communicated to me by the gentleman whose lady was under its influence, and who was himself present during the whole progress of the illusion which affected the eye. Were I permitted to mention his name, his station in society, and as a man of science, would authenticate the minutest particulars in the following narrative and satisfy the most scrupulous reader that the case has been philosophically, as well as faithfully described. The gentleman and lady, indeed, were previously well aware of the existence and nature of this class of facts, and, so far from regarding the present case as at all supernatural, or even out of the ordinary course of things, they watched it from the commencement, as a case of spectral illusion, and have, therefore, impressed upon the narrative, a character which does not belong to any previous case, where the patient and the narrator were the same person.

On the 26th of December, 1829, about half past four in the afternoon, Mrs. —— was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, my voice calling her by name,

"———, come here, come to me!" She imagined that I was calling at the door to have it opened, went to it, and was surprised on opening it to find no one. She returned towards the fire, and again heard the same voice calling, very distinctly and loud, "——, come, come here." She then opened two other doors, of the same room, but seeing no one, she returned to the fireplace. After a few moments, she heard the same voice still calling, "———, come to me, come, come away," this time in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly, "Where are you? I don't know where you are," —still imagining that I was somewhere in search of her; but receiving no answer, she shortly went up stairs. On my return to the house, about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why I had called to her so often, and where I was: and was of course surprised to hear I had not been near the house at the time.

On the 30th of the same month, at about four o'clock P. M., Mrs. —— came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted a few minutes before, and on entering the room, saw me, as she supposed, standing with my back to the fire. She addressed me, asking how it was I had returned so soon. (I had left the house for a walk half an hour before.) She said I looked fixedly at her, with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. She supposed I was busied in thought, and sat down in an arm chair near the fire, and close, within a couple of feet at most, of the figure she still saw standing before her. As, however, the eyes still continued to be fixed upon her, after a few minutes, she said, "Why don't you speak, ——?" The figure, upon this, moved towards the window, at the further end of the room, the eyes still gazing on her, and passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. The idea then arose for the first time in her mind, that it was no reality but a spectral illusion; (being a person of sense, and habituated to account rationally for most things, the notion of any thing supernatural was out of the question.) She recollected, however, your having mentioned that there was

a sort of *experimentum crusis* applicable to these cases, by which a genuine ghost may be distinguished from one conjured up by merely natural causes: namely, the pressing the eye in order to produce the effect of seeing double, when, according to your assertion, a true Tartarian ghost would be duplicated, as well as every thing else; while the morbid idea being, I suppose, an impression on the retina, would, or ought to remain single. I am sorry, however, to say that the opportunity for verifying your theory was unfavorable. Before Mrs. —— was able distinctly to double her vision, my figure had retreated to the window, and disappeared there. The lady followed, shook the curtains, and tried the window, being still loth to believe it was not a reality, so distinct and forcible was the impression. Finding, however, that there was no natural means of egress, she became convinced of having seen a spectral apparition, such as are recorded in Dr. Hibbert's work, and, consequently, felt no alarm or agitation. The appearance lasted four or five minutes. It was bright daylight, and Mrs. —— is confident that the apparition was fully as vivid as the reality; and when standing close to her, it concealed, of course, the real objects behind it. Upon being told of this, my visible appearance in the spirit, having been only audible a few days before, I was, as you may imagine, more alarmed for the health of the lady, than for my own approaching death, or any other fatality the vision might be supposed to forbode. Still, both the stories were so very much *en regle* as ghost stories, the three calls of the plaintive voice, each one louder than the preceding, the fixed eyes and mournful expression of the phantom, its noiseless step and spirit-like vanishing, were all so characteristic of the Wraith, that I might have been unable to shake off some disagreeable fancies, such as a mind once deeply saturated with the poison of nursery tales, cannot altogether banish, had it not been for a third apparition, at whose visit I myself assisted, a few days afterwards, and which, I think, is the key-stone of the case, rendering it as complete as could be wished.

On the 4th of this month, (January, 1829,) five days after the last apparition, at about ten o'clock at night, I was sitting in the drawing-room with Mrs. ——, and in

the act of stirring the fire, when she exclaimed, "Why there's the cat in the room." I asked, "Where?" She replied, "There, close to you." "Where?" I repeated. "Why, on the rug, to be sure, between yourself and the coal scuttle." I had the poker in my hand, and I pushed it in the direction mentioned. "Take care," she cried out, "take care, you are hitting her with the poker." I again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied, "Why, sitting up there close to your feet, on the rug—she is looking at me: it is kitty—come here, kitty." There are two cats in the house, one of which went by this name; they were rarely, if ever, in the drawing-room. At this time, Mrs. —— had certainly no idea that the sight of the cat was an illusion. I asked her to touch it. She got up for the purpose, and seemed as if she was pursuing some thing which moved away. She followed a few steps, and then said, "It has gone under that chair." I told her it was an illusion. She would not believe it. I lifted up the chair: there was nothing there, nor did Mrs. —— see any thing more of it. I searched the room all over, and found nothing. There was a dog lying on the hearth, who would have betrayed great uneasiness had a cat been in the room. He was perfectly quiet. In order to be quite certain, however, I rang the bell, and sent for the two cats. They were both found in the housekeeper's room. The most superstitious person could now doubt no longer as to the real character of all these illusory appearances; and the case is so complete, that I hope there will be no renewal of them, symptomatic as they of course are, of a disordered state of the body. I am sorry to say Mrs. ——, as well as myself forgot to try the *experimentum crusis* on the cat.

THE PRAIRIE.

BY AUDUBON.

On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the

country. The weather was fine; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of a man had I met with, that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace, and as darkness overshaded the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire light attracting my eye, I moved towards it, full of confidence, that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken: I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice, was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows, and two or three racoon skins, lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of

their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a racoon in the top of a tree, the arrow split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye, as to destroy it for ever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstacy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

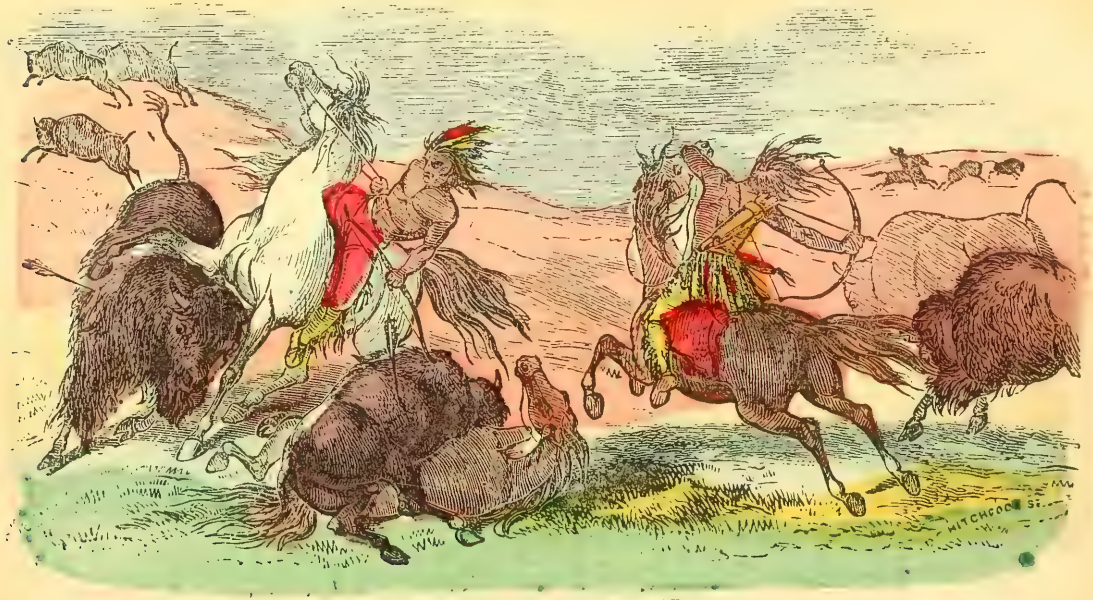
The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother, for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure, I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me, and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drank themselves into such a condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat;* and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the sweat



INDIAN BUFFALO HUNT.

covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you ——, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot: but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me, that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defense and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

BURIED ALIVE.

An accident happened on an estate near the city of Lyons, on the 4th of September, 1836, which is remarkable alike for the patient endurance of the sufferer, and his astonishing deliverance from the living grave in which he was inhumed for several days, sixty-three feet below the surface.

Some workmen employed in digging a well in a sandy and loose soil, had reached a depth of sixty-three feet, when

they thougnt they perceived the drums which are used to prevent the sand from breaking in, bending, and feared that they were just ready to yield to the pressure of the weight around them. The workmen made haste to re-ascend; but in their haste they left at the bottom of the well a number of their valuable tools.

The contractor, wishing to repair this forgetfulness, went down himself to bring up the tools, but on arriving at about three quarters of the depth, a part of the drum gave way, the ground crumbled in, and shut out all retreat from the imprudent man, to whom there remained no means of communication with the outside, except from the crevices left in the wood work which had served to form the drum. In this position he still remains. He can speak, and is able to receive food and drink, which is sent down to him to support him till his deliverance can be effected. The efforts which have been made for this purpose have been thus far fruitless. The name of the unfortunate man is Dufavel, and though he has passed considerable time in this horrible position, he still shows great coolness and courage. He can communicate verbally with men who descend into the upper part of the well, which remains undisturbed, and in this way he has received a visit, at his own request, from M. Thevenet, the vicar of the parish of St. Just, who did not hesitate, notwithstanding the danger of the attempt, to descend into the neighborhood of this unfortunate man, and bestow upon him the consolations of his holy office. Dufavel has sent up all the valuables he had about him. such as his watch, his silver money, ear rings, &c. He kept nothing but his knife, to use, as he says, to put a period to his miseries, if he should perceive that all the efforts for his deliverance prove fruitless. He recommends them not to work over his head, and has pointed out, as the only means for his rescue, that they should dig a well parallel with the first, with which they can open a communication by means of a subterranean gallery. The public authorities have displayed a praiseworthy zeal on this occasion. M. Chinard, a physician, and one of the city government of Lyons, has not quitted the spot since the disaster, and he is accompanied by other members of the government. They encour-

age the workmen, who, to the number of eight, work day and night, with the soldiers of the engineer department, under the orders of an officer of the head engineer.

September 9. The unfortunate Dufavel is not yet released from the well where he was buried alive several days since. Yesterday evening the workmen of the Croix Rousse had dug a well parallel to that in which the crumbling took place, and had reached a depth equal to that of the first, and were employed in digging a horizontal passage to free their unfortunate companion, when a sudden crumbling forced them to ascend in haste, and abandon entirely the work they had begun. There remains now no hope except from the well undertaken by the workmen of the civil engineers, which cannot be finished until to-morrow.

September 10. The unfortunate Dufavel is not yet released from his horrible prison, but the engineers, who are laboring to deliver him, hope to reach him in the course of the day. This evening he will be saved or lost. His courage keeps up, he has not, for a moment, been delirious, and he gives directions as to the method of working most likely to succeed in giving him relief. He eats with good appetite and asks for food. His limbs are less pressed than for some days past. He cut away with a knife a hoop of the cask which pressed upon him. Though seated on the sand and bent down, he is able to change his position, in some measure.

September 11. In the course of the day, yesterday, Dufavel became indisposed, his voice was changed, and he found difficulty in speaking—he is most incommoded by the pressure on one of his legs, on which he is seated, and which he can scarcely move. During the night he cut away with his knife some of the wood which embarrassed him. "I worked so hard," said he, "that I moistened my shirt with perspiration, but as I could not sleep, it was as well to work." This morning he is better; he breakfasted with a good appetite. One of his cousins, a well digger, like himself, descended to speak to him. He expressed a desire not to be deceived as to his situation, and said, you see I do not loose courage. On being told that they hoped to get him out on Saturday—"That will be more than

eight days, but I can wait until then." He afterwards spoke of his wife; tell her, said he, to his cousin, that I have good courage, and that she must not be distressed. The interest that the whole city takes in the horrible position of Dufavel, increases every day. Several charitable persons cause masses to be said in the churches for his deliverance. Last night the civil engineers who are at work on the gallery, were on the point of reaching the place where he is buried, when a considerable quantity of an almost fluid sand crumbled in suddenly, and made ten or twelve hours of labor necessary to bring them to the point they had before reached. They are now very near the unfortunate man, but they must advance with infinite precaution, and very slowly.

September 12. We cannot yet announce the deliverance of Dufavel. The engineers advance but very slowly, on account of the sandy soil in which they are making a gallery. They have four or five feet horizontal distance to clear before reaching the cavity where the unfortunate man is pressed, in a position which grows more painful. They are unable to advance more than two inches in an hour. They have planned the work so as to reach the back of Dufavel at the height of his shoulders. At the moment they reach him, he must be seized and dragged backwards, with great promptitude, into the passages made by the miners, otherwise he must infallibly be swallowed up by the crumbling which will take place at the moment they pierce the moveable walls of his subterranean retreat. It is easy to judge the difficulty of such a labor at sixty-three feet perpendicular depth, with similar means and in such a position, and the danger in which the unfortunate man is placed so near his deliverance or his death. The interest taken by our citizens in the fate of Dufavel, is intense. The population of the city crowd to the spot. There are never less than seven or eight hundred individuals assembled there. All the roads leading to the place, particularly the one from Lyons, is constantly crowded with people going and returning. It has been necessary to place barriers at fifty paces distant from the opening of the well, and to place a guard of soldiers to restrain the curious and prevent their breaking through the barriers,

and interrupting the workmen. Collectors established on the spot have received very considerable presents for the benefit of the unfortunate Dufavel and his family.

September 15. Dufavel is at length released from his perilous situation. Early this morning he received a visit from the vicar of St. Just. M. Chinard sent down a double portion of hot wine, and encouraged him to keep up his courage, with the assurance that, in a very few hours, he would be released. About ten o'clock he could hear their operations; and by communicating with persons above, and they with those in the other well, he was able to direct their operations. It now became necessary to proceed with great caution, from danger of the loosened sand falling in upon him, when the passage was opened. By removing the sand carefully with their hands, they exposed his arms, so that a man on each side could grasp them; and then, with a strong, sudden effort, they forced him through the portion which remained at his back, into the gallery where they stood. The sand immediately crumbled away, removing the support to the wood work, and the weight above pressed upon it and crushed it in; and, in the space of two seconds, the whole cavity which he had occupied, and through which he had communicated with his friends, was filled with solid sand, to the depth of forty feet. He was much exhausted, and his thigh considerably injured by the pressure, but is likely to survive. No circumstance of a similar magnitude probably ever excited a greater degree of feeling and public concern.

EXTRAORDINARY ACHIEVEMENT.

The church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the imperial city of St. Petersburgh, is remarkable for the loftiness of its spire, which rises in towering grandeur far above any other structure in that magnificent metropolis of the Czars. Looking up to it from the ground, it appears to dwindle away almost into a point in the sky, though it is, in reality, terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions, on which an angel stands, supporting a large cross. This angel, less

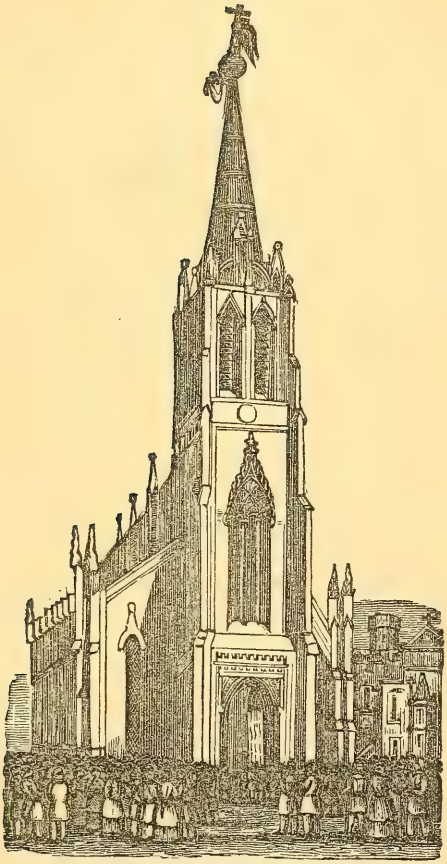
respected by the weather than his holy character deserved fell into disrepair; and suspicions were entertained that he designed revisiting, uninvoked, the surface of the earth. The affair caused some uneasiness, and the government at length became seriously perplexed. To raise a scaffolding to such a height, would cost more money than all the angels out of heaven were worth—and meditating fruitlessly on these circumstances, without being able to resolve how to act, a considerable time was suffered to elapse.

Among the crowd of gazers below, who daily turned their eyes and their thoughts towards the angel, was a mijik, called Telouchkine. This man was a roofer of houses, (a slater, as he would be called in a country where slates were used,) and his speculation, by degrees, assumed a more practical character than the idle wonders and conjectures of the rest of the crowd. The spire was entirely covered with sheets of gilded copper, and presented a surface to the eye as smooth as if it had been one mass of burnished gold. But Telouchkine knew that the sheets of copper were not even uniformly closed upon each other; and, above all, that there were large nails used to fasten them, which projected from the side of the spire.

Having meditated upon these circumstances, till his mind was made up, the mijik went to the government, and offered to repair the angel, without scaffolding and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labor. The offer was accepted; for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.

On the day fixed for the adventure, Telouchkine, provided with nothing more than a coil of ropes, ascended the spire in the interior, to the last window. Here he looked down at the concourse of people below, and up at the glittering "needle," as it is called, tapering far away above his head. But his heart did not fail him, and stepping gravely out upon the ledge of the window, he set about his task.

He cut a portion of the cord in the form of two large stirrups, with a loop at each end. The upper loops he fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head and placed his foot in the others. Then digging the fingers of one hand into the interstices of the sheet of copper



EXTRAORDINARY ACHIEVEMENT.

he raised up one of his stirrups with the other hand, so as to make it catch a nail higher up. The same operation he performed on behalf of the other leg, and so on alternately. And thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, stirrup by stirrup, till his starting-post was undistinguishable from the golden surface, and the spire had dwindled, and dwindled, and dwindled in his embrace, till he could clasp it all around.

So far so well. But he had only reached the ball—a globe of between nine and ten feet in circumference. The angel, the object of his visit, was above this ball, and even concealed from his view, by its smooth, round, and glittering expanse. Only fancy the wretch at that moment, turning up his grave eyes, and gräver beard, to an obstacle that seemed to defy the daring and ingenuity of man.

But Telouchkine was not dismayed. He was prepared for the difficulty; and the means by which he essayed to surmount it, exhibited the same prodigious simplicity as the rest of the feat.

Suspending himself in his stirrups, he girded the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened around his waist; and, so supported, he leaned gradually back, till the soles of his feet were planted against the spire. In this position he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of cord over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial it fell in the required direction, and he saw the end hang down on the opposite side.

To draw himself up in his original position, to fasten the cord firmly round the globe, and with the assistance of this auxiliary to climb to the summit, were now an easy part of his task; and in a few minutes more, Telouchkine stood by the side of the angel, and listened to the shout that burst like sudden thunder from the concourse below, yet came to his ear like a faint and hollow murmur.

The cord which he had an opportunity of fastening properly, enabled him to descend with comparative facility; and the next day he carried up with him a ladder of ropes, by means of which he found it easy to effect the necessary repairs.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

JOURNEYING one day along a muirland road not far from Stirling, we passed by a very fine old tree, in a field at a short distance. I remarked its beauty, to which Simon assented, but seemed for a while absorbed in recalling recollections associated with it. At last, he said, pausing and looking back on the tree, That sturdy old plant of other years reminds me of an incident which displayed a striking trait of character of the true old Scottish breed. That is, or was, called the Trysting Tree, and there a country lass had consented to meet her sweetheart one winter night, to arrange matters for the wedding. The night came, cold and foggy, and the girl, true to her appointment, set off silently, in the hopes of being back again before she was missed. It soon came on a heavy snow, and snowed all night. The girl was not to be found; and all the roads round being not only impassable but invisible, from the depth of the drift, a week passed before any communication was possible with the neighboring farms, all of which time nothing could be heard of her. At length the news reached her lover, who was lost and bewildered in contending feelings of wonder, fear, and jealousy. On inquiry as to the time when his bride had been last seen, he found it was the night of their assignation, and the first of the snow. The Trysting Tree flashed upon his mind, and thither, with a sturdy band of volunteer pioneers, he bent his course. On reaching the tree, they commenced digging all around it, and soon came to a solid hummock. Their spades and shovels were then exchanged for the simple labor of their hands, with which they gathered up and flung out the snow by gowpens, and ere this had been long continued, they succeeded in extricating the very girl, exactly eight days from the time she had been buried. You may guess it was a moment of agonizing perturbation which preceded the discovery that she was alive!

On coming to the tree, and not finding her lover there, she drew her plaid tight round her, and sat down to await. She conjectured that the cold had made her

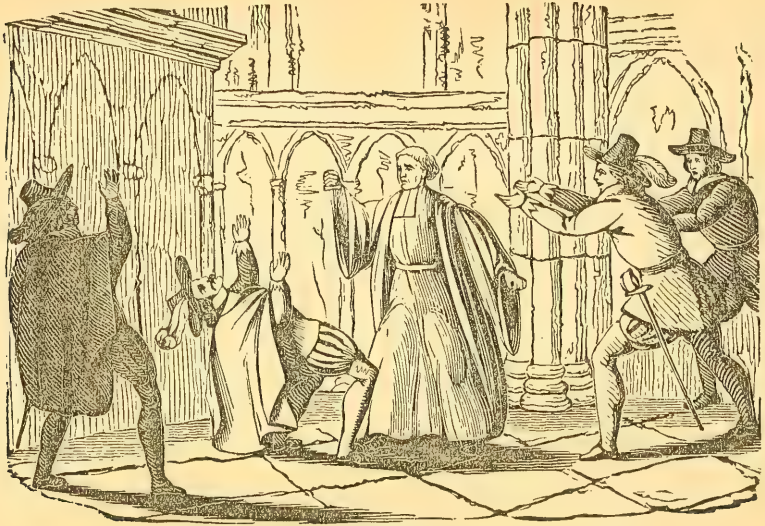
drowsy, and the snow falling thick upon her, when she awoke she was unable to move, and felt herself as if alive in her grave, and cut off from the living world. Her lover was full of sorrow and of explanations. "If he had but thought she could have ventured out on such a night, he never would have failed to keep his word," &c. &c. Every young man's mind will suggest the proper thing to be said on the occasion; but Lizzy, who could scarcely be suspected of bestowing any but *cold* looks at such a time, took no notice of him whatever. The country people who had accompanied him, had a supply of cordials, and he was loud and earnest in enjoining them to "give her something warm instantly;" and a glass of spirits was offered, which she gravely pushed aside. "Give me a glass of water," said she; "*it's a cauld heart that canna warm a drink to itsel.*"

Her Joe was ardent in his addresses, but she repulsed him with endless scorn. Whether she ever took a husband or not, I have forgotten; but it is certain she never married him.

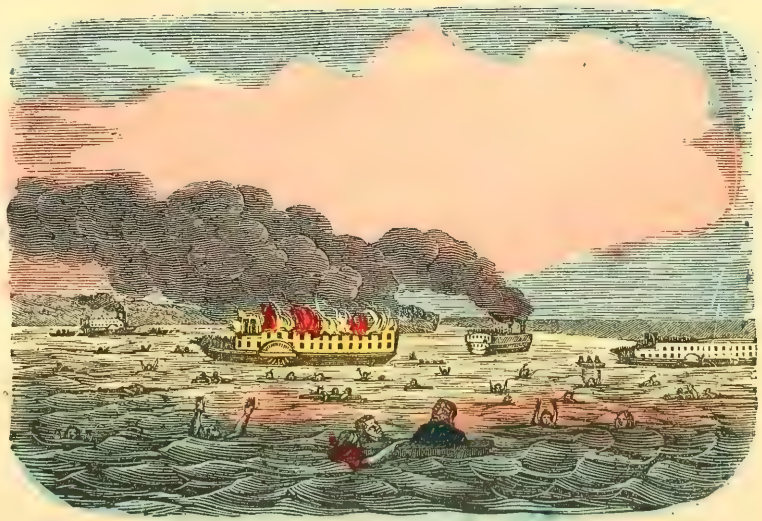
REVENGE AND ASSASSINATION IN A CHURCH.

Don Michael had a youthful and lovely wife; and a youthful brother, a bachelor, lived in his house. The beauty of his sister-in-law had such an effect on this youth, that, abandoning all regard to morality or to the consequences, he used every means to seduce her, and succeeded. But he did not succeed so well as to prevent the plot being discovered by a servant-maid, who informed the husband. The latter, having placed himself in ambush, surprised them. Drawing his poniard, he attempted to murder them both at the same time; but it chanced that they escaped out of his hands with some slight wounds. So exasperated was he at the wrong received, that he endeavored to trace his brother, (with the lady, who had fled to some place of security,) and determined to kill him at all costs. But the brother, having heard of the deadly oath of the injured husband, managed to defend himself in

different ways, so as to set at naught all the other's designs, and the offended man, entirely despairing of being able to inflict his vengeance, was, by the excess of passion, carried almost to the grave. In the mean time, the jubilee of the year occurred; and, in the same town where Don Michael resided, there were abundance of processions and penitences, and public preachings, by which means, several party disputes were made up, and families and individuals pacified; and, among the rest, Don Michael also seemed resolved to lay aside all rancorous feelings, and devote himself to holy things. But the brother would not suffer himself to be persuaded to an interview, spite of the numerous kindly protestations that came from the other side. At the end of the holy year, employed by Don Michael in continual penances and religious pursuits, he determined to abandon the world entirely; and going to a monastery of Scalvi, entered into his novitiate; and that being completed, pronounced the solemn vows. Sent by his superiors into various parts of Spain, and even as far as Rome, in order to study theology, he became very learned; and on his return to his country, with the reputation of being a particularly holy man, the rank of priesthood was conferred upon him. He went through the first mass with the usual pomp, amidst a crowd of relations and friends, and other people. After its conclusion, returning into the sacristy, he seated himself (such is the custom) with his priest's cope still on his back, upon a stool, which his friends and relations approached, one after another, in order to kiss his hand, and give him the congratulatory embrace. He had been repeatedly heard to deplore the hatred he had so many years nourished against his brother, and frequently to say, that the only desire in the world which he now had, was not only to obtain oblivion and forgiveness for the past, but likewise, as a servant of God, to be the first and the humblest in offering it. Upon this solemn occasion, moved by the entreaties of all his relations, the brother at last resolved to go with the others. As he advanced, he began a humble address, whilst the priest, extending his arms, pressed him to his bosom; but instead of the brother again raising his head, his knees were seen to fall, and he sunk on the ground, with a dread-



REVENGE AND ASSASSINATION IN A CHURCH



DESTRUCTION OF THE BEN SHERROD.

ful groan; and the priest, brandishing a small dagger, which, in that embrace, he had plunged into his brother's heart, kissed the still reeking blade, spurned the corpse with his foot, and then exclaimed, "I have caught thee at last!" The wretch escaped; and such was the confusion and amazement of the bystanders, that no efforts were made to detain him. For this crime he was banished, under pain of death, if found. He fled from country to country, until he took refuge in Rome, where he was protected by the Duke of Valentinois. The latter took but little trouble to find out his virtues, but soon found him of use in the most important affairs; and the villainous priest became the life of all his undertakings.

THE ILL-FATED STEAMER BEN SHERROD.

FACTS BY A SUFFERER.

On Sunday morning, the 6th day of May, 1837, the steamboat Ben Sherrod, under the command of Captain C———, thronged with passengers. Many a beautiful and interesting woman that morning was busy in arranging the little things incident to traveling, and they all looked forward with high and certain hope to the end of their journey. Little innocent children played about the cabin, and would run to the guards, now and then, to wonder, in infantine language, at the next boat, or the water, or something else that drew their attention. The men, too, were urgent in their arrangements of the trunks, and getting on board sundry articles which a ten days' passage rendered necessary. In fact, all seemed hope, and joy, and certainty.

The cabin of the Ben Sherrod was on the upper deck, but narrow in proportion to her build, for she was what is technically called a Tennessee cotton boat. To those who have never seen a cotton boat loaded, it is a wondrous sight. The bales are piled up from the lower guards, wherever there is a cranny, until they reach above the second deck, room being merely left for passengers to

walk outside the cabin. You have regular alleys left amid the cotton, in order to pass about on the first deck. Such is a cotton boat, carrying from 1500 to 2000 bales.

The Ben's finish and accommodation of the cabin were by no means such as would begin to compare with the regular passenger boats. It being late in the season, and but few large steamers being in port, in consequence of the severity of the times, the Ben Sherrod got an undue number of passengers; otherwise she would have been avoided, for the accommodations were not enticing. She had a heavy freight on board, and several horses and carriages on the forecastle. The build of the Ben Sherrod was heavy, her timbers being of the largest size.

The morning was clear and sultry—so much so that umbrellas were necessary to ward off the sun. It was a curious sight to see the hundreds of citizens hurrying on board to leave letters, and to see them coming away. When a steamboat is going off on the southern or western waters, the excitement is fully equal to that attendant on the departure of a Liverpool packet. About ten o'clock, A. M., the ill-fated steamer pushed off upon the turbid current of the Mississippi, as a swan upon the waters. In a few minutes she was under weigh, tossing high in air bright and snowy clouds of steam, at every revolution of her engine. Talk not of your northern steamboats! A Mississippi steamer of 700 tons burthen, with adequate machinery, is one of the sublimities of poetry.

For thousands of miles that great body forces its way through a desolate country, against an almost resistless current, and all the evidence you have of the immense power exerted, is brought to your sense by the everlasting and majestic burst of exertion from her escapement pipe, and the careless stroke of her paddle-wheels. In the dead of night, when amid the swamps on either side, your noble vessel winds her upward way—when not a soul is seen on board but the officer on deck—when naught is heard but the clang of the fire doors, amid the hoarse coughing of the engine—imagination yields to the vastness of the ideas thus excited in your mind, and if you have a soul that makes you a man, you cannot help feeling strongly alive to the mightiness of nature. Such a scene—and hundreds

such have been realized with an intensity that cannot be described—always made me a better man than before. I never could tire of the steamboat navigation of the Mississippi.

On Tuesday evening, the 9th of May, 1837, the steamboat Prairie, on her way to St. Louis, bore hard upon the Ben Sherrod. It was necessary for the latter to stop at Fort Adams, during which time the Prairie passed her. Great vexation was manifested by some of the passengers, that the Prairie should get to Natchez first. This subject formed the theme of conversation for two or three hours, the captain assuring them that he would beat her, any how.

The Prairie is a very fast boat, and under equal circumstances would have beaten the Sherrod. So soon as the business was transacted at Fort Adams, for which she stopped, orders were given to the men to keep up the fires to the extent. It was now a little past eleven P. M. The captain retired to his berth with his clothes on, and left the deck in charge of an officer. During the evening, a barrel of whiskey had been turned out, and permission given to the hands to do as they pleased. As may be supposed, they drew upon the barrel quite liberally. It is the custom on all the boats to furnish the firemen with liquor though a difference exists as to the mode. But it is due to the many worthy captains now on the Mississippi, to state that the practice of furnishing spirits is gradually dying away, and where they are given, it is only done in moderation.

As the Sherrod passed on above Fort Adams, towards the mouth of the Homochitta, the wood piled up in front of the furnaces several times caught fire, and was once or twice imperfectly extinguished by the drunken hands. It must be understood by those of my readers who have never seen a western steamboat, that the boilers are entirely above the first deck, and that when the fires are well kept up for any length of time, the heat is almost insupportable. Were it not for the draft occasioned by the speed of the boat, it would be very difficult to attend the fire.

As the boat was booming along through the water, close in the shore—for in ascending the river, boats go as close

as they can, to avoid the current—a negro from the beach called out to the firemen, that the wood was on fire. The reply was, "Go to hell, and mind your own business," from some half intoxicated hand. "Oh, massa," answered the negro, "if you don't take care, you will be in hell before I will." On, on, went the boat, at a tremendous rate quivering and trembling in all her length, at every revolution of the wheels. The steam was created so fast that it continued to escape through the safety valve, and by its sharp singing told a tale that every prudent captain would have understood. As the vessel rounded the bar that makes off the Homochitta, being compelled to stand out into the middle of the river in consequence, the fire was discovered. It was about one o'clock in the morning. A passenger had got up previously, and was standing on the boiler deck, when, to his astonishment, the fire broke out from the pile of wood. A little presence of mind, and a set of men unintoxicated, could have saved the boat. The passenger seized a bucket, and was about to plunge it overboard for water, when he found it locked. An instant more, and the fire increased in volume. The captain was now awakened. He saw the fire had seized the deck. He ran aft, and announced the ill tidings.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than the shrieks of mothers, sisters, and babes, resounded through the hitherto silent cabin, in the wildest confusion. Men were aroused from their dreaming cots, to experience the hot air of approaching fire. The pilot being elevated on the hurricane deck, at the instant of perceiving the flames, put the head of the boat shoreward. She had scarcely got under way in that direction, than the tiller ropes were burnt asunder. Two miles at least from the land, the vessel took a shear, and, borne upon by the current, made several revolutions, untill she struck off across the river. A bar brought her up for the moment.

The flames had now extended fore and aft. At the first alarm, several deck passengers had got into the yawl that hung suspended by the davits. A cabin passenger, endowed with some degree of courage and presence of mind, expostulated with them, and did all he could to save the boat for the ladies. 'Twas useless. One took out his

knife and cut away the forward tackle. The next instant, and they were all, to the number of twenty, or more, launched into the angry waters. They were seen no more.

The boat being lowered from the other end, filled and was useless. Now came the trying moment. Hundreds leaped from the burning wreck into the waters. Mothers were seen standing on the guards with disheveled hair praying for help. Their dear little innocents clung to the side of their mothers, and with their tiny hands beat away the burning flames. Sisters called out to their brothers, in unearthly voices, "save me, oh, my brother." Wives crying to their husbands to save their children, in total forgetfulness of themselves. Every second or two, a desperate plunge of some poor victim falling on the apalled ear —the dashing to and fro of the horses on the forecastle, groaning audibly for pain of the devouring element—the continued puffing of the engine, for it still continued to go—the screaming mother, who had leaped overboard, in the desperation of the moment, with her only child—the flames mounting to the sky, with the rapidity of lightning—shall I ever forget that scene—that hour of horror and alarm? Never, were I to live till the memory shall forget all else that ever came to the senses. The short half hour that separated and plunged into eternity two hundred human beings, has been so burnt into the memory, that even now I think of it more than half the day.

I was swimming to the shore with all my might, endeavoring to sustain a mother and child. My strength failed me. The babe was nothing—a mere cork. "Go, go,' said the brave mother, "save my child, save my ——,' and she sunk to rise no more. Nerved by the resolution of that woman, I reached the shore in safety. The babe I saved. Ere I reached the beach, the Sherrod had swung off the bar, and was slowly floating down, the engine having ceased running. In every direction heads dotted the surface of the river. A new, and still more awful appearance, the burning wreck, now wore. Mothers were seen clinging, with the last hope, to the blazing timbers, and dropping off one by one. The screams had ceased. A sullen silence rested over the devoted vessel. The flames became tired of their destructive work.

While I sat dripping and overcome upon the beach, a steamboat, the Columbus, hove in sight, and bore for the wreck. It seemed like one last ray of hope gleaming across the dead gloom of that night. Several wretches were saved. And still another, the Statesman, came in sight. More, more were saved.

A moment to *me* had only elapsed, when high in the heavens the cinders flew, and the country was lighted all around. Still another boat came booming on. I was happy that more help had come. After an exchange of words with the Columbus, he continued on his way, under full steam. Oh, how my heart sunk within me! The waves created by this boat sent many a poor mortal to his long home. A being, by the name of D———, was the captain of that merciless boat. Long may he be remembered!

My hands were burnt, and I now began to experience severe pain. The scene before me; the loss of my two sisters and brother, whom I had missed in the confusion, all had steeled my heart. I could not weep—I could not sigh. The cries of the babe at my side, were nothing to me.

Again—another explosion! and the waters closed slowly and suddenly over the scene of disaster and death. Darkness resumed her sway, and the stillness was only interrupted by the distant efforts of the Columbus and Statesman, in their laudable exertions to save human life.

I could tell of scenes of horror that would rouse the indignation of a stone; but I have done. As to myself, I could tell you much to excite your interest. It was more than three weeks after the occurrence, before I ever shed a tear. All the fountains of sympathy had been dried up, and my heart was as the stone. As I lay on my bed, the 24th day after, tears, salt tears, came to my relief, and I felt the loss of my sisters and brother more deeply than ever. Peace be to their spirits: they found a watery grave.

In the course of all human events, scenes of misery will occur. But where they arise from sheer carelessness, it requires more than Christian fortitude to forgive the being who is in fault

GENERAL ARNOLD AND THE SPY.

BY THE LATE S. ADAMS.

I ENLISTED in the revolutionary army at about the age of eighteen, in the early part of the contest, and was placed under the command of Benedict Arnold. It was the most gloomy period of the revolution, when Gen. Washington, with his remnant of an army, was retreating through the Jerseys, while Sir Henry Clinton was in possession of New York, and Burgoyne of Ticonderoga. The British commander had formed a plan of establishing a line of fortifications from Lake George to New York, for the purpose of cutting off the communication between the rebels of the east and the south. A detachment of about one thousand British and tories, under St. Leger, was sent from Ticonderoga to carry this plan into effect, who, in conformity with the true British policy of the period, were reinforced by about the same number of Indians, his majesty's faithful allies. It became an object of the utmost importance to intercept this detachment, and break up the communi cation. The work was assigned by Washington to Arnold; but he could spare for this important service no more than about seven hundred men. I was in this detachment. One evening, after a tedious march, we took up our quarters in a little farming village, and shortly after the halt, a notorious spy was brought into camp. His name was Cuyler, a tory and a cowboy, in the employment of St. Leger. He was tried by a court martial, and I recollect well that the famous General Hull, of Canada memory, then a major, was on the court martial. Proof was abundant, and he was sentenced to death, and as time was pressing, he was ordered to be executed in the morning. Cuyler was ironed, put in an upper chamber, in the house where Arnold quartered, and I was selected to guard the door. As the prisoner's father lived not far distant, he requested that he might be sent for; and, at early dawn, the old man, his wife, and another son, were introduced into the chamber. The meeting was a most affectionate one. In the midst of their weeping, Arnold

nappened to pass the door, and hearing the lamentation, went in. The aged mother immediately fell at his feet, and begged the life of her son. "He must die in one hour," said Arnold, and left the room. Instead of passing out of the passage, he lingered at the door, and after lingering for a moment, he began to pace backward and forward in the passage way, apparently in deep thought. He again went in, and again the mother entreated. "Is there no way he can be spared? We will make any sacrifice, perform any service, only save my poor boy." Arnold hesitated; on perceiving which, the mother renewed her entreaties, and was seconded by the father and brother. He at length replied, "he can be saved, but the condition is, that he shall proceed immediately to the encampment of St. Leger, and inform him, that General Arnold is coming with an army of four thousand men, &c., prepared to give immediate battle."

The prisoner professed the most cordial acquiescence. "But, you rascal," said Arnold, "I shall not trust you. If you brother will consent to remain an hostage, you may go; but, mark me, (he continued, with a tremendous oath,) if your report does not send St. Leger upon his back track, your brother's life is forfeited." All acquiesced in this, but the brother, who demurred at the conditions, distrusting, perhaps, the fidelity of the spy, as well as his skill in framing a report that should produce the desired effect. The entreaties of the mother prevailed here also, and her ingenuity aided the spy in framing the story. Arnold, perceiving that the matter was arranged, left the room. He had eyed me during the scene, as I stood looking in at the half opened door, and as he passed me, only remarked, "you know your duty." The father and mother retired. In a few moments an officer came and transferred the irons from one to the other of the brothers, and both were left in the room. A movement among the men below, convinced me that arrangements were making to clear the coast. An old woman brought a knapsack, and placed it beside the door of the prison room, and presently put into it a slice of fat pork, and about half a loaf of bread. I then retired into a nook, yet so that I could see what was going on. Cuyler presently shouldered the knapsack, passed out,

and, after dodging from the corn-house to the barn, skulked to the woods which were near by.

Arnold was confident in the success of his artifice. He learned from the spy, that St. Leger was in the vicinity of Fort Schuyler; he took up a rapid march, and the next day at noon, we found ourselves in the British encampment. A most curious spectacle here presented itself. The artillery and baggage of the enemy were left scattered in the utmost confusion; not a tent was removed, and the fires were actually smoking under their kettles, which contained an excellent dinner, ready cooked to our hands They had not been gone an hour when we arrived. Our men partook hastily of the viands left by our hospitable foe, gave three cheers, and then sat about clearing up the encampment.

I afterwards learned from Cuyler the particulars of his interview with St. Leger. On his arrival, he immediately repaired to the tent of the commander, with his hat and his coat pierced with bullet holes for the occasion. He found St. Leger surrounded with the officers and Indian chiefs, and proceeded forthwith to deliver his message, telling a horrible tale of his capture and escape; of the bullets which had grazed his check and pierced his coat, and withal that Arnold was coming on like a chafed tiger with a force sufficient to swallow them up. He had not finished his tale, when the Indian chiefs slank away in terror and anger, to convey their tidings to their followers. They had been promised much booty and little fighting and now, with a prospect of bloody fighting and no booty they broke out in open mutiny. The panic spread from the Indians and officers to the common soldiers, and nothing could now restrain them. They made their escape in the most terrified confusion, with barely their arms in their hands.

The above affair, although trivial in itself, when compared with many others, resulted in the most important events, and was one of the first of that train of circumstances which indicated a turn in affairs favorable to the American cause, in the struggle for our independence.

HIGHLAND HONOR.

The field of Culloden, and the scenes of cruelty which followed it, though fatal to the hopes of the Highlanders, who enthusiastically espoused the cause of Charles, yet did not utterly crush their hardy and predatory disposition. The clansmen retired, it is true, to the rocky fastnesses of their secret glens; but still they mourned their cottages burned, and their wives and children massacred at dead of night, or arrested in melancholy flight by death, amidst the snows of winter. Savage heroism was not altogether subdued within them, by calamities calculated to bend less lofty souls to the very dust of subjection. With them the effect was like that produced by attempting to curb the mountain cataract,—they were divided into smaller and less important bodies, and their power was no longer forcible in its native stream; but each individual portion seemed to gain a particular character and consequence of its own, by separation from the main body, where it had been undistinguished and unobserved. It was thus that, lurking in little parties, among pine-clad precipices, in caverns known only to themselves, they now waged a minor warfare—that which had the plundering of cattle for its object. But let us not look upon those men, driven as it were to desperation, as we do upon the wretched cow-stealers of the present day. That which is now considered as one of the basest of crimes, was then, in the eyes of the mountaineer, rather an honorable and chivalrous profession. Nothing was then more creditable than to be the leader of a daring band, to sweep the low country of its live stock, and, above all, it was conceived to be perfectly fair to drive "Morayland where every gentleman had a right to take his prey."

It was about this period, and, though it may surprise many, it was not much more than fifty years ago, that Mr. R., a gentleman of the low country of Moray, was awakened early in a morning by the unpleasing intelligence of the Highlanders having carried off the whole of his cattle from a distant hill, grazing in Brae Moray, a few miles above the junction of the rapid rivers Findhorn and Levie,

and between both. He was an active man, so that, after a few questions put to the breathless messenger, he lost not a moment in summoning and arming several servants: and, instead of taking the way to his farm, he struck at once across the country, in order to get as speedily as possible to a point, where the rocks and woods, hanging over the deep bed of the Findhorn, first begin to be crowned by steep and lofty mountains, receding in long and misty perspective. This was the grand pass into the boundless waste frequented by the robbers; and here Mr. R. forded the river to its southern bank, and took his stand with his little party, well aware, that if he could not intercept his cattle here, he might abandon all further search after them.

The spot chosen for the ambuscade was a beautiful range of scenery, known by the name of the Streens. So deep is the hollow, in many places, that some of the little cottages, with which its bottom is here and there sprinkled, have Gaelic appellations, implying, *that they never see the sun.* There were no houses near them; but the party lay concealed amongst some huge fragments of rocks, shivered by the wedging ice of the previous winter, from the summit of a lofty crag, that hung half across the narrow holm where they stood. A little way further down the river, the passage was contracted to a rude and scrambling footpath, and behind them the glen was equally confined. Both extremities of the small amphitheatre were shaded by almost impenetrable thickets of birch, hazel, alder, and holly, whilst a few wild pines found a scanty subsistence for their roots, in midway air, on the face of the crags, and were twisted and writhed, for lack of nourishment, into a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms. The serene sun of a beautiful summer's day was declining, and half the narrow haugh was in broad and deep shadow, beautifully contrasted by the brilliant, golden light that fell on the wooded bank on the other side of the river

Such was the scene where Mr. R. posted his party; and they had not waited long, listening in the silence of the evening, when they heard the distant lowing of the cattle, and the wild shouts of the reavers, re-echoed as they approached by the surrounding rocks. The sound

came nearer and nearer; and, at last, the crashing of the boughs announced the appearance of the more advanced part of the drove, and the animals began to issue slowly from the tangled wood, or to rush violently forth, as the blows or shouts of the drivers were more or less impetuous. As they came out, they collected themselves into a group, and stood bellowing as if unwilling to proceed further. In the rear of the last of the herd, Mr. R. saw, bursting singly from different parts of the brake, a party of fourteen Highlanders, all in the full costume of the mountains, and armed with dirks, pistols, and claymores, and two or three of them carrying antique fowling-pieces. Mr. R's party consisted of not more than ten or eleven; but, telling them to be firm, he drew them forth from their ambuscade, and ranged them on the green turf. With some exclamations of surprise, the robbers, at the shrill whistle of their leader, rushed forward, and ranged themselves in front of their spoil. Mr. R. and his party stood their ground with determination, whilst the robbers appeared to hold a council of war. At last their chief, a little, athletic man, with long red hair curling over his shoulders, and with a pale and thin, but acute visage, advanced a little way beyond the rest. "Mr. R.," said he, in a loud voice, and speaking good English, though in a Highland accent, "are you for peace or war? If for war, look to yourself; if for peace and treaty, order your men to stand fast, and advance to meet me." "I will treat," replied Mr. R.; "but can I trust to your keeping faith?" "Trust to the honor of a gentleman!" rejoined the other, with an imperious air. The respective parties were ordered to stand their ground, and the two leaders advanced about seventy or eighty paces each, towards the middle of the space, with their loaded guns cocked, and presented at each other. A certain sum was demanded for the restitution of the cattle: Mr. R. had not so much about him, but he offered to give what money he had in his pocket, being a few pounds short of what the robber had asked. The bargain was concluded,—the money paid,—the guns uncocked and shouldered,—and the two parties advanced to meet each other in perfect harmony. "And now," said the leader of the band, "you must look at your beast, to see that none of

them be wanting." Mr. R. did so. "They are all here," said he, "but one small dun quey." "Make yourself easy about her," replied the other, "she shall be in your pasture before daylight to-morrow morning." The treaty being thus concluded, the robbers proceeded up the glen, and were soon hid beneath its thick foliage; whilst Mr. R's people took charge of the cattle, and began to drive them homewards. The reaver was as good as his word; the next morning the dun quey was seen grazing with the herd. Nobody knew how she came there; but her jaded and draggled appearance bespoke the length and nature of the night journey she had performed.

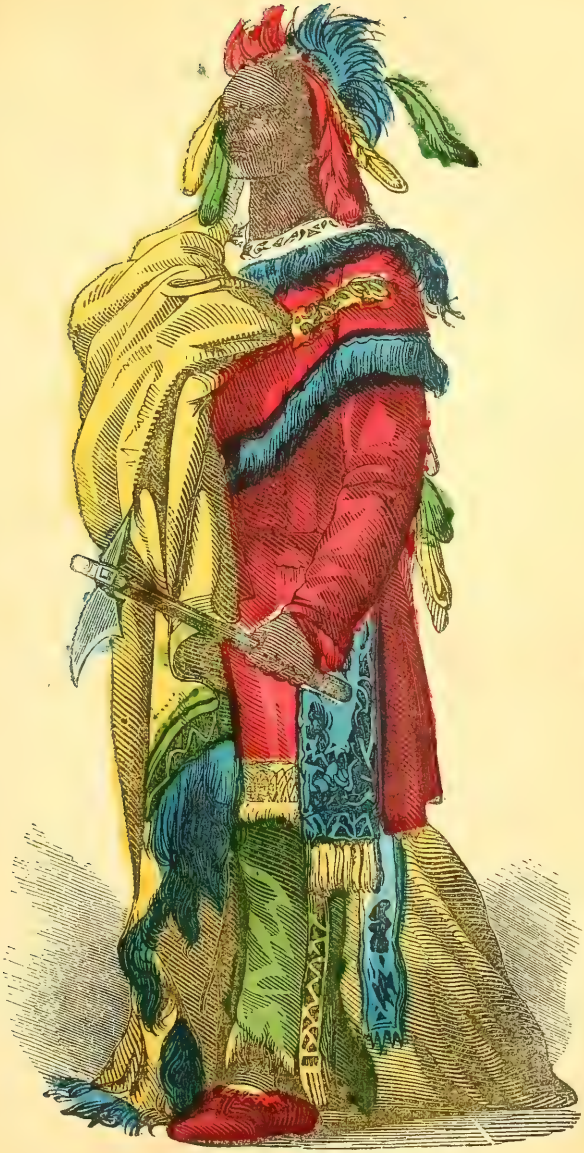
ONE WHITE MAN TO TWO INDIANS.

David Morgan, a relative of the celebrated General Daniel Morgan, settled upon the Monongahela river, during the early part of the revolutionary war, and ventured to occupy a cabin at the distance of several miles from any settlement. One morning, having sent his younger children out to his field, at a considerable distance from the cabin, he became uneasy about them, and repaired to the field, armed as usual, with his rifle, where he found them. While sitting on the fence, giving them some directions concerning the work, he observed two Indians upon the other side of the field, gazing earnestly upon himself and the children. He instantly called to the latter to run home, while he covered their retreat. The Indians had the decided advantage over Mr. Morgan, not only as two to one, but he was about seventy years of age, and of course, unable to contend with his enemy in running. The cabin was more than a mile distant; but the children, having upwards of two hundred yards the start, and being effectually covered by their father, they were soon so far in front, that the Indians turned their attention entirely to Morgan himself. The old man ran for several hundred yards with an activity which astonished himself. But perceiving that he would be overtaken long before he could

reach the cabin, he fairly turned at bay with the enemy and prepared for a serious resistance.

The woods, through which they were running, were very thinly covered with small saplings, behind which it was impossible to obtain shelter. Among them, standing like a patriarch, was a large black-jack, which Morgan, after passing about ten steps, determined to regain. The Indians were startled at his sudden advance towards them, and halted among the saplings, behind which, they strove to shelter themselves. This, however, was impossible; and Morgan, who was an excellent marksman, saw enough of the body of one to justify a shot. He took deliberate aim, pulled the trigger, and the Indian fell, mortally wounded.

The other Indian, taking advantage of Morgan's empty gun, sprang from his shelter, and advanced rapidly upon him. The old man, having no time to re-load, was compelled to fly a second time; but being almost exhausted the Indian gained rapidly upon him, and when within twenty yards, fired, but without effect, the ball passing through his coat collar. He now thought of equal rights, and again stood at bay, drawing his rifle to make a blow, while the Indian, dropping his empty gun, advanced rapidly, brandishing his tomahawk. The combatants met. Both struck at the same time, with effect. Morgan broke the breech of his rifle over the head of the Indian, and the latter cut off two of the old man's fingers with his tomahawk. Both now became disarmed, equal rights still prevailing. The Indian, attempting to draw his knife, Morgan grasped him by the head, and bore him to the ground, on which, a furious struggle ensued. The old man's strength soon failed, and the Indian succeeded in turning him. Planting one knee on the breast of Morgan, and yelling loudly, as is the custom among them on the turn of fortune, he again felt for his knife, in order to terminate the struggle at once. But having lately stolen a woman's apron, and tied it round his waist, his knife was so confined, that he had great difficulty in finding the handle. Morgan, in the meantime, understanding how to play eels in the mud, according to the custom of Virginia, and perfectly at home, when undermost, taking advantage of the



KING PHILIP.

Indian's awkwardness, got one of his fingers between his teeth, and at the same time slipped his thumb into his eye. The latter tugged and roared, struggling to extricate himself, but all in vain.

Morgan, still keeping his hold, by this time, began to assist him in hunting for his knife. Each seized it at the same time, the Indian by the blade, and Morgan by the handle, but with a very slight hold. The Indian began to draw it from the sheath, when Morgan, giving his finger a furious bite, twitched the knife dexterously through his hand, cutting it severely. Both now sprang to their feet Morgan brandishing his knife and holding on to the finger of the Indian. In vain the latter now struggled to get away, braying and ranting like an unbroken jack, when at length the old man succeeded in giving him a stab in the side with the knife. The Indian received it without falling, the knife having struck one of the ribs; but a second blow, aimed at the stomach, proved effectual, and he fell. Morgan thrust the knife, handle and all, into the cavity, directing it upwards to the heart; then walked deliberately to his cabin, with the loss only of two fingers.

DESTRUCTION OF A PIRATE SHIP.

To windward in the east, the deep blue of the sky had begun to be broken by the faintest tinge of light, while before its pale silvery line of gray, the herald of the day's approach, the stars seemed counseling the night to withdraw. In the middle of this dim gleam, I beheld a dark mass uprearing itself. It was the seventy-four in chase of the pirate, on board which Will Watch and I were captured. With the most beautiful effect which it is possible to conceive, a sudden gleam of flame bursting from its base, seemed to spread itself over the whole space of sea and sky; the plunging of a shot about half a mile to windward, and the heavy, sullen sound succeeding, announced that our pursuer had commenced firing. Looking, on the instant, towards the quarter-deck, to see how this summons would be received by Mackay, the captain

of the pirate, I saw him standing by the wheel with upturned eyes, momentarily expecting to see some of his spars go overboard, or it might have been ransacking that receptacle and engenderer of guilty thoughts, his brain, for some new resource against approaching fate. If thus employed, it was in vain. His ship had been beaten on her best point of sailing. For a quarter of an hour after the first gun, no further notice was taken of us, than by her continuing to bear gradually down. At the end of this time, one, two, three successive flashes, again lit up the scene around us, with uncommon grandeur and beauty: nor was that all—the flash was succeeded by a sudden tear, and crack went some of the canvass aloft, rending it into strips. I looked up; a ball had passed through the leach of the weather fore-top-mast-studding-sail, and the wind following up the mischief which the shot had begun, in two seconds reduced the sail to rags. The captain regarded the spectacle with a mingled look of fury and despair, which would beggar all description. He uttered no sound, but stooping down, as I thought, to hide his countenance, he patted the head of his spaniel, which was sitting at his feet; while I heard him say to the helmsman, in a husky voice, "Take that poor creature below, and tie her up out of the way of them devil's messengers," meaning the shots; after which little trait of kindness, he took the steerage into his own hand, and cried out, in a sullen voice, "All hands shorten sail! Aft here, Roberts, and hoist the red ensign."

The studding-sails were now, by his orders, successively taken in, and the top-gallant-sails clewed up, when the ship's canvass being sufficiently reduced, he rounded her to the wind, and hove the main-topsail aback. After this, he called his mate aft, and gave some orders, which the latter executed, by placing several of the crew in different stations. I, in the meanwhile, had been lying *perdu*, as it were, "among the pots," wondering not a little that he had never asked for one, whose existence so strongly threatened his own. The seventy-four, for such as Will had pronounced her she now appeared to be came rapidly up with us; nor since her last summons, had she fired another shot. Before day had well broken, she too had shortened

sail, and hove to, at the distance of six hundred yards, upon our quarter. Having us now pretty safe, she lowered down one of her barges, and manning it, sent a lieutenant and a midshipman to board us. How wildly my heart beat at this sight! my breath seemed to be impeded by my excess of joy, at this approaching deliverance. Scarcely did I permit the lieutenant to ascend from the boat, and gain a footing on the quarter-deck, where the captain was waiting to receive him, when I rushed forward, threw myself between them, and claimed the officer's protection. At this sight of me, Mackay, who before seemed cowed beneath the weight of his own guilt, now became transported with the most deadly rage. Stepping aside, and swinging round his head an iron bar—a monkey-tail which he had hitherto kept behind his back, I suppose, for the demolition of the lieutenant—he struck directly at me. Shrinking myself, however, into as small a space as possible, I darted on one side to escape the blow, which thus fell upon one of Mackay's own "gang," and so effectually was the poor fellow's skull cleft, that he fell instantaneously dead upon the deck. Incensed at this outrage, the lieutenant's sword was in a moment drawn, and pointed at the captain's throat. "Sway away the mainyard," roared Mackay, to his crew, who, it seems, had been ready primed for this occasion, and now surrounded the king's officer so closely, that it was impossible to get at the chief object of his vengeance.

The captain flew to the gangway, where one of his men was opposing the entrance of the barge's bowman; and thrusting at the seaman with all his strength, the blow hurled the poor fellow back into his boat; he at the same time, knocking down two of the boat's crew, who were springing up to their officer's assistance. Under these were thus buried the boat-hooks that had held the barge fast alongside, while the captain's order for swinging the mainyard, having been instantly obeyed, the ship had, in a few seconds, gathered sufficient way, to drop them ten or twenty yards astern, while all their pulling availed them not to regain their former position. No sooner, however, did Will Watch, who was on the weather-gangway, hear the scuffle to leeward, than he sprang to our assistance,

but not until the barge alongside had been detached by the attack of Mackay. The last named personage, looking round for me, encountered Will, face to face. Between these two, a desperate struggle now began. Size was rather in favor of the captain, but youth, strength, and activity were possessed by Will Watch, in a greater degree. The crew, fancying, however, that the latter had met more than his match, seemed to direct all their animosity against the lieutenant, who, most gallantly combating with his sword, the disproportioned host assailing on all sides with every species of weapon, was being slowly borne by his foes to the taffrail, though every backstep he took was followed by a stream of blood. One fellow only, it seems, thought of me, as I lay alone, half-stunned, among the guns, where I had been thrown in the scuffle. Seeing this wretch approach—a drawn claspknife in his hand—I suppose with the kindly purpose of despatching me, I sprang upon one knee, and, as the villain stooped down, drew Will's pistol from my breast, and presenting it at his, fired. Not until I felt myself borne down by his falling body, and weltering in his blood, did I know what I had done. Then it was, I suppose, the dash of the Black Douglas first showed itself in my disposition. Jumping on my feet, I seized the first object that presented itself as a weapon of defense, and looked round to see who should be my next assailant. To my horror, I was just in time to behold the unfortunate lieutenant hurled overboard from our weather-quarter, when the villains who perpetrated this outrage, made a rush in a body towards me. My days are over, thought I, as with all the fortitude I could summon, I awaited my approaching fate. To my utter surprise, I beheld them, one and all, with terror in their countenances, dart down the companion-ladder, to the deck below. Thus left to myself, I endeavored to discover the cause to which I owed my safety, and beheld the seventy-four, her enormous spread of canvass distended by the powerful breeze, tearing across the waves towards us, like some infuriated giant of the deep, now within so short a distance on our quarter, as to form, without any exaggeration, a sight at once terrific and sublime.

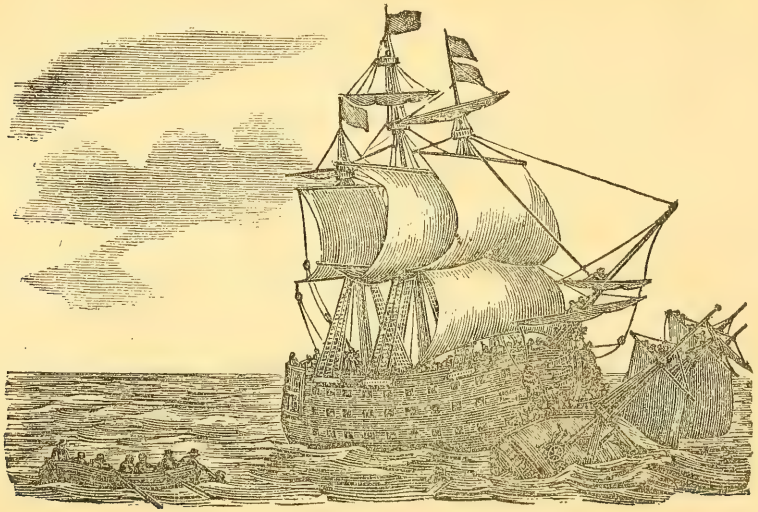
The object of fear from which the pirate's men had fled,

was sufficiently obvious. Swarming on her forecastle, her bowsprit, and fore-shrouds, appeared her grim-visaged crew, their naked cutlasses in their hands, ready to pour upon our devoted decks. "Will Watch!" I shouted, in the utmost despair, believing that he must be lying wounded, or perhaps even dead, near me, and that I alone was on deck. No one answered me, and I, scarcely knowing what I did, or what to do, sprang over to windward, where, the first object that struck my eye, was Will, locked in a death struggle with Mackay. The expression of their countenances was horrible to behold! Their eyes seemed starting from their heads—Will's, as if with the fell intensity of his rage; Mackay's, from the agony of his despair! The activity and strength of Watch, had, as I expected, told well in the encounter with his bulkier opponent, who, with his back bent round upon the steerage wheel, his feet entangled with its ropes, his head jammed in between its spokes, and his face rapidly growing purple from the suffocating grasp which Will maintained upon his throat, seemed like the Bengal tiger in the strangling embrace of the more slight, but deadly boa. "Port your helm!—port—hard-a-port!" shouted a hundred voices from the approaching seventy-four, their hoarse accents of command mingling with the roar of waters, the crashing of spars, and an infinity of other sounds. "Watch! Watch!" I exclaimed, frantically clasping my hands, ignorant of what to do, and unable to withdraw my gaze from the horrid struggle going on before me. Will replied not a word, but scowled upon his foe with eyes that only seemed to regret they had not the power, as fully as the wish, to slay. Without loosening his deadly hold, he looked around for some speedier mode of destruction; then, catching a sight of the approaching line-of-battle ship, something, with the speed of lightning, appeared to flash across his mind, as with one hand he rapidly untied a silk handkerchief from his waist. At this moment, a sudden crash seemed to shiver the vessel into a thousand atoms, and the shock threw me with a violent blow upon the deck. I looked up—the figure-head of the seventy-four was directly over me, her cutwater grinding us into the yeast of waves beneath. "Watch—Will Watch! for mercy's sake!" but

before I could utter another word, some one lifted me in his arms, and springing on the sinking bulwark of our prison-ship, caught hold of one of the man-of-war's ropes, hanging from above, and by this means seated himself upon the protruding muzzle of one of her guns. Frightfully insecure as was such a station, I did indeed feel thankful for attaining even that; and, looking round to see who had thus rescued me, found, to my inexpressible joy, that I was again indebted to my old friend, Will. Panting from the deadly contest in which he had been so recently engaged, he was only able to point to the scene on the deck of our late tyrants below. I shudder even to recall it. Writhing upon the steerage-wheel, to which his neck was bound by Will's silk handkerchief, and struggling in vain to get free—his blackened and distorted face the image of despair and guilt, and his hand uplifted in appeal to those whom he had taught any lesson but that of mercy—I beheld Mackay whirled head downwards, by a sudden movement of his ship's rudder, which left no part of him visible, save his feet, struggling in the air. In the next instant, the seventy-four, like some vindictive and relentless monster of the deep, seemed to ride over the crushed decks of the pirate, with her stem; and while her crew were starting from their hiding-places, with ghastly looks of horror, she disappeared swiftly from our view beneath. A mass of wreck amid the foaming surge—a slight perceptible grating of the keel for a second or two, over the sinking and dissevered hull, was all that seemed to evidence the fact to our senses; and the line-of-battle ship sprang on, upon the blue bosom of each succeeding wave as uninterruptedly as if, within a few brief seconds, she had not despatched so many human beings to their irrevocable doom!

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

The vicinity of the northern provinces of the kingdom of Naples, to the papal territories, and the ease with which malefactors of both countries respectively gain an



DESTRUCTION OF A PIRATE SHIP.

asylum, by passing the frontiers, opened a door to the commission of the most flagitious acts. Conversing one day at Portici, on this subject, with Lady Hamilton, she related to me the following story, which I shall endeavor to give in her words:—About the year 1743, a person of the name of Ogilvie, an Irishman by birth, who practised surgery with great reputation at Rome, and who resided not far from the "Piazza di Spagna," in that city, being in bed, was called up to attend some strangers, who demanded his professional assistance. They stopped before his house in a coach; and on his going to the door, he found two masked men, by whom he was desired to accompany them immediately, as the case which brought them admitted of no delay, and not to omit taking with him his lancets. He complied, and got into the coach; but, no sooner had they quitted the street in which he resided, than they informed him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged; the person to whom they were about to conduct him being a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was indispensable to conceal. To this requisition he likewise submitted; and after driving through a number of streets, apparently with a view to prevent his forming any accurate idea of the part of the city to which he was conducted, the carriage at length stopped. The two gentlemen, his companions, then alighted, and each taking him by the arm, conducted him into a house. Ascending a narrow stair-case, they entered an apartment, where he was released from the bandage tied over his eyes. One of them next acquainted him, that it being necessary to put out of life a lady who had dishonored her family, they had chosen him to perform the office, knowing his professional skill; that he would find her in the adjoining chamber, prepared to submit to her fate; and that he must open her veins with as much expedition as possible; a service, for the execution of which, he should receive a liberal recompense.

Ogilvie, at first, peremptorily refused to commit an act so highly repugnant to his feelings. But the two strangers assured him, with solemn denunciations of vengeance, that his refusal could only prove fatal to himself, without affording the slightest assistance to the object of his compassion;

that her doom was irrevocable, and that, unless he chose to participate in a similar fate, he must submit to execute the office imposed on him. Thus situated, and finding all entreaty or remonstrance vain, he entered the room, where he found a lady of a most interesting figure and appearance, apparently in the bloom of youth. She was habited in a loose undress, and immediately afterwards, a female attendant placed before her a large tub, filled with warm water, in which she immersed her feet. Far from opposing any impediment to the act which she knew he was sent to perform, the lady assured him of her perfect resignation, entreating him to put the sentence passed upon her into execution, with as little delay as possible. She added, that she was well aware no pardon could be hoped for from those who had devoted her to death, which alone could expiate her trespass; felicitating herself that his humanity would abbreviate her sufferings, and soon terminate their duration.

After a short conflict with his own mind, perceiving no means of extrication or escape, either for the lady or himself; being moreover urged to expedite his work by the two persons without, who, impatient at his reluctance, threatened to exercise violence on him, if he procrastinated, Ogilvie took out his lancet, opened her veins, and bled her to death in a short time. The gentlemen having carefully examined the body, in order to ascertain that she was no more, after expressing their satisfaction, offered him a purse of zechins, as a remuneration; but he declined all recompense, only requesting to be conveyed from a scene on which he could not reflect without horror. With this entreaty they complied; and having again applied the bandage to his eyes, they led him down the same staircase to the carriage. But, it being narrow, in descending, he contrived to leave on one or both of the walls, unperceived by his conductors, the marks of his fingers, which were stained with blood. After observing precautions similar to those used in bringing him thither from his own house he was conducted home; and, in parting, the two masks charged him, if he valued his life, never to divulge, and if possible, never to think of the past transaction. They added, that if he should embrace any measures with a

view to render it public, or to set on foot an inquiry into it, he should be infallibly immolated to their revenge. Having finally dismissed him at his own door, they drove off, leaving him to his own reflections.

On the subsequent morning, after great irresolution, he determined, at whatever risk to his personal safety, not to participate by concealing so enormous a crime. It formed, nevertheless, a delicate and difficult undertaking to substantiate the charge, as he remained altogether ignorant of the place to which he had been carried, or of the name and quality of the lady whom he had deprived of life Without suffering himself, however, to be deterred by these considerations, he waited on the secretary of the apostolic chamber, and acquainted him with every particular; adding, that if the government would extend to him protection, he did not despair of finding the house, and of bringing to light the perpetrators of the deed. Benedict XIV., [Lambertini,] who then occupied the papal chair, had no sooner received the information than he immediately commenced the most active measures for discovering the offenders.

A guard of the sbirri, or officers of justice, was appointed by his order to accompany Ogilvie; who, judging from various circumstances, that he had been conveyed out of the city of Rome, began by visiting the villas scattered without the walls of that metropolis. His search proved ultimately successful. In the villa Papa Julie, constructed by Pope Julius III., [*del monte*,] he found the bloody marks left on the wall by his fingers, at the same time that he recognized the apartment in which he had put to death the lady. The palace belonged to the Duke de Bracciano, the chief of which illustrious family, and his brother, had committed the murder on the person of their own sister! They no sooner found that it was discovered, than they fled to the city of London, where they eluded the pursuit of justice. After remaining there for some time, they obtained a pardon, by the exertions of their powerful friends, on payment of a considerable fine to the apostolic chamber, and under the further condition of affixing over the chimney-piece of the room where the crime had been perpetrated, a plate of copper, commemorating the transac-

tion, and their penitence. This plate, together with the inscription, still continued to exist there, till within these few years.

RETRIBUTION.

During the revolution, which conferred the blessings of independence upon the once flourishing, but oppressed colonies of Great Britain, many outrages were committed on the defenseless inhabitants of our country, against all the laws of humanity and civilization. Among such we may number the subject of the present sketch. It is one which is revolting to every tender feeling of the breast, but which shows that ingratitude does not always fail of meeting the vengeance due to a crime so dark.

On a bleak and tempestuous night, a lone widow and her son were seated at the cottage fireside, the former busily employed in knitting stockings, to provide against the piercing cold of the approaching winter. From beneath a neat, yet plain and homely cap, her gray locks fell, tinged with the sorrows and the snows of more than sixty winters; her dress was formed of the coarsest materials, but the tidy manner of its adjustment indicated the strict economist, and the careful housewife.

The son appeared to be about eighteen years of age. His form gave evidence of a robust and active constitution; the ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye, and the benignant cast of his countenance, told the character of his heart. Ardently devoted to his only remaining parent, each look from her was a command, and every expression was watched with a desire to promote her comfort. In short, he was the staff which supported her in her desolate and toilsome journey down the vale of years.

Sitting by the fireside, she conversed with her son, and thanked heaven, that although poverty was their lot, still they had honesty and loyalty to sweeten it. They were startled by a loud knocking at the door, and, at the hospitable welcome of "Enter, in God's name," a dragoon, clad in the livery of England, entered the lowly cot, followed

by a dozen more, in the same dress. They were a party detached from the main body of British, to intercept some provisions which were on their way to the American camp. But their search had proved unsuccessful; and, during the whole day, they had not tasted a morsel of any thing. Hungry, fatigued, and irritated at their ill success, they had come upon the widow's house, determined to procure something to satisfy their appetites. Sergeant Holsey (for that was the name of their leader) presented an exterior which seemed to have borne the brunt of many a hard contest. His visage was seamed with scars, and a large pair of black whiskers added a ferocity to his appearance, which was sufficiently terrific by nature. "Rouse up, old crone," he cried, addressing the widow, "and give me and my men wherewithal to appease our hunger. Here, younker, let our horses have some hay, and see that you rub them down well." The dame was nothing daunted by this incivility, but directing her son William to supply the strangers with Indian corn, she placed before them a dish of new milk; at the same time assuring them, that it was all her stock. The captain of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, "how she lived?" "Indeed," quoth she, "the cow and a few hills of corn, are all I own." He rose, ordered the cow to be killed, and the corn to be cut down.

The good dame threw herself at his feet, and besought him, for the sake of the mother that bore him, not to deprive her of her all, but take some mercy on her infirmities. But she might as well have appealed to the surrounding rocks, as to the hard heart of Holsey. He but frowned sternly, and repeated his order.

It was impossible for filial affection any longer to endure this scene of cruelty; and standing up to the source of their woe, his face flushed with anger, and his eye darting fire, William thus addressed him:—"Does the king we honor and serve, permit such cruelties to be inflicted on his peaceable subjects? and are such monsters, with impunity, allowed to visit and plunder the honest citizens of these colonies? Mark my words. The day *may* come when the blood of your innocent victim, whom you have hurried to an untimely grave, shall return upon your head, with tenfold vengeance." The soldier listened contemptu-

ously during this harangue; then, without noticing it further than by a slight exclamation, he ordered his troop to remount. And soon the retiring sounds of the horses' feet, told the family that their persecutors had left them.

But the cup of their misery was not yet full; in a few days, the widow was consigned to the dust, dying of a broken heart: and the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away beyond the inquiring of friends or the search of compassion.

Years rolled on; and in that time great changes had taken place with regard to our young hero. The desire of revenge still burnt in his bosom, and, as a more certain mode of discovering the enemy of his peace, he enlisted under the banner of England. All attempts to trace him were, however, in vain; still the desire was not diminished. But vengeance was yet to come; that fire which slept within him, was yet to have fuel to be consumed before its power. He was one day in company with some brother officers, who were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits. "I," cried one of the dragoons, "once starved an old witch in America; I killed her cow, and reaped her corn, and soon after I heard that she had gone off herself."

"I thank you," cried William, his lips quivering, his voice faltering, and his whole frame trembling with rage. "Believe me, it is the only happy moment I have known for years. Draw! villain; *that woman was my mother!* Draw! ere I send thy dastard soul to the torments it so justly merits. I only live to meet thee; that fondest wish is accomplished, now, welcome death." They fought, and the sword of the young man passed twice through the body of the dragoon; he fell heavily to the ground, and expired. "Thus," cried William, as he gazed on the bloody corpse of his enemy, "thus may the retribution of Heaven ever fall on such as thou."

EXECUTION IN THE HAREM.

"When I saw her, she was sitting, in her fine clothes, on a dirty mat, in a corner of the room in which she had been confined. She did not weep, and there was no expression of deep anguish in her countenance; neither could I say that it betrayed any signs of fear. Her large, dark, hazel eyes, (what things I have seen rolling about in them!) were fixed on the opposite corner of the apartment. She was pale, and some disorder of her hair, and of her dress, showed that she had suffered violence, and told that she was a prisoner. You might have taken her for a pensive lunatic, or for an imprudent girl, who had been detected in forbidden company; but never would you have guessed that she was a prisoner for murder. So much calmness with her dejection. How softly her long black eyelashes seemed to repose on her fair cheek, as she sat with her eyes half closed! How delicate, and downy, and smooth, the pale cheek on which those eyelashes rested—how beautiful the whole countenance—how fine the expression—with much in it of pride, and more of gentleness! Can it be that such a creature is a murderer? I fear—I fear it is too true. What lovely skins some snakes are allowed to wear!" My companion ceased; and as we approached the room in which she was confined, I perceived some commotion about the door, and heard the sound of harsh voices. As I crossed the threshold of the ante-room, a shrill scream pierced me through, and made my heart flutter with agitation. Still I joined the execrations which were poured upon the prisoner. Before I had yet got within sight of her, (for the crowd was considerable,) I could hear a low, indistinct, suppressed moaning. Pushing forward a little further, I saw two men bending over the culprit, who lay prostrate on the floor. One of them held firmly, with his left hand, the ear of the wretched girl, and in his right, brandished a large knife, which, from time to time, he applied to her ear, or to her throat, to extort from her answers to the questions he had put to her. One of his knees was planted on her tender neck, and, ever and anon, he threw his whole weight upon it, till I

thought it must have broken under him. I shut my eyes in disgust at a spectacle so revolting; but scarcely had done so, when another scream forced me to open them. The first thing that met my sight was her delicate white ear, now sprinkled with blood, which the merciless man had severed from her head, and held up in triumph, with a fearful smile of self-complacency. I looked down, and saw the horrible wound, the blood pouring from it down her neck, and over her cheek and long locks. The mangled head was still pressed down by the knee of the executioner; and though I could not see her face, there was an expression of even more dreadful import at such a time, in the convulsive movements of her frame.

They deliberately rolled her over on the other side Her hair was hanging loose, and her countenance was so covered with it and with her blood, that I could distinguish nothing of her features; but the struggling, suffocating oppression of her breathing, was unendurable. Some tried to keep up their ferocity by ejaculations of the coarsest kind, but few joined them; and I could hear the shortened breathing of every one around me.

The knife was again brandished. Many questions were put, but no reply was given. "Are you so obstinate?" demanded the executioner; "are you determined to answer none of my questions? Then Bishmillaul Rackhman ul Raheem:" (In the name of God, the most merciful, the most benevolent;) and as he uttered the words, a single stroke of his knife separated the other ear from her head; but no scream, no moan followed; no struggle could be perceived. Some said she was dead, some that she had fainted; I hoped the first was true, but I was mistaken. Slowly she began to revive, and her hair had been removed from her face, and a cup of water thrown over it; they raised her up, and she sat, for a time, bewildered; at length a checked respiration marked the return of consciousness. I saw it, and felt, at that instant, a pang which I had never felt before.

I knew that the sentence which had been passed upon her had not yet been fulfilled, and that she had yet much to suffer, before she was led to end the last scene of her existence. She knew it, too, and my heart bled for her

though I tried to fortify it by painting to myself her crime and her depravity, in the most revolting and irritating point of view; but it would not do,—and I felt, that had the power been in my hands, her punishment would now have ended; I felt, too, the wisdom of the ancient custom, according to which, all offenders should receive their punishment in the presence of the judge who has condemned them to suffer it, whether he be king or governor, and lamented that in this instance it had been set aside; for I knew that the Shah had a merciful heart, more merciful than any prince who had ever sat on the throne of Persia, though his servants, alas! had no pity in their bosoms.

They returned to their work—one of them thrust his knife between her teeth, and forced open her jaws; she tried to struggle, but she was faint and weak, and even had she not been so, any resistance she could have made would equally have been in vain. Her mouth was forced open, and then they fixed an iron hook in her tongue, and drew it out—her bosom heaved as if it would have burst, a cold sweat stood upon her brow, her eyes glared wildly, and she uttered an agonizing cry, like the laugh of a maniac—it was but an instant, and then, that portion of her tongue which protruded, was cut off, and hung, like a bit of cold, raw flesh, upon the hook.

Her tortures were now over, for a while, and I felt relieved: but when she asked for water, the hollow mumbling which issued from the bloody, empty cavern of her mouth, was to me more heart-rending than all I had seen her endure.

With a composure which calmed us all, she washed her own wounds and her hair, and hastily arranged her disordered dress; then returned to the mat on which I had seen her seated in the morning. Her countenance gradually resumed the expression it had then borne, and, as the handkerchief, which she threw over her head, covered her wounds, you could have discovered nothing but the blood upon the floor, by which to guess what had happened.

I returned home, exhausted with the excitement, and with the heat and pressure of the crowd, and related to my family, with an air of indifference, and even of triumph, the punishment of the wretch who had poisoned her mis-

tress. My women lavished upon her every opprobrious epithet they could think of, and almost provoked me to say something in her behalf; but I thought it more prudent to dwell on the horrors of the punishment, which, whatever might have been the feelings of my listeners, extracted nothing but assurances that it was well merited—assurances which I could not help suspecting, were intended rather to screen themselves from suspicion, than to express what was in their hearts.

I had been obliged, in a great measure against my will, to witness the horrors of the preceding evening; and it now seemed probable that I should be forced, in the same way, to be present at the execution this morning. * * * The certainty of being obliged to witness the execution, now appeared to me to be a much smaller evil than I had at first considered it, and my whole attention was directed to preserving myself from being thrown down and trampled to death by the crowd which carried me along with it.

We had not, however, far to go; for, as every body knows, the place of execution is not twenty paces from the gate of the ark. When we halted, I found myself enclosed in a dense ring of spectators, in the midst of which stood a great brass mortar, raised on a mound of earth, and, beside it, stuck in the ground, was a linstock with a lighted match. The nussukchees ranged themselves on each side of this horrible engine; and it was not without some difficulty that I succeeded in gaining a position which appeared to me to secure me from the danger attending the explosion, and its consequences, when it should take place. Having taken my station, I began to look around me, and saw the officers of justice still pouring into the circle, which was widened for their reception, by dint of blows. After them, or rather between two of them, came the prisoner. She was enveloped, from head to foot, in a black robe, which also covered her face. Her step was firm, and her carriage stately. She frequently spoke a few words to an eunuch, who accompanied her; but the noise was so great, that I could hear nothing of their discourse. As she approached, the spectators became more quiet: and when she had reached the mortar, not a sound was to be heard. Taking advantage of the silence, she

spoke aloud, with a distinctness and composure that astonished every one, and made her words intelligible to all.*

"I am a tool," she said, "and suffer for a crime which was not originated by me. I have been deceived, but I have sworn to be secret, and I scorn to betray my friends. Tell the whole harem, that tortures have extracted from me no confessions, and that the near approach of death, in its most appalling form, has not shaken my soul.

"I know that they, whose characters I have preserved at the price of my life, are, at this moment, longing for the sound which will announce that I am no more, and trembling lest I should redeem my life by sacrificing theirs It is no matter. They will know better what I was, when all is over.

"Tell the king that, had he used me more gently, I might have been induced to warn him of dangers from which he cannot now protect himself. But I thank him for his cruelty. Had he left me a life better worth preserving, I might have been tempted to redeem it, even by betraying my accomplices; but he has taken from me the wish to live, and, king as he is, he cannot now tempt me to be false."

The officer, perceiving that her wild address made some impression upon the multitude, here interrupted her She made no attempt to proceed, but resigned herself into their hands. They led her in front of the mortar, and yet her step never faltered—neither did she speak or implore, as it is common for even men to do in her situation; neither did she curse, as some do—neither did she weep. They told her to kneel down, with her breast against the muzzle,

* This statement, made even by so respectable a person as the Meerza, is somewhat startling. We can scarcely, in this country, imagine a lady whose tongue had been cut out in the evening, addressing a crowd the next morning, with an articulation which made her quite intelligible. Yet there can be no doubt that this woman actually did so.

Instances of persons speaking intelligibly, whose tongues have been cut out, are numerous in Persia. It is singular enough, that those who have lost only the tip of the tongue, are often unable to make themselves understood, while those who have lost a much larger portion, speak almost distinctly. This circumstance is so well known, that a second amputation of a tongue, which has been sparingly dealt with by the executioner, is often resorted to.

and she did so. They put cords around her wrists, and bound them to stakes which had been driven for tnat purpose—still she showed no signs of emotion—she laid her head upon the mortar, and waited her fate with a composure, which a soldier might have envied. At length, the signal was given—the match was raised—it descended slowly—and, at the moment when it was about to touch the powder, an audible shudder ran through the crowd. The priming caught fire—a moment of sickening suspense followed—a groan burst from the spectators—the smoke passed away—no explosion followed—and the unfortunate wretch raised her head, to see what had happened.

A faint hope glimmered in my own heart that this was, perhaps, a device to save her life ; but it was not permitted to live long. It had scarcely began to rise within me, when I saw the priming renewed, and the match raised again. The condemned wretch laid her head once more on its hard pillow, and uttered a low groan, as if her spirit had parted. It had scarcely been uttered, when the explosion took place, and the smoke covered every thing from my view. As it gradually cleared away, it drew a veil from over a horrid and revolting spectacle. The two bodiless arms hung, with their mangled and blackened ends, from the stakes to which they had been bound ; and a few yards distant lay a scorched and shattered foot and leg. No trace of body or of head remained, and a few tattered remnants of clothes were all besides that were left.

The arms were unbound from the stakes, and two women, who had issued from the ark at the sound of the explosion, rushed to the spot, seized them, and, concealing them under their veils, hurried to the harem, with these proofs that the demands of justice had been fulfilled.

THE PANTHER HUNTER

On the banks of the beautiful Susquehannah, lived, some years ago, an individual whose life had been devoted to the woods and the storm. He had grown old in the forest,

but like the aged and knotty oak, a vestige still remained of his antiquity and hardihood. When I saw him first, he reminded me of a dilapidated and deserted fortress decaying, but still strong. I courted his acquaintance, and many is the time that I have warmed myself, during the dreary months, at the bright fire the industry of age had kindled. I loved the old man, but that love could not have originated in pity for his misfortunes—no, he was happy as spring birds! The only regret he ever expressed was, that the "*clearings*" around, had driven away the game. He was himself a pioneer of the forest, and civilization had deprived him of half its charms, yet he would tell over the tales of his eventful life, and weep and laugh as he recollected them. "Oh," said he once to me, "I have seen the foot-prints of the Indian and the panther, where now the fields are white with harvest; they have passed away with the wildness, and my own gray head will soon lie down in dust. I must not murmur—yet I shall be the last who has witnessed nature on this spot, in her simple and solitary grandeur; but if I could once again exhibit a panther-skin, as the trophy of my age, I could even forget that." * * * * * * * *

The day was fast waning away, and the shades of the surrounding trees enveloped the watchful hunter, as he paced the margin of an almost inaccessible ravine, eager to discover his prey; but the panther appeared not, and he began to fear he had been doomed to watch in vain. At length, he leaned his rifle against a tree, and commenced partaking a scanty repast he had provided; all was still around him—his dog lay quietly by his rifle—a few yards beyond him the clear and sparkling waters of the West Branch might be seen meandering in loveliness, beneath the craggy bank or precipice, lifting itself towards the skies, more than a hundred feet. Thitherward the hunter strayed, looking upon the stream and valley below, crimsoned by the setting sun, while thoughts of other days chased one another across his brain, as summer clouds cast their flickering shadows over a harvest field. He was aroused from his lethargy by a rustling in the shrubbery near him, and turning, he beheld a panther cross his path. He shuddered, for his rifle still leaned against the tree, where he left

it, and the panther was between him and that tree. "Oh God," he cried, "be thou merciful to me." The animal seemed to have observed him, and springing into the tree with a growl, now surveyed the horror-stricken hunter, while his fierce and fiery gaze made him recoil to the very brink of the precipice. He cast his eyes over the abyss—there was no retreat—death stared him in the face on either side, and he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair. Yet there might he hope—he held his knife in one hand, whilst, unconscious of what he did, he firmly grasped a small sapling with the other; his dog, however instead of relieving his fears, only excited them, irritating his foe by an angry bark, as it lay crouched upon the limb like a cat, ready to spring upon her prey; but still his spring was delayed, as if it felt conscious that its prey was sure, and a pleasure in holding its victim in terrific suspense. At length, ripping up the bark with a ferocious and quick growl, it drew its recumbent length together, then suddenly expanding itself, sprang through the air towards its victim. The hunter, who had eagerly watched its motions, with a shriek of horror sprang aside, but fortunately held to the sapling with an almost convulsive grasp. The sharp claws of the animal fixed in his clothing, and seemed nigh to have carried him headlong with it over the dread abyss—for a moment, it seemed that the panther would recover its footing, but with an intuitive presence of mind, the old man ripped asunder his clothing, and it fell from crag to crag, marking the sharp projection of the rocks with its blood, till the welcome sound of its fall to the earth, struck on his ears, as joyfully as the sound of liberty to the captive. He rushed forward to his rifle, fearful, perhaps, that life was not extinct in his enemy. Soon, however, the contents of his piece were lodged in the head of his foe, while a prayer went up to heaven from his lips, in gratitude for his preservation. The hunter exhibited his trophy, but the terror and toil had been too great—he expired in a short time after.

FEMALE HEROISM EXEMPLIFIED.

The female character, when life passes smooth and tranquil, appears to be made of tenderness and dependence. It shrinks from the gaze of the rude, and recoils from the slightest touch of the impudent. But however it may appeal to these circumstances, certain it is, when dangers impend, traits of heroism and intrepidity dart on amid this tenderness and dependence, like lightning from the soft fleecy clouds of a summer's evening. So, when we stand by the ocean's side, and view its smooth and tranquil bosom, we little suspect the energy of its waves, when lashed into fury by the winds! The following fact confirms these remarks:

In the year 1750, Henry and Emily, a new married pair, and children of wealthy parents, in Boston, left their paternal abode, determined to effect a permanent settlement at a place called Dedham, Mass. Emily had been brought up in the midst of affluence, and was unacquainted with distress and poverty, only in the abstract. Her character was made of all those qualities which we most admire in her sex; but no one would have suspected the presence of those which her subsequent life so abundantly evinced.

After the lapse of five years, their house and farm presented the appearance of neatness and comfort; except being sometimes startled from their midnight slumbers, by the yell of the savage, or the howl of the wolf, they had themselves suffered no molestation. The prospect from the house was bounded on all sides by the forest, except in one direction, where there was a deep valley, from which the wood had been cleared, to open a communication with the adjoining town. The rays of the setting sun, shooting almost horizontally into the valley, enabled the eye to reach a great distance, and formed a great contrast to the deep gloom which bounded both sides of the way. It was through this opening that Henry might frequently be seen, at the close of the day, returning from labor in a distant field. It was here, too, that the eye of affection and hope, first caught a view of a beloved object.

One evening, at the end of June, Henry was seen about

half way up the valley, on his return home. At this instant, a tall, stout Indian, leaped upon the unprotected and unsuspicious Henry, and appeared to be taking his scalp. The forest around, rang with savage yells, and four Indians were soon bounding over the fields towards the house. In an instant, the tender and depending Emily, was transformed into the bold and intrepid heroine. She deliberately fastened the doors, removed her two sleeping children into the cellar, and with her husband's rifle, stationed herself at the window, facing the Indians. The foremost Indian had just disappeared behind a small hillock; but as he rose to view, he fell in the grasp of death. She hastily re-loaded, and anxiously awaited the approach of the three remaining Indians, who appeared to be exhausted with running. Two of them met a fate similar to that of their companion; but the third succeeded in reaching the door and commenced cutting it down with his hatchet. Our heroine, with admirable presence of mind, recollecting that she had a kettle of boiling water above the stairs, took it and poured the same down on this son of the forest, who that instant looking up, received the whole contents in his face and eyes. Blinded, scalded by the water, and rendered desperate by being thus outwitted by a woman, (which, of all things, a savage abhors,) he ran furiously round the corner of the house, and stumbled into a deep well.

Freed from the immediate personal danger, she became anxious to know the fate of her husband. On looking toward the spot where he had been seized by the Indian, she beheld him, not only alive, but struggling with fearful odds against his foe, both covered with blood. She immediately ran to his relief, and, unperceived, deliberately despatched a ball through the head of his adversary. On the discharge of her gun, both fell, the one in the convulsions of death, the other by exhaustion; the one restored to his mother earth, the other restored to the arms of an affectionate, and truly heroic wife.

FEMALE HEROISM.

LOSS OF THE MEXICO.

The barque Mexico, Capt. Winslow, sailed from Liverpool on the 25th of October, having on board, a crew, consisting of twelve men, and one hundred and four passengers. She made the Highland Lights on Saturday night, at 11 o'clock: on Sunday morning, she was off the bar, with forty or more square-rigged vessels—all having signals flying for pilots, but not a pilot was there in sight. The Mexico continued standing off and on the Hook, till midnight; and at dark, she, and the whole fleet of ships, displayed lanterns from their yards, for pilots. Still, no pilot came. At midnight, the wind increased to a violent gale from the northwest; the barque was no longer able to hold to windward, and was blown off, a distance of some fifty miles. At this time, six of the crew were badly frost-bitten, and the captain, mate, and two seamen, were all that were left able to hand and reef the sails. On Monday morning, at eleven o'clock, standing in shore, they made the southern end of the woodlands, when she was wore round, and headed to the north, under a close-reefed main-topsail, reefed foresail, two reefed trysail, and forestay-sail. At four o'clock the next morning, the mate took a cast of the lead, and reported to Capt. Winslow that he had fifteen fathoms water. Supposing from the soundings, as laid down in the chart, that with this depth of water, he could stand on two hours longer with safety, the captain gave orders to that effect, and was the more induced to do it, as the crew were in so disabled a state and the weather so intensely cold, that it was impossible for any one to remain on deck longer than half an hour at a time. The event has shown, that the information given by the mate, as to the depth of water, was incorrect: his error probably arose from the lead-line being frozen stiff, at the time it was cast.

Fifteen minutes afterwards, the ship struck the bottom, twenty-six miles east of Sandy Hook, at Hempstead Beach, and not more than a cable's length from the shore. The scene that ensued on board, we leave to the reader's imagination. For one hour and three quarters, she continued

thumping heavily, without making any water, the sea, however, breaking continually over her. Her rudder was now knocked off, and the captain ordered the mainmast to be cut away. The boats were then cleared, the long-boat hoisted out, and veered away under her bows, with a stout hawser, for the purpose of filling it with passengers, letting it drift within reach of the people, who crowded the beach, then hauling her back again, and thus saving the unfortunate people on board; but this intention was frustrated, by the parting of the hawser, which snapped like a thread, as soon as the boat was exposed to the heav ing surf. The yawl was next got alongside, and stove to pieces, almost instantly. At seven o'clock, the same morning, the ship bilged and filled with water. Orders followed from the captain, to cut away the foremast; and that every soul on board should come on deck. In inexpressible agony they thus remained, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when a boat was launched from the beach, and succeeded in getting under the bowsprit of the wreck. This boat took off Capt. Winslow and seven men, and succeeded in reaching the shore with them in safety. The attempt, however, was attended with such imminent dan ger, that none could be induced to repeat it. And now, the horrors of the scene were indescribable. Already had the sufferings of the unhappy beings been such, as to surpass belief. From the moment of the disaster, they had hung round the captain, covered with their blankets, thick set with ice, imploring his assistance, and asking if hope was still left to them. When they perceived that no fur ther help came from the land, their piercing shrieks were distinctly heard at a considerable distance, and continued through the night, until they one by one perished. The next morning, the bodies of many of the unhappy creatures were seen lashed to different parts of the wreck, imbedded in ice. None, it is believed, were drowned, but all frozen to death.

Of the one hundred and four passengers, two thirds were women and children

It is but justice to the people on the shore to say, that every thing which human beings could accomplish to save the unfortunates, was done. The only boat which board

of the vessel, was hauled a distance of ten miles, and was manned by an old man and six others, four or five of whom were the old man's sons and grand-sons. For thirty-five years has he been living on the sea-shore, during which he has rendered assistance to numerous wrecks, and never before have he or his comrades shrunk from the surf; but, in addition to its violence, on the present occasion, such was the extreme cold, that a second attempt to rescue, was more than they dared venture: it would have inevitably proved fatal to them.

The Mexico was a substantial, eastern built vessel, of two hundred and eighty tons, eleven years old, owned by Samuel Broom, of New York.

When off the Hook, the Mexico, besides her signal for a pilot, had her flag flying Union down, as a signal of distress, in consequence of the frost-bitten state of the crew, and the shortness of provisions.

The unfortunate passengers were of a very superior class, and had considerable property with them. On the bodies which drifted ashore, gold to some amount was found.

* * * * * * * *

The following extract of a letter, written by a gentleman in New York to a friend, gives an affecting description of the appearance after death, of the unfortunate individuals, who were lost in the barque Mexico:

On reaching Hempstead, I concluded to go somewhat off the road, to look at the place where the ship Mexico was cast away. In half an hour, we came to Lott's tavern, some four or five miles this side of the beach, where the ship lay; and there, in his barn, had been deposited the bodies of the ill-fated passengers, which had been thrown upon the shore. I went out to the barn. The doors were open, and such a scene as presented itself to my view, I certainly never could have contemplated. It was a dreadful, a frightful scene of horror.

Forty or fifty bodies, of all ages and sexes, were lying promiscuously before me, over the floor, all frozen, and as solid as marble—and all, except a few, in the very dresses in which they perished. Some with their hands clenched, as if for warmth, and almost every one, with an arm

crooked and bent, as it would be, in clinging to the rigging.

There were scattered about among the number, four or five beautiful little girls, from six to sixteen years of age, their cheeks and lips as red as roses, with their calm blue eyes open, looking you in the face, as if they would speak.

I could hardly realize that they were dead. I touched their cheeks, and they were frozen as hard and as solid as a rock, and not the least indentation could be made by any pressure of the hand. I could perceive a resemblance to each other, and supposed them to be the daughters of a passenger named Pepper, who perished, together with his wife and all the family.

On the arms of some, were seen the impression of the rope which they had clung to—the mark of the twist deeply sunk into the flesh. I saw one poor negro sailor, a tall man, with his head thrown back, his lips parted, and his now sightless eye-balls turned upwards, and his arms crossed over his breast, as if imploring heaven for aid. This poor fellow evidently had frozen while in the act of fervent prayer.

One female had a rope tied to her leg, which had bound her to the rigging; and another little fellow had been crying, and thus frozen, with the muscles of the face just as we see children, when crying. There were a brother and sister dashed upon the beach, locked in each other's arms; but they had been separated in the barn. All the men had their lips firmly compressed together, and with the most agonizing expression on their countenances, I ever beheld.

A little girl had raised herself on tiptoe, and thus was frozen, just in that position. It was an awful sight; and such a picture of horror was before me, that I became unconsciously fixed to the spot, and found myself trying to suppress my ordinary breathing, lest I should disturb the repose of those around me. I was aroused from the reverie by the entrance of a man—a coroner.

As I was about to leave, my attention became directed to a girl, who, I afterwards learned, had come that morning from the city to search for her sister. She had sent for her to come over from England, and had received in

telligence that she was in this ship. She came into the barn, and the second body she cast her eyes upon, was hers. She gave way to such a burst of impassioned grief and anguish, that I could not behold her without sharing in her feelings. She threw herself upon the cold and icy face and neck of the lifeless body, and thus, with her arms around her, remained wailing, mourning, and sobbing, till I came away; and when some distance off, I could hear her calling her by name, in the most frantic manner.

So little time, it appears, had they to prepare for their fate, that I perceived a bunch of keys, and a half eaten cake, fall from the bosom of a girl, whom the coroner was removing. The cake appeared as if part of it had just been bitten, and hastily thrust into her bosom, and round her neck was a ribbon, with a pair of scissors suspended.

And to observe the stout, rugged sailors, too, whose iron frames could endure so much hardship—here they lay, masses of ice. Such scenes show us, indeed, how powerless and feeble are all human efforts, when contending against the storms and tempests, which sweep with resistless violence over the face of the deep. And yet the vessel was so near the shore, that the shrieks and moans of the poor creatures were heard through that bitter, dreadful night, till towards morning, when the last groan died away, and all was hushed in death, and the murmur of the raging billows was all the sound that then met the ear.

After the storm, the wreck was approached, and here and there were seen columns, pillars of ice, which had formed on the frozen bodies, as the sea broke over them.

'Twas in the morning watch—a cheerless morn—
Keen smote the blast which heralded the day,
When a stout bark, her crew with hardship worn,
Dashed toward the port, with none to point her way;
Clear streamed aloft her lantern's signal ray,
But brought, alas! no pilot's friendly hail;
The frequent gust a shower of frozen spray
Swept from the shrouds, encased in icy mail,
And scarce the shivering tars could raise the stiffened sail.

The humble inmates of the crowded berths,
The richer few, who costlier couches prest,
Perchance were dreaming of the cheerful hearths,
Where, soon, they hoped for welcome and for rest—

Perchance of home, and those who made it blest:
Long had they seen, with weary eye, the sun
Sink day by day into the landless west,
But now the boon they coveted was won,
The shore they sought was near, their travail well nigh done.

The matron murmured softly in her sleep,
Of prosperous days, and clasped her infant boy;
The maiden dreamed of one who o'er the deep
Went to seek *her* a home, and in her joy
Hung round his neck, too happy to be coy;
The husband deemed his toil with riches crowned,
Which titled power could tithe not, nor destroy·
Aerial Hope all eyelids fluttered round,
And beckoned with her wings to Freedom's hallowed ground.

From such blest dreams, if such were theirs, they woke
To all that thought can picture of despair;
High o'er the bark the insatiate ocean broke,
And death was in the paralysing air;
Oh! when the remnant mercy deigned to spare,
Safe from the bulging wreck were seen to glide,
What were the pangs of those left hopeless there!
With tossing arms, they thronged the vessel's side,
Shrieking to heaven for aid, while howling seas replied!

They perished, one by one, that pilgrim crowd—
The silver-haired, the beautiful, the young!—
Some were found wrapt as in a crystal shroud
Of waves congealed, that tombed them where they clung;
Some on the strand the sounding breakers flung,
Linked in affection's agonized embrace;
And to the gazer's eyes the warm tears sprung,
As they beheld two babes—a group of grace—
Locked in each other's arms, and pillowed face to face!

They rest in earth—the sea's recovered prey—
No tempests now their dreamless sleep assail;
But when to friends and kindred far away,
Some quivering lip shall tell the dismal tale,
From many a home will burst the voice of wail;
But when it ceases, and the tear-drop laves
The cheek no more, shall gratitude prevail—
Yearnings of love towards those beyond the waves,
Who bore, with solemn rites, the exiles to their graves.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER PULASKI.

From the Baltimore Chronicle of Monday, June 18, 1838.

The intense interest taken by the public in the recital of the details of this most heart-rending disaster, has induced us to seek, from all the sources within our reach, all particulars that we can rely upon as authentic.

The annexed narrative is derived from information which we procured, in person, from J. H. Couper, Esq., of Glynn county, Georgia, and Major James P. Heath, of this city, two of the survivors. The arrival of the latter among us, at the moment when the whole city had given him up as lost, excited the most pleasurable sensation, and was the occasion of universal joy.

The Pulaski sailed from Savannah on Wednesday the 13th of June, 1838, having on board about ninety passengers. She arrived at Charleston the same afternoon, and sailed the next morning with sixty-five additional passengers.

The following list of passengers, who were on board the Pulaski, we copy from the Charleston paper:—

Mrs. Nightingale,* child and servant, Mrs. Fraser and child, Mrs. Wilkins and child, Mrs. Mackay, child and servant, Mrs. Wagner, child and servant, Miss A. Parkman, Miss C. Parkman, Miss T. Parkman, Mrs. Hutchinson, two children and servant, Mrs. Lamar, Miss R. Lamar, Miss M. Lamar, Miss R. J. Lamar, Miss E. Lamar, Miss C. Lamar, Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. Cumming and servant, Mrs. Woart, Mrs. Stewart and servant, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Drayton, Mrs. Pringle and child, Miss Pringle and nurse, Mrs. Murray, Miss Murray, Mrs. Britt, Miss Heald, Mrs. Rutledge, Miss Rutledge, Mrs. H. S. Ball, nurse, child and servant, Miss Trapier, Mrs. Longworth, Mrs. Edings and child, Miss Mikell, Mrs. Coy and child, Miss Clarke, Mrs. B. F. Smith, Mrs. N. Smith, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Merritt, Miss Greenwood, Col. Dunham, Col. Hudson, Gen. Heath, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Cumming, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Ash, Rev. E. Crofts, Rev. Mr. Murray, Major Twiggs, Judge Rochester, Judge Cameron, Messrs. S. B. Parkman, G. B. Lamar, C. Lamar, W. La-

* Daughter of John A. King, Esq., of Long Island

mar, T. Lamar, R. Hutchinson, R. Brower, S. Livermore B. W. Fosdick, H. Eldridge, C. Ward, G. Huntington, J H. Couper, H. B. Nichols, L. Bird, A. Lovejoy, W. W. Foster, J. L. Woart, W. A. Stewart, A. Hamilton, S. Miller, R. W. Pooler, R. W. Pooler, jr., W. C. N. Swift, A. Burns, N. H. Carter, E. P. Pringle, Rutledge, H. S. Ball, Longworth, F. M'Rea, T. C. Rowand, W. Edings, R. Seabrook, J. Seabrook, S. Keith, G. W. Coy, T. M. Whaley, O. Gregorie, N. Smith, B. F. Smith, Davis, R. D. Walker, E. W. Innis, Hubard, J. Auze, Bennett, Clifton, Merritt R. L. Greenwood, Evans, Freeman, master Murray, and master Parkman, B. W. Fosdick, A. G. Bennett, Lieut. J B. Thornton, U. S. Army, and Andrew Stewart, a deck hand.

In the afternoon the wind was fresh from the east, and produced a heavy sea, which retarded her progress, and required a full pressure of steam. At half-past ten the wind continued fresh, with a clear star light—and there was every promise of a fine night. At eleven o'clock, the starboard boiler exploded with a tremendous violence, blowing off the promenade deck above, and shattering the starboard side about midships; at the same time the bulk head between the boilers and forward cabin was stove in the stairway to it blocked up, and the bar-room swept away. The head of the boiler was blown out, and the top rent, fore and aft.

In consequence of the larboard boiler and works being comparatively uninjured, the boat heeled to that side, and the starboard side was kept out of the water, except when she rolled, when the sea rushed in at the breach. The boat continued to settle rapidly, and in about forty minutes the water had reached the promenade deck above the ladies' cabin. Previous to this period, the ladies, children, and the gentlemen who were in the after part of the boat, were placed on the promenade deck. About the time when the water reached that point, the boat parted in two with a tremendous crash, and the bow and stern rose somewhat out of the water; but the latter again continued to sink, until the water reached the promenade deck, when it separated in three parts, upset, and precipitated all on it into the water. Many then regained the detached por-

tions. The gentlemen who occupied the forward cabin took refuge on the extreme point of the bow, when the boat broke in two, and clung to it and the foremast; others had placed themselves on settees, and the fragments of the wreck.

There were four boats belonging to the boat; two being swung to the sides, and two placed on the top of the promenade deck. The side boats were both lowered down, within five minutes of the explosion. In that on the starboard side the first mate, Mr. Hibberd, Mr. Swift, and one other person, had placed themselves; in that on the larboard side were Mr. J. H. Couper, with Mrs. Nightingale and child, and Mrs. Fraser and her son, who were under his charge, Captain R. W. Pooler and son, and Mr. Wm. Robertson, all of Georgia; Barney and Solomon belonging to the crew, and two colored women. By direction of the mate, two of the crew launched one of the deck boats and got into her; but as, from her long exposure to the sun, her seams were all open, she immediately filled, and Mr. Hibberd removed the men to his boat. The boats met, when those in the second proposed to Mr. Hibberd to strike for the land, as it had on board as many as it could with any safety carry. This he declined to do, as he said he was determined to stay by the wreck until day-light, and had yet room for more persons. Both boats then continued to row about the wreck until the mate's boat had picked up as many as she could carry, when Mr. Hibberd yielded to the propriety of consulting the safety of those in the boats, by going to the land, as their further stay would endanger them, without affording any aid to their suffering friends—and they left the wreck at three P. M. The boat took a N. W. course, being favored by a heavy sea and strong breeze from S. E.

We take the following particulars of the loss of this boat from the Wilmington (N. C.) Advertiser of the 18th instant, as given by the first mate, Mr. Hibberd, who had charge of the boat at the time of the explosion. The explosion took place about eleven o'clock on the night of the 14th instant, off the North Carolina coast, about thirty miles from land. The weather was moderate at the time, and the night very dark. The boat went down in about forty-

five minutes after the explosion, with all the passengers and crew, except those whose names are to be found below. Mr. Hibberd says:

That, at about ten o'clock at night, he was called to the command of the boat, and that he was pacing the promenade deck in front of the steerage house; that he found himself, shortly after, upon the main deck, lying between the mast and side of the boat; that upon the return of consciousness, he had a confused idea of having heard an explosion, something like that of gunpowder, immediately before he discovered himself in his then situation. He was induced therefore to rise and walk aft, where he discovered that the boat midships was blown entirely to pieces; that the head of the starboard boiler was blown out, and the top torn open; that the timbers and plank on the starboard side were forced asunder, and that the boat took in water whenever she rolled in that direction.

He became immediately aware of the horrors of their situation, and the danger of letting the passengers know that the boat was sinking before lowering the small boats. He proceeded, therefore, to do this. Upon dropping the boat he was asked his object, and he replied that it was to pass round the steamer to ascertain her condition. Before doing this, however, he took in a couple of men. He ordered the other boats to be lowered, and two were shortly put into the water; but they leaked so much in consequence of their long exposure to the sun, that one of them sunk after a fruitless attempt to bail her. He had in the interim taken several from the water, until the number made ten. In the other boat afloat there were eleven While they were making a fruitless attempt to bail the small boat, the Pulaski went down with a dreadful crash, in about forty-five minutes after the explosion.

Both boats now insisted upon Mr. Hibberd's directing their course to the shore; but he resisted their remonstrances, replying that he would not abandon the spot until daylight. At about three o'clock in the morning they started, in the midst of the wailings of the hopeless beings who were floating around in every direction upon pieces of the wreck, to seek land, which was about thirty miles distant. After pulling about thirteen hours, the persons in

both boats became tired, and insisted that Mr. Hibberd should land. This he opposed, thinking it safest to proceed along the coast, and to enter some one of its numerous inlets; but he was at length forced to yield to the general desire, and to attempt a landing upon the beach, a little east of Stump Inlet.

He advised Mr. Couper, of Georgia, who had command of the other boat, and a couple of ladies, with two children, under his charge, to wait until his boat had first landed, as he apprehended much danger in the attempt and should they succeed, they might assist him and the ladies and children. There were eleven persons in the mate's boat, having taken two black women from Mr. Couper's. Of these, two passengers, one of the crew, and the two negro women were drowned, and six gained the shore. After waiting for a signal, which he received from the mate, Mr. Couper and his companions landed in about three hours after, in safety. They then proceeded a short distance across Stump Sound to Mr. Redd's, of Onslow county, where they remained from Friday evening until Sunday morning, and then started for Wilmington. The mate and two passengers reached here this morning, June 18, about nine o'clock.

Passengers saved in the two yawls.

Mrs. P. M. Nightingale, servant and child, of Cumberland Island; Mrs. W. Fraser and child, St. Simon's, Georgia; J. H. Couper, Glynn, Georgia; P. W. Pooler, Savannah, Georgia; Capt. Pooler, sen.; Wm. Robertson, Savannah, Georgia; Elias L. Barney, North Carolina; Solomon ———; S. Hibberd, first mate Pulaski; W. C. N. Swift, New Bedford; Z. A. Zeuchtenberg, Munich; Charles B. Tappan, New York; Gideon West, New Bedford boatswain; B. Brown, Norfolk, steward.

Persons drowned in landing.

Mr. Bird, of Bryan county, Georgia; the Hon. William B. Rochester, of Buffalo, New York, and recently from Pensacola; a young man, name unknown; Jenny, a colored woman; Priscilla, a colored woman, stewardess.

The other boat continued to keep off until about sunset, when finding the night approaching, and there being no appearance of aid or change in the wind, which was blowing freshly in to the land, and the persons in the boat having previously refused to attempt to row any further, Mr. Couper reluctantly consented to attempt a landing.

Before making the attempt, it was thought necessary, to prevent the infant of Mrs. Nightingale, which was only seven months old, from being lost, to lash it to her person, which was done. Just as the sun was setting, the bow of the boat was turned to the shore, and Mr. Couper sculling, and two men at the oars, she was pulled into the breakers. She rose without difficulty upon the first breaker, but the second, coming out with great violence, struck the oar from the hand of one of the rowers. The boat was then thrown into the trough of the sea, and the succeeding breaker struck her broadside, and turned her bottom upward. Upon regaining the surface Mr. Couper laid hold of the boat, and soon discovered that the rest of the party, with the exception of Mrs. Nightingale, were making for the shore. Of her, for a few seconds, he saw nothing; but presently, feeling something like the dress of a female touching his foot, he again dived down, and was fortunate enough to grasp her by the hair.

The surf continued to break over them with great violence; but after a struggle, in which their strength spent its last efforts, they reached the shore, utterly worn out with fatigue, watching, hunger, thirst, and the most intense and overwhelming excitement. Besides this, the ladies and children were suffering severely from the cold. The party proceeded a short distance from the shore, where the ladies lay down upon the side of a sand hill, and their protectors covered them and their children with sand, to prevent them from perishing. Meantime some of the party went in quest of aid, and about ten o'clock the whole of them found a kind and hospitable reception, shelter, food, and clothing, under the roof of Mr. Siglee Redd, of Onslow county.

Mrs. Nightingale is the daughter of John A. King, Esq., of New York, and grand-daughter of the late distinguished Rufus King. During the whole of the perils through

which they passed, she and Mrs. Fraser displayed the highest qualities of fortitude and heroism. They owe the preservation of their own and their children's lives, under Providence, to the coolness, intrepidity, and firmness of Mr. Couper and his assistants, and to the steadiness with which they seconded the wise and humane efforts of that gentleman in their behalf.

The forward part of the boat, after her separation, continued to float. On it were Major Heath and twenty-one others. We have had a long conversation with Major Heath, in which he related with great minuteness, every thing attending the preservation of the persons who were on the wreck with him. It is impossible to convey in words any thing more than a faint idea of the suffering they underwent, or of the many harrowing and distressing circumstances which occurred during the four days they were on the wreck.

But a short time previous to the explosion, it was remarked by one of the passengers to Major Heath, that the guage showed thirty inches of steam. On the attention of the engineer being called to this fact, he replied that it would bear with safety forty inches. Major Heath had just retired to the after cabin. A number of passengers were lying on the settees; and when the boiler burst, the steam rushed into the cabin, and, it is thought, instantly killed them, as they turned over, fell on the floor, and never were seen by the major to move afterward. He had, on hearing the noise of the explosion, got out of his berth and run to the steps, the steam meeting him in the cabin. He got under the steps, as did also Mr. Lovejoy of Georgia, and they were thus shielded from its effects.

In a few moments he went on deck, and found all dark He called for the captain, and receiving no answer, made for the mast, as he felt that the boat was sinking. Before he could secure himself the sea burst over him and carried him away. Fortunately, however, a rope had caught round his leg, and with this he pulled himself back. The mast, as soon as he had been washed from it, fell and crushed one of the passengers, Mr. Auze, a French gentleman, of Augusta. The boat now broke in two, and the deck forward of the mast was carried away from the rest

of the vessel, seemingly very swiftly. Nothing more was seen after this by Major Heath of the yawl, or the after part of the boat; but, in about half an hour, he heard a wild shrill scream, and then all was quiet. This must have been when the promenade deck turned over, with at least one hundred human beings upon it!

When daylight broke, he found that there were twenty-two on the wreck with him—among them Capt. Pearson, who had been blown out into the sea, but who had caught a plank, and succeeded in reaching them during the night.

The danger of their situation was at once fully realized. The heavy mast lay across the deck on which they rested, and kept it about twelve inches under water, and the planks were evidently fast parting! Capt. Pearson, with the rest, set himself at work to lash the wreck together by the aid of the ropes on the mast—letting the rope sink on one side of the raft, which passing under came up on the other side, and by repeating this operation they formed a kind of net-work over it. They also succeeded in lashing two large boxes to their raft, which formed seats.

Friday passed without any vessel coming in sight. Their thirst now became intense. The heat of the sun was very oppressive—its rays pouring down on their bare heads, and blistering their faces and backs—some not having even a shirt on, and none more than a shirt and pantaloons.

The suffering of the younger portion of their company, at this time, became very great. Major Twiggs, of the U. S. A., had saved his child, a boy of about twelve years of age. He kept him in his arms nearly all the time; and when he would call on his mother, who was safe at home and beg for water, his father would seek in vain to comfort him by words of kindness, and clasping him closer to his heart.

On Saturday they fell in with another portion of the wreck, on which were Chicken and three others, whom they took on their raft. Towards the close of evening they had approached within half a mile of shore, as they thought, and many were anxious to make an effort to land. This was objected to by Major Heath, as the breakers ran very high, and would have dashed the raft to pieces on the shore.

Mr. Greenwood, from Georgia, told the major that he was one of the best swimmers in the country, and that he would tie a rope around him and swim to the shore. "No no!" replied the major, "you shall not risk your life for me: under these circumstances, and in such an attempt you would lose your life. No! I am the oldest man in danger, and will not increase the risks of others." All hope of landing then was shortly afterwards given up, as a slight breeze from the shore was now carrying them out into the sea. Despair now seemed to seize on some of them—and one suggested that if relief did not soon reach them it would be necessary to cast lots.

The firmness and decision of Major Heath soon put this horrid idea to flight. "We are Christians," he told them, "and we cannot innocently imbrue our hands in the blood of a fellow creature. A horrible catastrophe has deprived hundreds of their lives, brought sorrow to many a hearth and thrown us upon the mercy of the winds and waves. We have still life left; let us not give up all manliness, and sink to the brute. We have all our thoughts about us, and should face death, which must sooner or later overtake us, with the spirit that becomes us as Christian men. When that hour arrives I will lay down my life without a murmur, and I will risk it now for the safety of any one of you; but I will never stand by and see another sacrificed that we may drink his blood and eat his flesh!" With such words as these did he quiet them, and reconcile them to await the issue. The day wore away again without the sight of a vessel to cheer their drooping spirits.

On Sunday morning it commenced raining, with a stiff breeze from the north-east, which soon increased to a severe gale. Every effort was made to catch some of the falling rain in the piece of canvass which they had taken from the mast; but the sea ran so high that the little they did catch was nearly as salt as the water of the ocean. Still the rain cooled them, and in their situation was refreshing and grateful.

On Monday morning they saw four vessels. They raised on a pole a piece of the flag that was attached to the mast, and waved it, but in vain. The vessels were too far off, and hope was nearly lost, as they watched them, one after

another, pass from their sight. They had now been without food or water for four days and nights;—their tongues were dry in their mouths—their flesh burnt and blistered by the sun, and their brains fevered—and many of them began to exhibit the peculiar madness attendant on starvation. They could not sleep either, as the raft was almost always under water; and it required continued watchfulness to keep themselves from being washed overboard by the sea. Major Heath tells us, that never for one moment did he lose his consciousness; and we hear from others that his cheerful spirit and encouraging conversation kept alive the hope of safety in the breast of others, and banished despair from their minds.

On Tuesday morning a vessel hove in sight, and her track seemed to lie much nearer them than those they had seen before. They again waved their flag, and raised their feeble voices. Still the vessel kept on her track, which now appeared to carry her away from them. "She is gone," said one of the crew—a poor fellow who had been dreadfully scalded, and he laid himself down on one of the boxes, as he said, "to die." Captain Pearson, who had been closely watching the vessel, cried out, "She sees us! She is coming toward us!" And so it was—all sails set, and full before the wind—the vessel made for them. The schooner proved to be the Henry Camerdon, bound from Philadelphia to Wilmington, N. C. As soon as the captain came within speaking distance, he took his trumpet and cried out, "Be of good cheer—I will save you!" It was the first strange voice that had reached their ears for five days, which were to them as an age.

When the schooner came alongside, they all rushed frantically on deck—and it was with some difficulty that the captain could keep them from the water-casks. He immediately gave each of them a half pint of water sweetened with molasses, and repeated it at short intervals His prudence, doubtless, preserved their lives.

During the morning, Major Heath and his company had seen another portion of the wreck, with several persons on it, and as soon as the captain of the Henry Camerdon was told of it, he sailed in the direction it had been seen in, and shortly afterwards came in sight. On this wreck,

which was a part of the promenade deck, were Miss Rebecca Lamar, Mrs. Noah Smith, of Augusta, Master Charles Lamar, of Savannah, and Mr. Robert Hutchinson, also of Savannah. The two ladies were much exhausted, and Master Lamar was almost dead. Every comfort that the schooner was possessed of was freely bestowed by the captain—and Major Heath, on behalf of those who were saved with him, has asked us to return, thus publicly, to him, the thanks, the deep and heart-felt thanks, of the beings whom he rescued from a condition of such misery and peril, that the heart sickens at the contemplation of it. Mr. Hutchinson had lost in this disaster his wife and child. His wife was the daughter of Mr. Elliott, formerly in the United States Senate from Georgia.

When the promenade deck separated from the hull, many persons took refuge on this portion of it. Among them were Mr. G. B. Lamar, of Savannah, and two children, the Rev. Mr. Woart and lady, of Florida, and a child of Mr. Hutchinson, and the second mate of the Pulaski. On Saturday morning, finding that there was no other hope of safety, the mate proposed to take the boat which they had secured—being the second deck boat—and with five of the most able of those on the raft, to endeavor to reach the shore, and to send out some vessel to cruise for them. This being assented to, the mate, with Mr. Lamar and four others, took their departure, and on Wednesday morning they reached New River Inlet in safety. The passengers remaining on the raft, with the exception of the four mentioned as taken off by the Henry Camerdon, died from exhaustion—among them were the Rev. Mr. Woart and lady, whose Christian resignation to their fate excited the admiration of all around them. They expired within a few minutes of each other. Seven persons were reported to have died on Monday. The body of Mr. Parkman, of Savannah, floated to the raft, and was recognised by his friends

It was ascertained at Wilmington, on Wednesday morning, that eight other persons from the wreck had reached New River Inlet, but their names, with two exceptions, are unknown.

The passengers who escaped, were almost without exception in the clothes in which they were sleeping, and

suffered severely from the blistering effects of the sun, and the chilly winds of the night. They were entirely destitute of water or food of any kind. Those who were last saved were most of them in a dreadful state of ulceration and debility.

The cause of the disaster was obviously the neglect of the second engineer, in permitting the water to boil off, or to blow off, in the starboard boiler, and then letting in a full supply of water on the heated copper. One of the hands saved had, a few minutes before the explosion, examined the steam guage, and found it fluctuating rapidly from twenty-six to twenty-nine inches. Another had just left the engine room when he heard the shrill, whistling sound of high pressure steam, as the engineer tried the water cock. In a few seconds the explosion took place. Captain Dubois was seen asleep in the wheel-house ten minutes before the explosion. Captain Pearson, the second captain, was blown out of his berth into the sea, as was also Chicken, the first engineer. They both regained the bow of the boat.

The following is a recapitulation of the number saved at different times:

In the two boats,	16
On the two rafts,	30
In the boat with Mr. G. B. Lamar,	5
On other fragments,	8
	59

No baggage of any kind was saved. All the passengers had money, which was in their trunks, and it was estimated that at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in bank notes and specie, have been lost, and upward of ten thousand dollars in watches and jewellery.

By a later slip from the Wilmington Advertiser, it is stated that *thirty* more of the passengers in the Pulaski have been saved. They were found hanging to the upper deck of the wreck, in a very exhausted state—having been so for *four* days. They were taken off the wreck by a schooner, 17 days from Wilmington, for Philadelphia.

The following are the names of the persons taken from the wreck:

A. Lovejoy, Camden county, Georgia; Mr. Greenwood, Augusta, Georgia; Mr. O. Gregory, do.; Mrs. Noah Smith, do.; Miss Rebecca Lamar, do.; Mr. A. Hamilton, do.; —— Chicken, first engineer; E. Joseph, New York; D. Walker and Thomas Downing, Charleston; ——, unknown; ——, fireman; a colored woman; Patrick and Bill, deck hands; Major Heath, Baltimore; Major Twiggs and son, Richmond county, Georgia; Charles Lamar, Savannah; Robert Seabrook, Edisto Island, South Carolina Masters T. and W. Whaley, do.; Mr. Edings, do.; Mr R. Hutchinson, Savannah; Mr. C. Ward, do.; Captain Pearson, Baltimore; C. W. Clifton, Canton, Mississippi; Warren Freeman, Macon, Georgia; John Cape, fireman, Baltimore; Rhynah, a colored woman.

The whole number on board, it is said, was about one hundred and eighty. Fifty-nine have been rescued.

COURTSHIP ON A FRAGMENT OF THE PULASKI.

From the Delaware Gazette.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents connected with that awful disaster, are related to us by those who have seen and conversed with persons saved from the wreck. Amongst others the following is told of a Mr. Ridge, from New Orleans, and a Miss Onslow, from one of the Southern States, two of the unfortunates who were picked up on the fifth day, about fifty miles from land. It is stated of the gentleman, that he had been sitting on the deck alone, for half an hour previous to the accident. Another gentleman who was walking near him at the time of the explosion was thrown overboard, and himself was precipitated nearly over the side of the boat, and stunned. He recovered immediately, as he supposed, when he heard some one remark, "*get out the boats—she is sinking.*" He was not acquainted with a solitary individual in the boat. Under such circumstances, it is as natural to suppose that he would feel quite as much concern for himself as for any one else. He was consequently among the foremost who sought the small boat for safety, and was about to step into it, when

he discovered a young lady, whom he recognized as one whose appearance had at sundry times during the passage arrested his attention. Her protector was the gentleman who was walking on the deck and blown overboard. He sprang towards her, to take her into the small boat, but in the crowd and confusion he lost sight of her, and he supposed she was with some other friend. During this fruitless search the small boat shoved off. The wreck was fast sinking. The night rang with the prayers and shrieks of the helpless and drowning. He turned away in despair, and tumbled over a coil of small rope. Hope like the expiring spark brightened again. He caught up the rope—fastened together a couple of settees—threw them upon a piece of an old sail and a small empty cask, and thus equipped, launched upon the element. It was all the work of a moment. He believed death inevitable, and that effort was the last gasp at life. His *vessel* bore him up much better than he expected, and he was consoling himself with his escape, such as it was, while others were perishing all around him, when he discovered a female struggling for life almost within his grasp. He left his *ark*—swam but twice his length—seized his object and returned safely to his craft again, which proved sufficient to sustain them both, but with their heads and shoulders only above water The female was the young lady for whom he had lost a passage in the small boat. She fancied their float would be unable to support both, and said to him, "you will have to let me go to save yourself." He replied, "we live or die together." Soon after, they drifted upon a piece of the wreck, probably a part of the same floor or portion torn asunder by the explosion. This, with the aid of the settees fastened beneath it, proved sufficient to keep them out of water. About this time one of the small boats came towards them, but already heavily loaded. He implored them to take in the young lady. But she said no, she could but die—he had saved her life, and she could not leave him. They were fairly at sea, without the least morsel to eat or drink, in a scorching climate ; the young lady in her night clothes, and himself with nothing upon him but his shirt and a thin pair of pantaloons, already much torn. Of the boat which bore them all in quiet and

safety but a half an hour before, nothing was to be seen but scattering pieces of the wreck. The small boat was on her way to the shore; their own craft being light, and lightly loaded, drifted fast away from a scene indescribably heart-rending and which he still shudders to think of.

At daylight, nothing was visible to them but the heavens and a waste of water. In the course of the day they came in sight of land, and for a time were confident of reaching it—but during the succeeding night the wind changed, and soon after daylight next morning it vanished again, and with it all their lively hopes of escaping from their dreadful dilemma. On the third day a sail hove in sight—but she was entirely beyond hailing distance. When found, they were sadly burned by the sun—starved and exhausted, though still in possession of their faculties, and able to move and talk. But their pain and suffering was not without its pleasures and enjoyment. The romantic part of the story of their expedition is yet to come, and there's no telling how much longer they would have subsisted on the same food that seems to have aided at least in sustaining them so well such an incredible length of time.

The intrepidity he displayed—the risk he run—the danger he incurred, and above all the magnanimity he evinced in saving her life, strangers as they were to each other, at the imminent hazard of his own, elicited from her, at once, the warmest and strongest feelings of gratitude towards him, and before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced, kindled that passion which burns no where else as it burns in woman's bosom. On the one hand, her good sense, her fortitude and presence of mind at the most perilous moment, and particularly her readiness to meet and share with him the fate that awaited them, excited on his part an attachment, which was neither to be disguised nor deferred. And there, upon the "waters wild," amid the terror that surrounded, and the fate which threatened them, in the presence of an all-seeing God, did they pledge their mutual love, and declared if their lives were spared, their destiny, which fortune had united, should then be made as inseparable, as escape from it was now impossible.

After their rescue, he informed her that a sense of duty

impelled him to apprise her that by the misfortune which had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth, (amounting to about $25,000,) that he was in 'poverty to his very lips"—a beggar amongst strangers, without the means of paying for a single meal of victuals, and painful as was the thought of separation to him, he offered to release her from her engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of separation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they had suffer ed thus together. He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again—and of the joy, more than he could express, which he felt at finding her so willing to fulfil her engagement, which, it is said, is soon to be consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact, that his lady love is heiress to an estate worth $200,000. Who would not be wrecked; and henceforth, who will say "matches are not made in Heaven?"

THE ESCAPE.

The morning broke hazily upon the Atlantic, with a fresh breeze from the eastward, attended by frequent squalls of light rain. The sea had assumed that dead, lead color, which always attests the absence of the sun; and a dark curtain of clouds, that were slowly heaving up to windward, threatened an interval of heavier weather before the close of the day. About a hundred miles from that part of the coast of South America, situated between the Brazil shoals and Cape Frio, a large and beautiful ship was dashing along under a press of canvass. She had the wind abeam, and every thing that the weather would allow was packed alow and aloft. On her quarter deck, a group, consisting of the passengers and officers of the ship, had collected to observe a strange sail, which, since daylight, had been discovered two or three points forward of the beam.

"Give me the glass," said a stout, good-looking, middle-aged man, whose countenance betrayed, or more properly indicated, a fondness for glasses, and whose authoritative tone at once christened him skipper. Taking the proffered instrument, he adjusted it at the proper focus, and commenced studying the stranger, whose hull, by the aid of the telescope, was but just visible, as she rose upon the crest of the waves.

"He's edging away for us," muttered Captain Bangem; "just got a pull of his weather braces: devilish suspicious looking craft, too."

"A guineaman, from the coast, perhaps," said Skysail.

"The fellow thinks it's getting too black to windward for all his duck," resumed the captain; "he's reefing his foretop-sail, and we must follow suit."

Passing the glass to a sailor at his elbow, he took up the trumpet, and looking at the mouth-piece for a moment, applied it to his lips, and gave the order to take in the studding-sails, royals, and flying-jib. When this movement had been executed, Bangem again thundered forth:

"Man the top-gallant clew-lines—clear away the sheets—clew up—man the top-sail reef-tackles and buntlines—clear away the bowlines—round in the braces—settle away the halliards—clew down, hall out the reef-tackles, and up the buntlines—trice up the booms—lay out, and take in the second reef!"

The ever-ready seamen sprang upon the yards, and extending themselves along either extremity, caught up and secured to the spar the canvass contained between the first and second reef-bands. When all three of the top sails had been reefed, the yards were again mast-headed and trimmed, the top-gallant-sails sheeted home, and the Niagara once more freshened her speed through the water.

In the mean time, the stranger was fast coming down, and so rapidly had he overhauled the Niagara, that those on board of the latter were able to distinguish her build and rig, with the naked eye. She was a long, low, clipper-schooner, with spars that seemed much too taut and square for the little hull out of which they rose. Captain Bangem had been watching her for some moments, with the utmost interest, when, turning to Skysail, he ordered him to hoist

the ensign. "Now" said he, "we'll see what bunting the fellow wears. Ah, there it goes! the stars and stripes." A rolling billow of smoke rose from the bow of the schooner, and the report of a gun thundered along the breeze.

"Man the weather main-braces—clear away the bowlines—put the helm down—ease off the jib-sheet!" shouted Bangem; and, in another moment, the Niagara was lying to, with the main-topsail to the mast. The skipper again resumed the spy-glass; but scarcely had he raised it to his eye, when, relinquishing it to another, he seized the trumpet, and, in a voice that betrayed unusual excitement, he sang out, "Hall aft the jib-sheet!—hard up, hard up!"

"Hard up!" answered the man at the wheel, and the obedient ship fell rapidly off before the wind.

"Lay aft the braces," said Bangem; "meet her now boy."

"She's got the lee helm," was the immediate reply.

"Steady as you go—steady, so."

"Steady so, sir," responded the steersman.

The sullen report of a gun told how the stranger had received this manœuvre; and when the smoke rolled off to the leeward, the American ensign was no longer at nis peak. Before the Niagara had been kept away, she was running along with the wind abeam; the stranger was on her weather-bow, and heading so as to near her at each moment, and eventually cut her off; but now, the former had assumed the same position, with regard to the wind, as the latter, and both vessels were running with the breeze sharp on the quarter. There were but few questions asked on board the Niagara: the unlooked-for deviation from her proper course, and the subsequent manœuvres of the schooner, at once told the real or suspected character of the vessel in chase; and the passengers gathered about the taffrail, regarding with a fearful silence the little object of their fears, that came down, clambering and cutting the waves, like some angry monster of the deep, after its retreating prey.

"Gentlemen," said Bangem, "it would be superfluous for me to tell you the character of that vessel; you all know it, and you also know what mercy to expect, if we

fall into their hands. A stern chase is a long chase, and as the Niagara sails better with the wind well aft, I have given her her fastest point; we are now heading for the coast of South America, and we must keep out of his clutches as long as we can. If Providence does not send us deliverance in the mean time, why, it is even better to perish on the reefs, than die by the knives of you butchers."

Another gun from the pirate boomed over the water but the shot fell harmless astern of the Niagara. "Ay, blaze away, you vagabond!" muttered an old veteran, who was assisting in running out of a stern-port the only gun on board; "every shot you heave is four fathoms off your log."

"If it were eight hours later, we might be able to give her the slip during the night," said Bangem; "but if we continue to move along at this rate, we shall be high and dry on the coast of Brazil, before the sun goes down."

Still the schooner kept overhauling the ship, but his advantage was not now as perceptible as before: every thing neld out the prospect of a long chase; but so intently was the stranger bent on gaining her, that he sent aloft, and set his light top-gallant-sail, although the wind was blowing a perfect gale; and, shortly afterwards, men were seen on the top-sail-yard, turning out the reefs. As soon as Bangem perceived this, he gave the order to turn both reefs out of the top-sails, and get the starboard fore-top-mast-studding-sail ready for setting. In a few moments, an additional quantity of canvass was spread along the booms of the Niagara, and the gallant vessel rushed like some wild leviathan through the rolling sea, dashing aside its angry waters, and leaving broad streaks of boiling foam behind.

"Give him a round shot, Skysail," said Bangem; "we must try and cripple him, or it's all day with us."

"Ay, ay, sir," muttered the tar, as he squinted along the sight, and elevated the gun for a long shot: the match was applied, and away sped the iron.

"Well done, old 'un!" shouted Skysail, as the splinters flew from the bulwarks of the pirate.

"Try it again, my hearty!" continued Bangem, "give him a stand of grape along with it, this time."

The schooner yawed and fired, but again its shot fell harmless alongside of the chase.

"There go his stu'n'sail booms," said the mate, as two delicate spars glided out, as if by magic, from either extremity of his top-sail-yard, while, in another moment, a sheet of light canvass arose, and was extended on either side of his bellying top-sail. The pursuer had gained considerably on the pursued during the last half hour; and Bangem, who stood watching her progress with the eye of an eagle, now got down from the horse block, and gave the order to set the starboard lower and all the top-gallant-stu'n'sails. The seamen exchanged glances in amazement, but it was only for a moment; and the next beheld them spread in different parts of the rigging, making preparation to heap an additional pile of canvass upon the spars of the trembling ship. "Hall taut, rig out, and hoist away!"—but scarcely had the halliards been belayed, when snap went the booms of the top-gallant yard and the lower studding-sail. "Lower away—haul down!" shouted Bangem; "make those sails up afresh, point the spare booms, and get them ready for setting again."

The two vessels continued to fly rapidly towards the coast of Brazil, and the pirate still continued to gain on the chase, although he yawed and fired at an interval of every half hour. Had the Niagara hauled her wind on either tack, she would have soon become the prey of the schooner, as she sailed faster with the wind abeam. Bangem accordingly thought it much better to keep her nearly before the breeze, as the pursuer would then have to deviate from his course, to bring his guns to bear, and consequently, deaden at intervals his advance, as an escape was now almost hopeless. The cutlasses and firearms were got up on the quarter-deck, and every preparation made by the passengers and crew of the vessel for a desperate defense. There were in all about twenty fighting men on board of the ship; and, judging by the masses that blackened the schooner's deck, she must have had five times that number.

For two long hours the chase was kept up, and at the expiration of that time, the pirate was within about three quarters of a mile. Bangem had drawn his men up, and

exhorted them to stand by him like Americans, in the approaching conflict, when he was interrupted by a heavy crash, and the mizen-top-mast, top-gallant-mast and all, went by the board.

"Axes and knives, here!" shouted he, at the top of his voice: "cut, men, cut!—stir yourselves, my livelies!—the villian is coming down like a race-horse."

Instantly the lanyards and stays were severed, or carried away, the braces and bowlines unrove, and the wreck floating far astern; but the speed of the Niagara was by this accident considerably lessened, and the schooner, perceiving her advantage, put down her helm, and threw a raking broadside among the rigging and spars of the unfortunate vessel. At this moment, the cry of "breakers!" was heard from the forecastle, and an exclamation of horror burst from every lip—but one. There was death on every hand; and the forms that peopled the decks of the Niagara, stood as mute as statues, enveloped in the silent stupor of despair.

"Where away?" asked Bangem; and the cool self-possession of that voice seemed to mock the dangers by which they were surrounded.

"Right ahead!" replied the look-out, "and on both bows."

"True," mused the commander, bending his eye in the given direction; "you may hear them roar above the howling of the wind and waves, even at this distance."

"Shall I bring her by the wind, sir?" asked the steersman.

"No!" was the stern and determined reply; and another volley of iron crashed among the spars of the Niagara. So eagerly had the pirate pursued the chase, that the danger ahead, remained to him undiscovered. The day was unusually dark and cloudy, and the smoke rolling to leeward, perhaps screened the reef from his view. However, he saw it not, and now came rushing down upon the crippled ship, confident of his superiority.

"Ease the helm down!" said Bangem, in a voice that was heard above every thing beside; "lash him there! and if we perish, the blood-hounds shall keep us company Hard up, again!"

The obedient craft once more fell off before the wind, and rushed onward towards the breakers, that roared and foamed not more than half a mile in advance, dragging in her wake the light-built schooner, like some giant spirit of death, urging an ignobler being to the shades of darkness. A howl of frenzy, that broke from the deck of the corsair told that they had, for the first time, become acquainted with the peril that awaited them; and twenty dark forms sprang out upon her bowsprit, armed with axes and knives, to free themselves from the hold of the ship.

"Now, my lads, give it to the blood hounds!" shouted Bangem.

A volley was the reply, and every soul without the schooner's cutwater perished: as many more sprang to take their places; but again the fire from the Niagara's quarter-deck swept them away, like chaff before the wind of heaven. In the mean time, both vessels were rushing madly towards the reef: they were not a hundred yards from the breakers, and both parties ceased hostilities, to gaze upon the foaming waters and iron rocks, that, in another moment, threatened to dash them into eternity Hope had left every bosom; the pirates no longer endeavored to separate themselves from the Niagara, but stood pale and trembling, waiting with horror, to pay the last dark forfeit of their lives. Both vessels were now within the influence of the reef; the long, heavy rollers, in conjunction with the wind, were driving them rapidly upon the rocks, when the schooner's bowsprit, shrouds, bobstays, and all, gave way; the liberated vessel swung round and struck, while the Niagara forged by the ledge, unscathed! The next billow dashed the pirate higher upon the reef where she was hid from view by the roaring and foaming seas, that broke over her devoted hull. The crash of her falling spars was then heard, and the shrieks and wails of the drowning wretches rose, for one moment, above the thunder of the surf; but it was only for a moment, and they were lost forever. When the Niagara passed the cluster of rocks upon which the schooner went to pieces, she was hurled along the very centre of the principal reef, where the eddies and currents rendered her totally unmanageable. She no longer obeyed the helm, but drifted

along, a disabled thing, at the sport of the wind and waves, the sea roaring the while like thunder around her, and the spray breaking in dense masses over her.

There were ten minutes of appalling anxiety, during which every one expected to feel her strike against the rocks; yet, for ten minutes more, she continued to drift through them in safety. The centre and principal ledge was passed, and she began to fall off before the wind. A beam of hope lighted up the countenance of Bangem. He sprang upon the bulwarks, and cast one quick, searching glance, at the sea around him.

"Starboard a little!" cried he.

"Starboard a little," answered the man at the wheel.

"Steady so, meet her."

"Meet her it is, sir," was the reply.

For five minutes more she flew through the intricacies of the reef, without deviation.

"Port! port!—give her the port helm, quick!" shouted Bangem.

"She's got it all, sir!" was the response; and the gallant ship glided by the last rock that threatened her destruction, and passed safely into the still water, between the reef and the main.

CASPAR KARLINSKI.

In the course of the sanguinary war which was carried on between the Swedes and the Poles, in the sixteenth century, respecting the rights of Sigismund the Third, the king of Poland, to the throne of Sweden, the Swedish usurper prepared to invade Poland with the whole force of his kingdom. Sigismund, unable to make head in the field against the overwhelming superiority of the enemy contented himself with reinforcing the garrisons of his frontier towns, and placing in the chief command, warriors of approved courage and fidelity.

Among others, the king elected Caspar Karlinski, as one on whom he could safely rely in the emergencies of his situation. He was a nobleman, then advanced in

years, and renowned among his countrymen, not so much for his wealth, or his rank, as for the dauntless valor he had frequently displayed in the service of his native land. He willingly obeyed the commands of his sovereign, and repaired immediately to the fortress of Olftzyn, the post assigned to him, for the defense of which he made every preparation that could be dictated by his long-tried skill and experience.

A formidable body of the enemy soon made their appearance before Olftzyn, and a threatening summons to surrender was sent to Karlinski. His answer was—"I will obey no orders but those of my king, and will keep the faith I have pledged to him, untarnished, till death." The enemy changed their mode of attack, and made him the most splendid offers: a seat in the senate, the highest rank, and boundless possessions, if he would surrender Olftzyn, and embrace their party. Karlinski treated their bribes with greater scorn than their threats. The hostile leaders set before him the disproportion of the contending forces, the weakness of his side, and the consequent danger to which he exposed himself by his obstinacy. Karlinski saw only the peril of his country, and remained equally inflexible. Convinced at last of his unbending integrity, and confident of victory, the enemy made a furious attack upon the castle; but through the strength of the walls, the bravery of the besieged, and still more, the skill of their gallant commander, they were repulsed with immense slaughter.

The foe were discouraged by this defeat, but still determined on the attempt to gain by stratagem, what negotiation and force had alike failed in procuring for them. Every disposition was therefore made, as if they intended another assault. The gallant Karlinski, relying on his good cause, and the bravery of his followers, excited as it was by their recent victory, looked fearlessly to the result of their approaching conflict. The adversary advanced still nearer and nearer; they were already within gun-shot of the castle walls, when their front rank unfolded, and an armed man, leading a woman by the hand, with a child in her arms, came forward. The besieged gazed on one another in astonishment, at the unexpected appearance;

and Karlinski, as if spell-bound, remained looking on it for some time, in mute amazement. All on a sudden, he uttered a loud cry, and exclaimed, "Almighty God! it is my son!—my Sigismund!" and fell motionless on the rampart.

It was indeed his son, whom the enemy had surprised with his nurse, and carried away, and had now placed in front of their army; hoping, through this expedient, to be able to advance to the castle walls, without being exposed to the fire of the hostile ramparts.

Their cunning was at first successful—the beseiged, from their love to their adored commander, dared not discharge a single cannon, and the Swedes approached, undisturbed, almost to the front of the walls, and prepared to scale them. Karlinski, at this moment, recovered his senses, but it was only to suffer a greater anguish. He saw the danger, but saw no means of averting it, without a sacrifice too dreadful to think of. "I have lost," he cried out, in a despairing voice, "seven brave sons in battle, for my country; and is this last sacrifice still required from me?" A death-like pause ensued, broken only by the cries of the child, whose features now could be distinctly traced, as he was still carried in advance of the onward and moving ranks. Karlinski at last seemed inspired with superhuman strength;—he snatched the lighted brand from one of the gunners—"God," he cried, "I was a Pole before I was a father," and with his own hand, discharged the gun which was to be the signal for a general volley. A tremendous fire was immediately poured from every battlement; it swept away to death, Karlinski's infant, and great multitudes of the enemy. The besieged made a vigorous sally; Karlinski was completely victorious, and Olftzyn was delivered.

CALUM DHU.

The following is a tradition of the West Highlands; and in relating it, the author has adhered to the narrative, and, as near as he could, to the simple, but nervous phrase-

ology of the old plaided shepherd who told it to him on the side of a heathy hill, near Inveronglass, on the banks of Loch Lomond :—

Calum Dhu was the bravest warrior that followed the banners of the chief of Colquhoun, with which clan, the powerful and warlike M'Gregor's were at inveterate feud. Calum lived in a sequestered glen, in the vicinity of Ben Lomond. His cottage stood at the base of a steep, ferny hill; retired from the rest of the clan, he lived alone. This solitary being was the deadliest foe of the M'Gregor's, when the clans were in the red, unyielding battle of their mountain chiefs. His weapon was a bow, in the use of which, he was so skilful, that he could bring down the smallest bird when on the wing. No man but himself had ever bent his bow; and his arrows were driven with such resistless force, that their feathery wings were always drenched with his foeman's best blood. In the use of the sword, also, he had few equals; but the bow was the weapon of his heart.

The son of the chief of the M'Gregor's, with two of his clansmen, having gone to hunt, and their game being wide, they wandered far, and found themselves, a little after mid-day, on the top of the hill, at the foot of which stood Calum Dhu's cottage.

"Come," said the young chief, "let us go down and try to bend Calum Dhu's bow. Evan, you and I have got the name of being the best bowmen of our clan; it is said, no man but Calum himself can bend his bow; but it will go hard with us, if we cannot show him that the M'Gregor's are men of thews and sinews, equal to the bending of his long bow, with which he has so often sent his arrows hrough and through our best warriors, as if they had been men of straw, set up to practise on. Come, he will not know us, and if he should, we are three to one: and I owe him something," added he, touching the hilt of his dirk, 'since the last conflict, when he sent an arrow through my uncle's gallant bosom. Come, follow me down!" he continued, his eye beaming with determined vengeance and his voice quivering with suppressed passion. The will of a Highland chieftain was law, at the time of which we speak.

They had been prevented, by a rising knoll, from being seen from the cottage, which they now reached. Knocking loudly at the door, after some delay, they were answered by the appearance of a little, thick-set, gray-eyed, oldish-looking man, with long arms, and a black, bushy beard, hung with gray threads and thrums, as if he had been employed in weaving the coarse linen of the country and the time. But as he had none of the muscular symptoms of prodigious strength, which Calum Dhu was reported to possess, and which had often proved so fatal to their clan, they could not suppose this to be their redoubted foeman; and, to the querulous question of what they wanted, uttered in the impatient tone of one who has been interrupted in some necessary worldly employment, they replied by inquiring if Calum Dhu was at home. "Na, he's gane to the fishing; but an ye hae ony message for our chief, (heaven guard him,) about the coming of the red M'Gregor's, and will trust me with it, Calum will get it frae me. Ye may as well tell me as him; he stays lang when he gaes out, for he is a keen fisher."

"We were only wanting to try the bending of his bow," said the young chief, "which we have heard no man can do save himself." "Hoo! gin that's a', ye might hae telled it at first, an' no keepit me sae lang frae my loom," said the old man; "but stop,"—and giving his shoulders an impatient shrug, which, to a keen observer would have passed for one of satisfaction, triumph, and determination, he went into the house, and quickly returned, bringing out a strong bow and a sheaf of arrows, and flung them carelessly on the ground, saying, "Ye'll be for trying your strength at a flight?" pointing to the arrows; "I hae seen Calum send an arrow ower that hill, like a glance o' lightning; and when the M'Gregors were coming raging up the glen, like red devils, as they are, mony o' their best warriors fell at the furthest entrance o' the pass, every man o' them wi' a hole in his breast, and its fellow at his back."

He had taken a long arrow out of the sheaf, and stood playing with it in his hand while speaking, seemingly ready to give to the first man who should bend the bow. The M'Gregors were tall, muscular men, in the prime of youth

and manhood. The young chief took up the bow, and after examining its unbending strength, laying all his might to it, strained till the blood rushed to his face, and his temples throbbed almost to bursting; but in vain—the string remained slack as ever. Evan and the other M'Gregor, were alike unsuccessful; they might as well have tried to root up the gnarled oaks of their native mountains.

"There is not a man," cried the young chief of M'Gregor, greatly chagrined at the absence of Calum Dhu, and his own clansmen's vain attempts to bend the bow—"there is not a man in your clan can bend that bow, and if Calum Dhu was here, he should not long bend it!' Here he bit his lip, and suppressed the rest of his sentence, for the third M'Gregor gave him a glance of caution.

"Ha!" said the old man, still playing with the long arrow in his hand, and without seeming to observe the latter part of M'Gregor's speech; "if Calum was here, he would bend it as easy as you wad bend that rush; and gin ony o' the M'Gregors were in sight, he wad drive this lang arrow through them, as easily as ye wad drive your dirk through my old plaid, and the feather wad come out at the other side, wet wi' their heart's bluid. Sometimes, even the man behind is wounded, if they are ony way thick in their battle. I once saw a pair of them stretched on the heather, pinned together with one of Calum's long arrows."

This was spoken with cool composure, and with the simplicity of one who is talking to friends, or is careless if they are foes. A looker-on could have discerned a checkered shade of pleasure and triumph in his countenance, as M'Gregor's lip quivered, and the scowl of anger fell along his brow, at the tale of his kinsman's destruction, by the arm of his most hated enemy.

"He must be a brave warrior," said the young chief, compressing his breath, and looking with anger and astonishment at the tenacious and cool old man; "I should like to see this Calum Dhu."

"Ye may soon enough, an' gin ye were a M'Gregor, feel him too. But what is the man glunching and glooming at? Gin ye were Black John himsel', ye couldna look mair deevlish like; and what are you fidgeting at mon?"

addressing the third M'Gregor, who had both marked and felt the anger of his young chief, and had slowly moved nearer the old man, and stood with his right hand below the left breast of his plaid, probably grasping his dirk, ready to execute the vengeance of his master, as it was displayed on his clouded countenance, which he closely watched. The faith of the Gael is deeper than "to hear is to obey," the slavish obedience of the East; his is to anticipate and perform—to know and accomplish, or die. It is the sterner devotedness of the North.

But the old man kept his keen gray eye fixed upon him, and continued in the same unsuspecting tone: "But is there ony word o' the M'Gregors soon coming over the hills? Calum would like to try a shot at Black John, their chief; he wonders gin he could pass an arrow through his great hardy bulk, as readily as he sends them through his clansmen's silly bodies. John has a son, too, he wad like to try his craft on; he has the name of a brave warrior; I forget his name. Calum likes to strike at noble game, though he is sometimes forced to kill that which is little worth. But I'm fearfu' that he o'errates his ain strength! his arrow will only, I think, stick weel through Black John; but"—

"Dotard, peace!" roared the young chief, till the glen rang again, his brow darkening like midnight; "peace! or I shall cut the sacrilegious tongue out of your head, and nail it to that door, to show Calum Dhu that you have had visitors since he went away, and that he may bless his stars that he was not here."

A dark flash of suspicion crossed his mind as he gazed at the cool old tormentor, who stood before him, unquailing at his frowns; but it vanished as the imperturbable old man said, "Haoh! ye're no' a M'Gregor; and though ye were, ye surely wad na mind the like o' me! but about bending this bow," striking it with the long arrow, which he still held in his hand, "there is just a knack in it, and your untaught young strength is useless, as ye dinna ken the gait o't. I learned it frae Calum; I'm sworn never to tell it to a stranger. There is mony a man in the clan I ken nothing about, but as ye seem anxious to see the bow bent, I'll nae disappoint ye; rin up to yon gray

stane—stand there, and it will no be the same as if ye were standing near me when I'm doing it, but it will just be the same to you, for ye can see weel enough, and when the string is on the bow, ye may come down an ye like, and try a flight; it's a capital bow, and that ye'll fin."

A promise is sacred with the Gael; and as he was under one, they did not insist on his exhibiting his art while they were in his presence; but curious to see the sturdy bow bent, a feat of which the best warrior of their clan would have been proud, and which they had in vain essayed; and perhaps thinking Calum Dhu would arrive in the interval; and as they feared nothing from the individual who seemed ignorant of their name, and who could not be supposed to send an arrow so far with any effect; they therefore walked away in the direction pointed out, nor did they once turn their faces till they reached the gray rock. They now turned, and saw the old man (who had waited till they had gone the whole way) suddenly bend the stubborn yew, and fix an arrow on the string. In an instant it was drawn to his very ear, and the feathered shaft, of a cloth breadth length, was fiercely launched in the air.

"M'Alp—hooch!" cried the young chief, meaning to raise the M'Gregor war cry, clapping his hand on his breast, as he fell.

"Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he himself, "clap your hand behin'; the arm shot that, that never sent arrow that came out where it went in;" a rhyme he used in battle, when his foes fell as fast as he could fix arrows to the bowstring. The two M'Gregors hesitated a moment, whether to rush down and cut to atoms the old man who had so suddenly caused the death of their beloved young chief; but seeing him fix another arrow to his bow, of which they had just seen the terrible effects, and fearing they might be prevented from carrying the news of his son's death to their old chieftain, and thus cheat him of his revenge, they started over the hill like roes; but a speedy messenger was after them; an arrow caught Evan as he descended out of sight, over the hill; sent with powerful and unerring aim, it transfixed him in the shoulder. It must have grazed the bent that grew on the hill-top to

catch him, as only the shoulders could be seen from where Calum Dhu stood.

On flew the other M'Gregor, with little abatement of speed, till he reached his chieftain with the bloody tidings of his son's death.

"Raise the clan!" was Black John's first words; "dearly shall they rue it."

A party was soon gathered; breathing all the vengeance of mountain warriors, they were soon far on the way of fierce retaliation, with Black John at their head. Calum Dhu was, in the mean time, not idle; knowing, from the escape of one of the three M'Gregors, that a battle must quickly ensue, he collected as many of his clansmen as he could, and taking his terrible bow, which he could so bravely use, calmly waited the approach of the M'Gregors, who did not conceal their coming, for loud and fiercely their pipes flung their notes of war and defiance on the gales as they approached; and mountain, cliff, and glen, echoed far and wide the martial strains. They arrived, and a desperate struggle immediately commenced.

The M'Gregors carried all before them; no warriors at this time, could withstand the hurricane onset, sword in hand, of the far-famed warlike M'Gregors.

Black John raged through the field like a chafed lion, roaring in a voice of thunder, heard far above the clash, groans, and yells of the unyielding combatants—"where is the murderer of my son?"

None could tell him; none was afforded time; for he cut down, in his headlong rage, every foe he met. At length, when but few of his foes remained, on whom he could wreak his wrath or exercise his great strength, he spied an old man sitting on a ferny bank, holding the stump of his leg, which had been cut off in the battle, and who beckoned the grim chief to come nearer. Black John rushed forward, brandishing his bloody sword, crying, in a voice which startled the yet remaining birds from the neighboring mountain cliffs—"where is my son's murderer?"

"Shake the leg out o' that brogue," said the old man, speaking with difficulty, and squeezing his bloody stump with both hands with all the energy of pain, "and bring

me some o' the water frae yon burn, to drink, and I wi show you Calum Dhu, for he is yet in the field, and lives: rin, for my heart burns and faints."

Black John, without speaking, shook the leg out of the brogue, and hasted to bring water, to get the wished for intelligence. Stooping to dip the bloody brogue in the little stream, "M'Alp—hooch!" he cried, and splashed lifeless in the water, which, in a moment, ran thick with his blood.

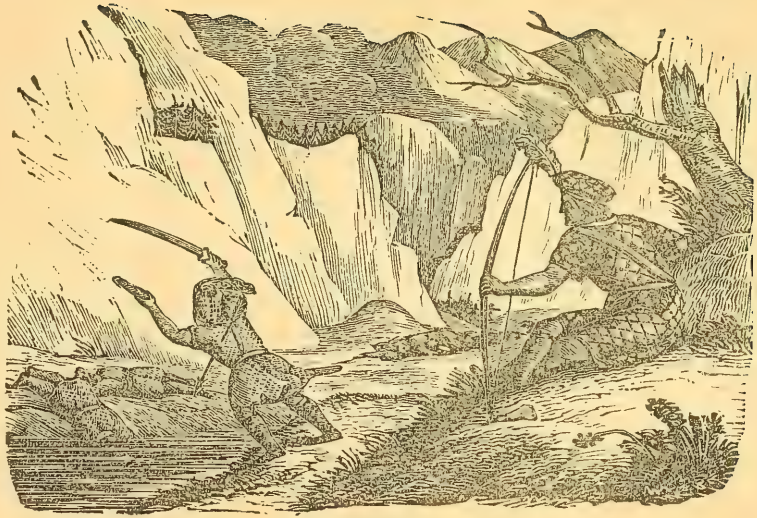
"Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he again, "clap your hand behin'; that's the last arrow shot by the arm that sent those which came not out where they went in."

THE HARDEST FEND OFF—OR, THE BEAR AND THE ALLIGATOR.

On a scorching day in the middle of June, 1830, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oak, on the ever-green banks of the Teche, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roarings of some animal, in the cane-brake, a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet, trampling down the cane, and scattering the shells. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls, mixing impetuously in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season, when, as Thompson says,

> "———Through all his lusty veins
> The bull, deep-scorched, the raging passion feels."

When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment, instead of bulls to behold a *large black bear*, reared upon his hind legs, with his fore-paws raised aloft as if to make a plunge. His face was besmeared with white foam, sprinkled with red, which, dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth, and growling at his enemy. A few paces in his rear was the



CALUM DHU.

cane-brake from which he had issued. On a bank of snow-white shells, spotted with blood, in battle array stood Bruin's foe, in the shape of an *alligator*, fifteen feet long! He looked as if he had just been dipped in the Teche, and had emerged, like Achilles, from the Styx, with an invulnerable coat of mail. He was standing on tiptoe, his back curved upwards, and his tongueless mouth thrown open, displaying his wide jaws, two large tusks, and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force. His big eyes, starting from his head, glared upon Bruin, whilst sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull.

The combatants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitudes described about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motions with attention and great caution, as if each felt confident he had met his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manœuvre in silence.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which showed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the undertaking had once deceived him, he was preparing to go at it again. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all fours, he ran furiously at the alligator. The alligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly around to avoid the onset, met Bruin half way, with a blow of his tail, that rolled him on the shells. Old Bruin was not to be put off by one hint; three times, in rapid succession, he rushed at the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator time to recover the swing of his tail, before he returned. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on Bruin's head and shoulders, but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to come to close holds with his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity, which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising, would suppose him incapable of. This time he got so close to the alligator, before his tail struck him, that the blow came with half its usual effect The

alligator was upset by the charge, and before he could recover his feet, Bruin grasped him round the body, below the fore legs, and holding him down on his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation, notwithstanding his coat of mail, which is softer on his belly than his back, from which

"The darted steel with idle shivers flies."

As a Kentuckian would say, "he was getting used up fast." Here, if I dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet:—

"Now, gallant knight, now hold thy own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The alligator attempted in vain to bite; pressed down as he was, he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast fetched a screem, in despair; but being a warrior, "by flood and by field," he was not yet entirely overcome. Writhing his tail with agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree, that stood next the Bayou; aided by this purchase he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and Bruin, locked together, into the river.

The bank, from which they fell, was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently Bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a glance back at the river, and made off, dripping, to the cane-brake.

I never saw the alligator afterwards, to know him no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done, if he had remained a few minutes longer on land.

FRIGHTFUL ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

"Now, then, lads," exclaimed old Lorimer, bustling up, with his heavy rifle across his shoulder, "let's to work, and see who'll win the tiger skin. Bones of my ancestors! boys, I never saw so pretty a place to kill a tiger, in all my life; but come see. I think I have arranged it so he can hardly slip through our fingers."

The place into which the tiger had been trailed was a small ravine at the back of the village, the tangled brushwood, which grew out of the side, meeting over it in the form of an arch, so as to exclude the rays of the sun, even at mid-day. A few large trees grew along the banks, perched upon which, the sportsman might defy the rage of their formidable enemy; and the ground, for several hundred yards on each side, was open and free from brushwood, so that the tiger could not break cover without exposing himself to a murderous fire.

"Now, then, gentlemen, we have no time to lose," said Lorimer. "You must each climb into one of these trees. Ishmael and his gang will scour the ravine with rockets; and the moment the tiger is afoot, you will be good enough to give the alarm, in order that the beaters may fall back to the shelter of the village. As to you, father longlegs," addressing the doctor, "I beg that you will keep your eyes open, and try, for once, to shoot like a gentleman. By the beard of the prophet! if you allow the tiger to pass you, as you did the deer yesterday, I shall be tempted to send you a messenger from old 'kill-devil,' that will make you jump off your perch like an electrified frog."

The doctor sprang to the nearest tree, into which he climbed with wonderful agility; and having perched himself astride a comfortable branch, sat dangling his long legs, and grinning defiance, like an overgrown baboon. The rest of the party followed his example, and were soon perched on the various trees which skirted the ravine. Old Lorimer alone remained on foot, being too unwieldy to attempt such feats of agility.

"What do you intend to do, sir," inquired Mansfield

hailing him from the tree; "you are not going to remain on foot, are you?"

"Not exactly on foot," said Lorimer; "I intend to sit on that bush," pointing to one, on a little rising ground, about two hundred yards from the ravine. "I shall look on, and if you all miss the tiger, I shall be ready to wipe your eye—so mind your hits."

"You don't mean to say you will trust yourself on that bush?" inquired Mansfield, in astonishment. "Why, it is not three feet from the ground, and if the tiger charges, you are perfectly at his mercy."

"It is not the most desirable seat in the world," replied the old gentleman, laughing; "but it is better than nothing. The tiger is less likely to charge me here, than if I were on foot; and, supposing he does come at me, I must just trust to Providence and old 'kill-devil,' as I have often done before. Here, Ishmael, just throw a cumbley over it, to keep out the thorns, and then help me to get up. So, so—that's very comfortable—now, my rifle, and then to work. Don't spare the rockets—singe his whiskers for him, the blackguard!"

Ishmael grinned a fiendish smile, as he moved off, to obey his orders. The bush which Lorimer had selected for his seat, was one of those thorny shrubs, which, growing in round isolated masses, become so densely matted and interwoven together as to afford an excellent seat, which, when covered with a thick blanket to defend one from the thorns, is almost as comfortable as a hair cushion. On the top of this sat old Lorimer, much to the amusement of his younger companions, with his legs crossed under him, and his rifle resting on his knees, looking very happy, and very much like a Chinese mandarin, on a mantle-piece.

Whiz—crack—away goes a rocket, darting through the tangled brushwood in a zig-zag course, like a fiery serpent; it is answered by a tremendous roar, which makes the earth tremble. Hurrah! a whole volley of rockets sweep the ravine, like a storm of fire. Now, then, he must show himself—nothing but a salamander can stand this. Every gun is cocked, and every eye is strained to catch a glimpse of the skulking savage.

"Look out, he is afoot!" shouted Mansfield, as a low growl and rustling in the bottom of the ravine announced that the tiger was at hand. "Be ready for a start, Ishmael, and see that the beaters make a dash for the village the moment he shows himself."

Again all was hushed in breathless silence, but no tiger appeared. "Confound the skulking brute," roared old Lorimer, hitching about the top of his bush in an agony of impatience. "Blaze away, Ishmael, give him more fire, man; blow the cowardly beast to the devil!" Again a shower of rockets shook the ravine from end to end. Again the beaters rent the air with their shouts; but still no tiger. Ishmael actually foamed with rage, and Mansfield, unable longer to restrain his impatience, sprang from the tree. "I see how it is," cried he, snorting like a war-horse. "He has got into the cave again, as these rascally tigers do when they can. But though it be deep and dark as Erebus, I'll have him out. Here my hearties, lend a hand to cut away some of these bushes, that we may see what we are about." The bushes having been partly cleared away, so as to admit sufficient daylight, Mansfield cautiously descended into the ravine, closely followed by the trusty Ishmael. After a short search, they discovered a small rocky cave, in the bank of the ravine, the entrance to which was about four feet from the ground. "He must have taken shelter here," remarked Mansfield, "and if so, it strikes me I shall not be able to manage him. The entrance to the cave being so high above the ground, I can peep in, without showing any thing but my head; and if I can catch the glare of his eyes, I think I can plant a ball between them, before he has time to make up his mind for a charge." "It is a dangerous experiment," replied Ishmael, shaking his head, "but your fortune is great, *Sahib*, the tigers tremble at your presence; we shall try it." "Not both of us, Ishmael, you can be of no service to me here; I must attempt it alone. But do you go and withdraw the beaters to a safe distance, and tell the gentlemen to be ready to pour in a volley, in case he should charge." Ishmael felt much inclined to grumble at this arrangement, which prevented his sharing in the adventure. But he well knew that Mansfield's orders were not to be disputed,

and accordingly withdrew, muttering prayers, and invoking the aid of the prophet in his behalf. Mansfield having removed the caps from his rifle, to ascertain that the powder was well up in the tubes, replaced them with fresh ones, so as to prevent the possibility of his weapon missing fire. He then crept quietly along, till he was directly under the cave, and raising his head, peeped cautiously into the gloomy recess. At first all was impenetrable darkness; but as his eye became gradually accustomed to the subdued light, he perceived two bright green orbs glaring upon him from the inmost recess of the cavern. Now, then, for a steady hand, thought Mansfield, as he slowly raised himself so as to bring his rifle to bear. A low, surly growl, announced that the tiger was on the alert, and a certain impatient switching of the tail, which invariably precedes a determined charge, did not escape the practised ear of Mansfield. Full well he knew there was no time to be lost. Quickly, but steadily, the heavy rifle was raised to his shoulder, his finger was on the trigger—another instant would have sent a two ounce ball crashing through the tiger's skull, when a terrific roar burst from the cave; a huge mass of yellow fur shot over his head, as if projected from some powerful engine—the rifle exploded in the air, and our hero found himself sprawling on his back at the bottom of the ravine, and strange to say, unhurt. With one bound, the tiger gained the top of the opposite bank, and, brushing through the tangled underwood, started across the open ground, at racing speed. A shower of balls saluted him as he made his appearance; but not a single shot took effect. The only chance now remained with old Lorimer, and every eye was fixed upon him, as "kill-devil" was brought to bear upon the tiger.

"O! sir, hurra!—he's dead," shouted the doctor, almost screaming with delight, as "kill-devil" poured forth its deadly contents, and the wounded tiger, uttering a shrill roar, bounded high into the air. But this triumphant shout was changed to a groan of horror, as the enraged brute turned from his course, and dashed with terrific bounds towards the bush on which Lorimer was seated. Again his rifle was raised with the coolness of despair; again the

report was answered by a short, angry roar, announcing that the ball had taken effect; but the tiger only dashed forward with increased speed.

No power now seemed capable of saving old Lorimer By an immense spring the tiger dashed towards him, with all that terribleness of mien for which he is terrifically remarkable. Only those who have experienced those moments of imminent peril, which men are sometimes called upon to encounter, can realize or imagine the world of agonizing feelings that pass in a moment through the mind of a spectator, who witnesses such a scene. Every rifle had been discharged, and the whole company seemed to be riveted to the spot where they sat or stood, in an anxiety too intense to be utterable; and with their eyes fixed on the object who seemed thus doomed to destruction, with an interest so powerful, that though they felt the catastrophe they were about to witness would create a most exquisite torture, yet they were unable to avert their look. With the desperation of a last hope, Lorimer raised his rifle, like a club, as the tiger gathered himself together for his last spring, with the intent to strike him, as he approached; but ere even that feeble effort of resistance could be made, the weight of the tiger, with the velocity of his mighty spring, fell on him, and the last ray of expiring life seemed to be extinguished by the terribleness of the shock. Every one expired the long breath that for more than a minute they had held in the intenseness of their anxiety, as if now the catastrophe was past, when the sudden report of a rifle started every ear. The ragged ball whistled through the air, and the tiger, rearing up to his full height, fell gasping in his last agonies, and Lorimer started upon his feet, with an agility, which the intensity of the excitement gave him, far beyond the ordinary limits to which his bulk and infirmities confined him. A simultaneous shout of triumph burst from the assembled multitude, as Mansfield stepped from the ravine, and dropping the butt end of his rifle to the ground, drew a long breath, like one who had just had a heavy load of anxiety removed from his mind. "My blessing on you for a trusty companion," murmured he, regarding his favorite weapon with a look of affection, as if it had been a living creature. "You

have stood my friend in many a hard pinch, but never before did you put forth your beauties in so good a cause. There was life and death on that shot—I had but one barrel left, and had I failed—it makes me shudder to think what that poor old man would now have been."

The moment it was ascertained that the tiger was unable to rise, the beaters and villagers rushed down in a body, to glut their eyes with the dying struggles of their vanquished foe, and many were the curses and maledictions showered upon the dying tyrant, as he lay, terrible even in death, still glaring fiercely on his tormentors, and making feeble efforts to growl, whilst the frothy blood bubbled in his throat, and choked his dying sobs. "God bless you, my boy," exclaimed old Lorimer, grasping Mansfield's hand in both of his, and squeezing it hard, whilst the tear of gratitude dimmed his eyes; "I have not words to thank you as I could wish, but I feel it, I feel it in the bottom of my heart, and my poor, dear, motherless child, will bless you and pray for you while she lives, for having saved her old father from a cruel death."

BATTLE GROUND OF TIPPECANOE.

THERE are few scenes in the western country so full of interest to the stranger, as the battle ground of Tippecanoe. He who looks upon the page of his country's heroism, as the bright heraldry of a young and vigorous republic, and whose bosom swells at the recital of those glorious deeds of daring bravery, which distinguished our frontier wars, cannot look unfeelingly on this interesting spot. His mind wanders back to those days of privation and hardship, which were endured by the western rangers, in their attempts to quell the haughty souls of our savage borders; and chords of memory and feeling are touched, to which language is incapable of giving expression.

An hour and a half's pleasant ride from the agreeable little village of Lafayette, (Indiana,) on the Wabash, will place you on the spot, and you will generally find some one in the neighborhood who will accompany you over

KEE-O-KUK.

the ground, and point out to you the position of the troops during the battle; the point of first attack by the enemy; the rock upon which Daviess fell and expired; and the grave of the fallen.

On the 20th of May, 1832, I visited the battle ground, in company with an elderly gentleman and his son, from Louisville, Kentucky. It was a clear, calm day, and, after a pleasant ride from Lafayette, we halted upon the memorable spot. Many of those who fell beneath the rifle fire of the dark-eyed Pottowattomie, and the blood-thirsty Shawnese, had been the intimate friends of Mr. H., my companion. He spoke of their manly virtues with warmth and energy, and a tear furrowed down the old man's cheek, as he gazed upon the rude grave that contained their remains.

The incidents of the battle are pretty generally known to the backwoodsmen, but if a sketch, gathered from one of the actors in the scene, can give any interest to this paper, there can be no impropriety in adding it here. General Harrison, with his forces, consisting of a few hundred mounted Kentucky rangers, and a large number of foot soldiers, arrived on the evening previous to the engagement, at the Prophet's town, one mile from the battle ground. The few Indians that the troops found here, manifested a disposition to treat with General Harrison, and pointed out to him the spot on which the battle was subsequently fought, as a proper place for his encampment, where they promised the chiefs of the band should wait upon him on the following morning. Many of the officers doubted the faith of the Indians, and were inclined to camp in some other place. However, the site was a favorable one; our troops were much fatigued, from a continued forced march for several days; and, after making the necessary precautionary arrangements, the tents were struck, and the camp-fires kindled.

On either side of the encampment was a slight declivity, at the base of which a fork of the Tippecanoe creek meandered slowly through the prairie, and united a hundred yards or so, below the encampment. The soldiers slept with their rifles in their arms, prepared to fight at the word, should the Indians prove treacherous, and attempt an

attack. Before daylight the Indians advanced in a large body, and arranged themselves, unperceived, beneath the brow of the encampment hill, on both sides. A sentinel, at the extreme rear of the camp, was fired upon, tomahawked, and scalped, before "alarm" had aroused the camp. Harrison shouted his men to arms, but the favorable situation of the enemy prevented the fire of the whites from being at all destructive; while, on every side, were falling the bravest of our men. Defeat stared the white man in the face, and the chill look of death was settling in every countenance. The bravest quailed and tottered beneath the thunder of the savages' fire; and the war-whoop rang upon the still morning air, as the knell of bright anticipations and glorious hopes. The chances of victory were against the white men, and the duskiness of the morning preserved the enemy from the consequences of the firing of the forces. Memory wandered back to the fireside of the soldier, and imagination pictured the widow and the orphan resting upon the charity of the cold world. At this critical juncture, Daviess shouted to his Kentucky rangers to follow him to the charge, as the only measure of success. His command was obeyed; they rushed down the declivity upon the foe, on the left of the encampment, and received manfully the fire of the Indians. Daviess fell; yet with his last breath, he cheered his men to victory. One impulse, and the conquest is ours. The determined spirit of the rangers struck terror to the savages; the prediction of their prophet was proved false, and their line gave way. Numbers of the red men lay dead upon the spot. The retreating whoop of the fugitives started the remaining wing, and in a few moments the field was in the quiet possession of the white men.

What a scene did the ground exhibit upon the return of daylight. Forty of the bravest and stoutest of that camp lay weltering in their gore; and the groans of the wounded sounded awfully in the ears of the survivors. A deep grave was dug between two or three large oaks, and the fallen soldiers slept there together. No long funeral train accompanied the corses of the worthy dead to their last dwelling place on earth. No affectionate wife bent over the couch of the fallen warrior, and wiped off the clammy

sweat of death that gathered upon his manly, but stricken brow; but brave and stern hearts were bowed low upon that battle ground, and many an unspoken prayer ascended to the throne of Omnipotence, that the worthy dead might be happy in a future world.

The troops left the encampment the second morning after the engagement, and the ground was not visited by white men for several weeks. It appeared, however, that the Indians had returned, some few days after the battle and disinterred the remains of the dead bodies, stripped them of their clothing, and left their naked bodies exposed upon the ground. Up to 1821, their bones were bleaching upon the theatre of their glorious death, unhonored and unsepulchred. On the 4th of July, of that year, a numerous assemblage of persons, among whom were many survivors of the battle, and relatives of the fallen, met upon the battle ground; and having collected the scattered and bleached bones, placed them together in one large coffin, bearing upon the lid the inscription in gilt letters, "Rest, warriors, rest!" and reinterred them, with the honors of war, upon the side of the hill, on the right of the engagement ground. No marble obelisk rears its gorgeous form above that grave; no sculptured monument gives the story of their glorious death to the visitor; but a far more holy feeling than the sight of such honor would conjure up, burns within the bosom of the American, as he gazes upon the rude mound of earth that is thrown up above their bones.

> "Lowly may be the turf that covers
> The sacred grave of their last repose,
> But oh! there is a glory around it hovers,
> Broad as the daybreak, and bright as its close."

A rude pannel fence is around the grave; and the wind whistles wild through the large oak that stands at the head of the enclosure. The memory of those who fell in that struggle will be cherished until America forgets to honor her brave forefathers; till she loses the recollection of the deeds which have made her what she is.

My companions and myself had stopped longer on the ground than we intended. As the old gentleman gave a last look at this interesting spot, he said, "Here is the death ground of Daviess, the brave and excellent Joe Daviess,

of Kentucky; of Owings, and of many others, as worthy fellows as ever fired a gun. God grant that they are now happy in heaven;" and he repeated, with a melancholy cadence, the inscription upon the coffin, "Rest, warriors, rest!" as he turned to leave the memorable battle ground of Tippecanoe.

UNPARALLELED BRAVERY OF A WOMAN.

One of the most daring acts of villainy that has been recorded for some time past, was committed in Tennessee, by a negro fellow belonging to Mr. John Mathews, living five or six miles south of Columbia. The outrage was so great, the circumstances so revolting, and the presence of mind, bravery, self-possession, activity, strength, and skill, of the lady, on whom the murder was attempted to be perpetrated, so uncommon, and so almost unnatural in woman, that we cannot forbear giving all the circumstances, as related to us.

Mr. Mathews was absent from home, and his wife, three small children, and the negro, composed the family the night this demon attempted to take the life of his mistress. Mr. M. was said to have a considerable sum of money, and there is scare a doubt but his negro, in partnership with some other, either white or black, had made a plot to take the life of Mrs. M. to get possession of the money. Mrs. Mathews, unconscious of danger, was attending to her usual business, when, early in the night, a whistle was two or three times heard at the window, the negro being in the house with his mistress, having just finished making a large fire. When the whistle was heard, the negro, pretending to be as much alarmed as his mistress, remarked, that he would go out and get the axe to defend themselves with, if danger should approach them. He did so, and placed it against the side of the house. In a short time, while Mrs. Mathews was stooping to pick up something she had dropped, tho negro caught her by the neck with one hand and reached the other for the axe, swearing he intended to kill her. She rose from her stooping posture, broke his

grasp, and threw him so far from her, by her quick motion and strength, as to be able to get the axe first, which she did, and fearing he might take it from her, pitched it out as far as she could in the dark, where she thought he could hardly again find it. The negro, thinking he could accomplish the demoniacal purpose without it, again rushed at Mrs. M., with the intention of throwing her into the fire. He threw her upon the hearth, but she rose, as she says, with renewed strength, and strange as it may seem, threw him upon the floor. A scuffle for some minutes ensued, when the negro rather getting the advantage, got her out of the house, and by her hair, dragged her some distance, in the direction of a pond, where he said he intended to drown her. Having a gate of bars to pass through, she there once more regained her feet, and determined to make another struggle for her life. He here thought of, and drew a large dirk-knife from his pocket, with which he hoped to despatch her. She saw it, and immediately, fearlessly, and vigorously grasped it. Each endeavored to wrest it from the other, in which neither succeeded. She finally, however, turned his weapon upon himself, and although yet firmly grasped by each, she *succeeded in cutting his throat.* Thus it ended. He supposed his life near enough ended, and left her. She immediately gathered up the children, and set out for the nearest neighbor's, where she gave the alarm, and a search for him was commenced. We learn that he has since been found, and that the wound in the throat is not quite severe enough to cause his death.

The struggle lasted for a considerable time, and we have given the particulars as near as we can recollect them. Mrs. Mathews certainly deserves a great deal of praise for her conduct. Where is the woman in a thousand, that would not, from the great alarm, have surrendered her life immediately into the hands of the demon? He told her, during the fight, that he had made a large fire for the purpose of burning her and her children in it that night, and at one time came very near putting her in it.

REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

On the banks of the Naugatuck, a rapid stream which rises in and flows through a very mountainous part of the state of Connecticut, a few years since, lived a respectable family, by the name of B——. The father, though not a wealthy, was a respectable man. He had fought the battles of his country in the revolution, and from his familiarity with scenes of danger and peril, he had learned that it is always more prudent to preserve and affect an air of confidence in danger, than to betray signs of fear; and especially so, since his conduct might have a great influence upon the minds of those about him. He had occasion to send a little son across the river to the house of a relation, on an errand, and as there was then no bridge, the river must be forded.

The lad was familiar with every part of the fording-place, and when the water was low, which was at this time the case, would cross without danger. But he had scarcely arrived at his place of destination and done his errand, when suddenly, as is frequently the case in mountainous countries, the heavens became black with clouds, the winds blew with great violence, and the rain fell in torrents; it was near night, and became exceedingly dark. By the kindness of his friends, he was persuaded to relinquish the design of returning in the evening, and to wait until morning. The father suspected the cause of his delay, and was not over-anxious on account of any accident that might happen to him during the night. But he knew that he had taught his son to render the most obsequious obedience to his father's commands; that he possessed a daring and fearless spirit, and would never be restrained by force; he would, as soon as it should be sufficiently light in the morning, attempt to ford the river on his return. He knew also, that the immense quantity of water that appeared to be falling, would, by morning cause the river to rise to a considerable height, and make it dangerous even for a man, in the full possession of strength and fortitude, to attempt to cross it. He, there-

REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

fore, passed a sleepless night; anticipating, with all a father's feelings, what might befall his child in the morning.

The day dawned; the storm had ceased, the wind was still, and nothing was to be heard, but the roar of the river. The rise of the river exceeded even the father's expectations, and no sooner was it sufficiently light to enable him to distinguish objects across it, than he placed himself on the bank, to watch for the approach of his son. The son arrived on the opposite shore at the same moment, and was beginning to enter the stream. All the father's feelings were roused into action, for he knew that his son was in the most imminent danger. He had proceeded too far to return; in fact, to go forward or return was to incur the same peril. His horse had arrived in the deepest part of the channel, and was struggling against the current, down which he was rapidly hurried, and apparently making but little progress toward the shore. The boy became alarmed, and raising his eyes towards the landing-place, he discovered his father. He exclaimed, almost frantic with fear, "O! I shall drown, I shall drown!" "No!" exclaimed his father, in a stern and resolute tone, and dismissing, for a moment, his feelings of tenderness, "if you do, I'll whip you to death; cling to your horse." The son, who feared a father more than the raging elements, obeyed his command, and the noble animal on which he was mounted, struggling for some time, carried him safe to shore. "My son," said the glad father, bursting into tears, "remember hereafter, that in danger you must possess fortitude, and determining to survive, cling to the last hope. Had I addressed you with the tenderness and fear which I felt, your fate was inevitable; you would have been carried away in the current, and I should have seen you no more." What an example is here! The heroism, bravery, philosophy, and presence of mind, of this man, even eclipses the conduct of Cesar, when he said to his boatman, QUID TIMES? CAESAREM VEHIS.

THE DUCHESS CAROLINE OF WURTEMBERG.

The following singular story emanates from one of the Imperia Chamberlains, who alleges that he heard it related by Napoleon himself, one evening, at Malmaison. The conversation happening to turn on the Princess of Wurtemberg, the emperor addressed to his chamberlain the following question:

"How old is the present king of Wurtemberg?"

"He is no longer a young man, sire. Frederick William is seventy. He was born in 1734. In 1780, he married Princess Caroline, of Brunswick Wolfenbutel; and he became a widower in September, 1778."

"Yes, he became a widower," remarked the emperor

The tone of voice in which Napoleon uttered these words, riveted the attention of every one present. A pause ensued, and the emperor broke silence by narrating the following story:—

On the 4th of October, 1788, about 8 o'clock in the morning, a man called on M. Dietrich, the preteur* of Strasburg. The servant, when he entered to announce the visitor to his master, looked pale and terrified. "What is the matter, Franz," inquired the preteur. "Sir ——," said the servant, trembling. "Why do you not answer?" "Sir," replied Franz, "it is the executioner." "What can he want? No matter, show him in, and go away."

The executioner of Strasburg was a man infinitely superior to those who in other countries exercise his fearful calling. He was pious, and well informed. He had studied surgery, and was skillful in curing fractures and setting broken limbs. His gratuitous services in this way had conferred on him a sort of popularity among the poorer classes. They pitied rather than despised him; yet his presence seldom failed to excite an invincible feeling of terror.

When introduced into the presence of the preteur, an expression of gravity, even greater than usual, was observable on his countenance.

* The functions of a preteur are equivalent to those of a mayor, but he is invested with more extensive authority.

"What have you to say to me?" inquired M. Dietrich.

"I come," replied the executioner, "to discharge a duty imposed on me by the imperative mandate of my conscience. I entreat, sir, that you will receive a disclosure which I wish to make to you, and that you will write it down as I deliver it. It is an affair of great importance, and I must state it in detail; for on a due consideration of all the facts, I look for my justification."

It will readily be supposed that these preliminary remarks excited the curiosity of the preteur. He immediately seated himself at his writing table, and the executioner thus commenced his extraordinary disclosure:

About a week ago, that is to say, on the night of the 26th of last month, I was at home in my retired dwelling, in the suburbs of Kiel, on the right bank of the Rhine. It was past midnight. I had gone to bed, and I was suddenly startled by a loud knocking at my door. My old house-keeper being awakened by the noise, hurried down stairs to open the door. She was not alarmed, for I am often called up at all hours of the night, by poor persons who come to solicit those acts of service which I am too happy in being able to render to my suffering fellow creatures. I had also risen, and was proceeding down stairs, when I discovered that the poor old woman was disputing with two men, whose faces were masked, and who were holding a pistol to her throat.

"Murder me," she exclaimed, "but spare my master." "No harm will betide him," said one of the two men. "On the contrary, he will be largely rewarded. But he must go with us immediately. His life depends on his compliance."

Seeing me descending the staircase, the men rushed upon me, and leveled the pistol at my breast. In the first moment of my alarm, I imagined that they had come to take revenge on me for an execution which had been ordered by the king, and a natural impulse prompted me to implore that they would spare my life. "Your life is not in danger," said they, "if you obey us punctually. But if you manifest the least hesitation, rest assured that your death is certain. Provide yourself with your best axe, and we must tie a bandage over your eyes; be silent, and

follow us." All this time the pistol was leveled at me. Resistance was vain, and I accordingly submitted to their commands. My eyes were bandaged, and I was helped into a carriage, into which the two strangers immediately seated themselves, and the horses set off at a gallop. I left my old house-keeper almost petrified with terror and amazement; and as I drove off I heard one of the men tell her that if she did not carefully conceal her knowledge of their secret visit, my doom was sealed.

I rode on in a painful state of perplexity. I commended myself to the Holy Virgin, to whom I mentally addressed a prayer. After having invoked the holy name of the mother of Christ, I felt my mind somewhat more at ease, and I tried to discover in what direction we were travel ing. On this point I could arrive at no satisfactory conjecture; but according to the best calculation that I could make, the journey must have occupied between eighteen and twenty hours. On reaching the place of our destination, I was carefully assisted out of the carriage. The two strangers ranged themselves on either side of me, and each took hold of one of my arms. Having walked in this way for the space of a few minutes, we ascended a staircase, which appeared to be very spacious, judging from the resounding noise of our footsteps. I was then led into a large apartment, where the bandage was removed from my eyes.

A sumptuous repast was served, consisting of the most exquisite dishes; but I could not help remarking, that the allowance of wine was very sparing. At nightfall I was directed to hold myself in readiness to perform my duty as executioner, by decapitating a person who had been condemned to death. Though long inured to the painful duty which the law imposes on me, and though I had never for a moment misapprehended the motive of my strange journey, yet, when that motive was thus formally announced, a thrill of horror unnerved me. But I recovered my presence of mind, and I was expostulating with all the energy I could command, when a person, whose voice I had not hitherto heard, said, in a tone of calm decision, "do as you are required, and without hesitation; otherwise you merely seal your own doom, without being able to avert that of the culprit."

I found that further protestation would be vain, and, yielding to compulsion, I consented. I repent my weakness, and I bitterly reproach myself for it; but it was certainly a case in which the law of necessity was implacable. The axe was placed in my hands, a black veil was thrown over my head, and two men, grasping my arms, conducted me through a suit of several apartments. At length we entered a room larger than the rest, and there my conductors halted. The black veil was removed from my face, and I beheld in the center of the room a scaffold, raised to the height of about three feet from the floor. A black velvet drapery covered the wood work, and that part of the floor immediately around it, was strewed with a thick layer of red-colored saw-dust. I was in a painful state of anxiety, and bewildered in a maze of conjecture respecting the victim on whom I was to strike the fatal blow. My conjectures were soon at an end. In a few moments, a female was led, or rather carried into the room. She was of tall stature, and her complexion was brilliantly fair. Her light hair, of which she appeared to have a great profusion, was confined under a cap of black crape. Her dress, which was of black velvet, was confined with a purple silk cord; her hands were also bound with silken cords, of the same color. Her face was concealed by a mask, so that no part of her person was visible except her neck and shoulders, which were dazzlingly white. She made no complaint and offered no resistance. As she approached, I perceived with increased horror, that her mouth was gagged. Eight or ten men, all of whom were masked, raised her on the scaffold; she inclined her head, and laid it on the block. * * * * I need say no more! I trust that heaven will forgive me. I doubt not that the victim was a person of illustrious rank, and I should not be surprised to hear that all the courts of Europe have gone into mourning.

Having performed my horrible task, I was conducted back to the apartment in which I had partaken of the repast on my arrival. There I found the table replenished, and new bottles of wine placed on it. I sat down a few moments to compose myself, uncertain what was to be my fate, but perfectly resigned to the will of God.

After the lapse of a little time, I again stepped into the carriage, followed by my two masked companions. We journeyed all the night, and part of the following day. Nearly twenty hours elapsed before I reached my home, at the door of which I was set down, and a purse, containing two hundred louis, was presented to me. Here is the money; M. Dietrich, I place it in your hands, and beg you will make whatever use of it you think fit. I was expressly recommended to observe the most inviolable silence respecting this extraordinary event. "On your discretion," said the two masked men, "your safety depends. Any attempt to discover the secret of this affair, will be utterly vain, and if you reveal to any one what has transpired, the disclosure will be at once fatal to yourself and to those who receive it."

The preteur of Strasburg listened with deep interest and attention to the tragical and mysterious history related by the executioner. He declined to take charge of the two hundred louis which the executioner wished to lodge in his hands. "If you will not receive the money," said the executioner, "I will dispose of it in paying for masses, and relieving the wants of the poor." His deposition was read over to him by the preteur, and, after signing it, he took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, the preteur put the document under cover, carefully sealed it, and sent it by a confidential courier to the Baron de Breteuil, who was at the head of the French cabinet.

Two weeks elapsed, and at the expiration of them, M Dietrich received a packet, transmitted to him by the gov ernor of Strasburg. It enclosed a letter from the min ister, M. de Breteuil, which was nearly in the following terms:

"I have laid before the king the written copy of the deposition which you forwarded to me, and I have received his majesty's commands respecting it. It is the king's desire that the individual who made the disclosure shall keep the sum of money presented to him, and his majesty adds to it a sum of equal amount, on condition that inviolable secrecy be observed respecting all that has passed."

"Now," pursued Napoleon, "I will give you the key to this adventure, which is of a nature not so rare as may be supposed, in the history of courts.

"The Duke of Wurtemberg's first wife, who was a beautiful and accomplished woman, was accused of regarding with too favorable an eye, a young page in the service of the duke. This page, emboldened by the kindness which the princess extended to him, took the liberty of quitting the ducal states, without the permission of his illustrious master. On arriving at the frontier, he alighted at an inn, where he ordered supper. On sitting down to table, he saw inscribed on one of the Dresden china plates, the words, *Return, or tremble!* He did return. At the first meal to which he sat down in the palace, a beautiful glass of rock crystal was presented to him, and on it were inscribed, in letters of gold, the words, *Depart, or tremble!* He would have been wise had he obeyed this second mandate as readily as he did the first; but love is venturous, and the page remained.

"The page lodged in the palace; his chamber was at the uppermost part of the building; the door opened into a long corridor, or passage, beneath which there was a similar corridor, or passage, at every story, down to the ground of the palace. It was known that the page every night passed along this corridor to a private staircase, which led to the apartments of the princess. A most singular plan was devised for his destruction. In each of these corridors, descending from story to story, a few boards were removed from the flooring, which boards were afterwards neatly fitted into their places, but left unfastened, so as to form a succession of trap-doors. The unfortunate page, having no idea of the gulf that was ready to open beneath his feet, was at the usual hour hurrying to his apartments. He had not advanced more than a few yards, when the flooring gave way under his feet. He struggled to save himself, but in vain; he was dashed from a fearful height to the flooring of the last corridor, immediately above the princess' chamber. The ceiling of this apartment had, of course, been left untouched; but the removal of the flooring above it rendered it sufficiently fragile. It immediately yielded beneath the weight of the

falling body; and in another moment, the lifeless and mutilated remains of the page lay at the feet of the princess.

"The sudden horror rendered her for some time insensible: her attendants, alarmed by the dreadful crash, rushed in, and the apartment was soon filled by persons from the most distant parts of the palace. Most of them were lost in conjectures respecting the cause of the tragical event: but there were a few to whom that cause was sufficiently well known. These latter attributed it to the decayed state of the building; and under pretence of preventing any recurrence of the accident, all the corridors were fastened up, until the flooring was completely repaired. Thus the multitude regarded the affair merely as a melancholy accident, unattended by any mysterious circumstances. The princess, recovering herself sufficiently, understood the fate that awaited her, and resolved to quit the domain of her father-in-law. She communicated her intention to her principal *femme de chambre*, whom she implored to assist her in escaping from enemies, in whose hands she felt assured that her life was not secure. The *femme de chambre* threw herself at her mistress' feet, and thanked her for this proof of her confidence. She assured the princess that she was both able and willing to aid her. Her brother, she said, was attached to the police department, and with the assistance of his agents, it would be easy to rescue the princess from her persecutors. It was agreed that on the following night the princess and her attendant should escape from the palace by a subterraneous passage, which led through some ancient vaults, to a retired house beyond the boundaries of the city. There a carriage was to be in readiness for them.

"Assured of her own safety, the unfortunate princess was reflecting with bitter regret on the fate of her lover, when she received a message from her husband, requesting an interview with her. Instead of granting this interview, she listened only to the dictates of her passion and her pride. She wrote to the sovereign master of her destiny a note, to the following effect:

"'You have shed the blood of a blameless victim. You will have to answer for his death in the presence of God, where, probably, you will likewise have to answer for

mine. If you were capable of being just, I would bow to you as my judge; but I feel too well convinced that you desire to be, not my judge, but my executioner. I will not see you; and may heaven's vengeance await you!'

"Such a letter could not fail to exasperate the already irritated feelings of a betrayed husband. Night arrived. The princess had collected in a large casket, her diamonds, her gold, and her letters. She retired to rest at her usual hour; but no sooner had her attendants withdrawn, than she arose and dressed herself, assisted by her confidential *femme de chambre*. She wrapped herself in a large silk cloak, such as was usually worn by females of the middle rank, in that part of Germany. She hoped, by help of this disguise, to elude observation. Quitting the ducal apartments, the princess and her attendant descended a narrow staircase, and then passed along a corridor, which was parallel with the kitchens, which received its light from them. Some of the servants were up and engaged in their work, but the princess courageously pursued her course.

"There still remained a long range of passages to be passed, when, on opening a door, the keys which the *femme de chambre* carried fell from her hand. The noise alarmed the fugitives: fortunately, it was heard only by themselves; they collected their keys and proceeded.

"They now entered a spacious vault, in which they had advanced some distance, when they were stopped at a closed door. This was the last door they had to pass within the walls of the castle. What was their distress on finding that none of their keys would fit the lock!

"They naturally concluded that this key must have fallen along with the rest, and that they had omitted to pick it up. It was agreed that the *femme de chambre* should go back to seek it, and that the princess should wait until she returned. She waited alone, and in profound darkness. A considerable time had elapsed, and the princess listened anxiously for the approaching footsteps of her companion; but she listened in vain. Unable longer to endure the painful suspense, the princess resolved to go in search of her attendant. But how or where was she to find the door of the vault? Excess of fear frequently inspires courage. To find the outlet of the vault, she thought she

could adopt no better plan than to walk straight forward until her hands came in contact with the wall. Having reached the wall, she kept her hand upon it, and groped her way along until she reached an opening, which assured her that she had gained the door. She entered a narrow passage communicating with the vault, and was creeping along cautiously, in order to avoid stumbling against some fragments of stone which lay scattered here and there; suddenly she was startled by the sound of footsteps above her head, and a gleam of light penetrating through a narrow grating, rendered her in an instant motionless as a statue. The sound of voices was heard, and in a few moments the princess was roughly seized by two hands, and dragged from the spot in which she had been standing, transfixed with terror. The violence of her assailants roused her from her insensibility; she shrieked, struggled, and called loudly for help. Her cries were unheeded; she was thrown brutally on the ground, and bound hand and foot. Her supplications for mercy were unheeded; she was enveloped in a cloak, or rather sack, of black satin; and, to complete the outrage, a gag was forced into her mouth. From that moment, God alone heard her complaints."

Here the emperor ceased to speak, and after a few moments' silence the empress said, with profound emotion, "Gracious heaven! was this the fate of the first wife of the Duke of Wurtemberg? And was she the victim who perished by the hand of the executioner of Strasburg?"

"So report affirmed," resumed Napoleon. "But the public voice is always so ready to calumniate the great, that we ought not to give too ready credence to popular rumor. The mention of the name of the elector of Wurtemberg reminded me of this sad story. I related it because I knew it would interest you; but for its truth or falsehood, I do not take upon me to be responsible. Believe it or not, as you please."

THE TIGER—OR, LIFE IN A JUNGLE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

I WAS encamped a few miles to the eastward of this spot, settling a disputed boundary on the frontier, in a very tigerish country, where it happened. My people had been out every day on the trail of a wandering tiger, which had been doing a deal of mischief; but they failed to mark him down, and on the last day I could remain, I resolved to make one more attempt to destroy him, by watching at night. The spot I selected was the edge of a tank, where he used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village Shikaree accompanied me, and soon after sunset, we took up our position on a branch, about twelve feet from the ground. I should first mention that we had fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for bait. Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours, without any stirring. The moon had arisen, and so clear was the light, that you could see the jackals at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village. It might be about eight o'clock, when a party of Brinjarries passing by, stopped to water their bullocks at the tank. They loitered for some time, and becoming impatient, I got off the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, saying that I was watching a tiger; upon which they started off immediately. I was sauntering back to my post, never dreaming of danger, when Shikaree gave a low whistle and at the same moment a growl rose from some bushes between me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw his black arm pointing nearly straight under him, on my side of his post. It was very evident that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty paces of it. There was nothing for me to do but to drop behind the bush, and leave the rest to Providence.

It would have been certain death to run. A tiger is far more alert by night than by day, and if I had moved then, he would have had me to a certainty; besides, I trusted to his killing the bullock and returning to the jungle as

soon as he had finished his supper; and so he would, if I had not been a fool. It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock, when the tiger approached. He would run up to the end of his rope, making desperate exertions to break it, and then lie down, shaking in every limb, and bellowing in a most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough, but suspecting something wrong, he walked growling round the tree, as if he did not observe him. At last, he made a fatal spring, with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant, and the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck, sucking his life's blood. I know not what pressed me at the moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcass, when the ball hit nim. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols; they had been left on the tree—then I thought that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life flashed, with dreadful distinctness, across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare for death, which seemed to be inevitable.

My peon, as I afterwards learnt, poor fellow, was trying in vain to fire my double rifle; but all my locks have bolts which he did not understand, and he could not cock it. He was a good Shikaree, and knew that was my only chance; so when he could do no good, he did nothing If Mohakeen or Fukeera had been there, they would soon have relieved me, but I had sent them both in another direction that day. Well, some minutes passed thus. The tiger made no attempt to come at me; a ray of hope cheered me—he might be dying. I peeped through the branches, but my heart sunk within me, when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew upon my face. I slipped back upon my knees in despair

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and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed.

It was not his nature to attack me at once. A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge, unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves, and while I remained perfectly quiet, I had still a chance. Suspense was becoming intollerable. My rifle lay useless by my side: to attempt to load it would have been instant death. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dared not move a joint. The tormenting musketoes swarmed round my face; but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours, that seemed years, rolled on. I could hear the village going clock strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last came the welcomed dawn, and oh! how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose and sulkily walked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was over, and rose with a feeling of relief, which I cannot describe.

I sent off the peon for the elephant immediately, and before eight o'clock, old Golian had arrived. We started immediately in pursuit, and in less than half an hour it was all over with him. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him dead. It was a great satisfaction to see the brute fall after the cruel way in which he had bullied me, watching me like a rat in a trap, for nine hours.

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL.

The wind of November whistled shrill and cold among the rocky precipices that jutted over the mountain road from Aylesbury, towards Northumberland, as, at the decline of day, two travellers, on horseback, were crossing with weary pace the long range of ridges towards the great elbow of the Susquehanna; and notwithstanding that the

clouds lay heavily on the dark and distant mountain tops, and the shadows of approaching night gathered rapidly, they paused upon the northern extremity of the last eminence, dismounted, and appeared to be taking a survey of the country around them—a country embodying some of the most grand and sublime scenery in nature. To the north and east and south, one vast extent of forest lay outstretched, broken and diversified by hill and valley, now dimly seen, but not less interesting in its aspect. In one direction was to be seen seven stupendous pyramidic piles: pushing their pined crowned summits through the black clouds, they seemed fit habitations for the fierce spirits of the restless elements, and one could almost fancy the angels of the tempest gathering to their awful dwellings in those unvisited realms, a universe of stormy clouds; while in the west a peaceful river flowed away in calm and unbroken solitude, through its devious course. Such was the scene the travellers were left surveying, when twilight fol lowed the declining sun, and the dreary night came swift upon the transient glooming.

A long three miles from this, on a dim and narrow road, was a small public house, called in those days, the "Inn of the Forest." There was a thin settlement from this for some miles on, chiefly men of the rudest cast in life, often honest and kind in their way, but who, nevertheless, brooked not the control of law, and living far off from city and town, enjoyed their game, and were themselves the only umpires of each other's rights and wrongs: such as these made up the company that gathered in the tavern that night, and as the winds blew louder, and the weather grew colder without, so did their noise and their rioting, and the turbulence of their spirits, increase within.

Mingling with this tumultuous assembly around the bar room fire, and the long card table stretched out before it, was now to be seen the two strangers; they were wrapped up in fur-hunting cloaks, and while one of them took part in the boisterous laugh, and played his game at the card table, and drank freely, the other stretched himself to sleep in a corner. The more sociable stranger soon acquired the confidence of his new companions; and as he himself professed to be a tavern keeper, he gained the special favor

of the landlord, a black whiskered, down cast, dark looking man, upon whose countenance the stamp of vice was fixed, and who was the loudest and most clamorous in the circle, and drank, and played, and boasted, and cursed, with a kind of desperate and frenzied infatuation.

These riotings were kept up throughout the midnight hours; and while the wearied and inebriated guests, one by one, dropped asleep, and while, without, the storm sung in melancholy and plaintive sweetness through the seared pine trees, that single stranger kept the little circle he had gathered round him by the fire, in fixed and wakeful attention to harrowing tales of hell-devised murders, and fearful retributions, and walking ghosts, and marvellous facts, brought to the light of day by supernatural agencies; and detailed a thousand instances to prove that

> Murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak
> With most miraculous organ.

In vain the host endeavored to turn, at every period, the subject. In vain he stirred the dying embers, and invited the guests to sleep. In vain he trembled and turned pale; the traveler seemed invincible, and at every change, murder and its bloody consequences were still his theme, and still his eye was fixed on the disquieted features of the host. It was dark and penetrating; and his voice grew hoarse as he bid them hearken to the screeching wind. It seemed to him, he said, to be burdened with a voice; in the words of Macbeth,

> "Still it cried, *sleep no more*, to all the house."

The company started and listened; some thought they heard the voice, and some fancied they distinguished those very words. What can it mean? was the inquiry that went round. "Hark," said the stranger, "heard you not that? listen!" "*Rolland, Rolland, a mother and six innodent children murdered by your hand, summon you to the grave with them!*" A heavy charge, said he, as he turned towards the host, who, startled at the awful import of the words, rose in wild agitation, and clenching his fists, halloed, as to the voice—"If I slew you, it was at another's instigation, and the money I got for it I buried in the

rapids of the Susquehanna!" "Yet for that crime," said the other stranger, who had till now laid silent, and apparently asleep, "by virtue of a state's warrant, and in the name of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, we arrest you, Dubois Rolland, to answer at the bar of your country!" And as he said it, he deliberately rose, drew a pair of double barreled pistols from his cloak, and calmly laid them on the table before him; while the other, throwing off his loose garment, stood before the astonished man, in the garb of an officer of justice, completely armed with dirk and pistols.

Resistance was in vain; the murderer was seized and carried to the skirts of the adjoining wood, where he was mounted on horseback, secured, carried thirty miles, and lodged in jail before ten o'clock the next morning.

This was the plan adopted and executed by the members of a weak village police, in a country where the supremacy of the law had often to be maintained rather by stratagem than open force, and by which was brought to justice and the scaffold, one of the most bloody villains that ever hung upon the gallows; a man who had murdered, according to his own confession, afterwards made, a mother and her orphan family, for a price paid him by a relative who was the next heir to a small and petty estate.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

About twenty or thirty years since, a gentleman named Webster, who lived in the Woodlands, a wild, uncultivated, barren range of hills in Derbyshire, bordering upon the confines of Yorkshire, had occasion to go from home. The family, besides himself, consisted of the servant man, a young girl, and the housekeeper. At his departure, he gave his man a strict charge to remain in the house, with the females, and not on any account to absent himself at night, until his return. This the man promised to do; and Mr. W. proceeded on his journey. At night, however, the man went out, notwithstanding all the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the housekeeper to the

contrary; and not coming in, she and the servant girl, at the usual time, went to bed. Some time in the night, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The housekeeper got up, went down stairs, and inquired who was there, and what was their business? She was informed that a friend of Mr. W., being benighted, and the night wet and stormy, requested a night's lodging. She forthwith gave him admittance, roused up the fire, led his horse into the stable, and then returned to provide something to eat for her guest, of which he partook, and was then shown to his chamber. On returning to the kitchen, she took up his great-coat in order to dry it, when, perceiving it to be, as she thought, very heavy, curiosity prompted her to examine the pockets, in which she found a brace of loaded pistols, and their own large carving knife! Thunderstruck by this discovery, she immediately perceived what sort of a guest she had to deal with, and his intentions. However, summoning up all her courage and resolution, she proceeded softly up stairs, and, with a rope, fastened, as well as she could, the door of the room in which the villain was; then went down, and in great perturbation of mind awaited the event. Shortly after a man came to the window, and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, said, "Are you ready?" She grasped one of the pistols with a desperate resolution, presented it to his face, and fired! The report of the pistol alarmed the villain above, who attempted to get out of the room, but was stayed in his purpose by her saying, "Villain, if you open the door, you are a dead man." She then sent the servant girl for assistance, while she remained, with the other pistol in her hand, guarding the chamber door. When help arrived, the villain was taken into custody; and, on searching without, they found the servant man shot dead. Another villain, who was taken shortly after, met with his deserts; and the housekeeper, who had acted with such fidelity and such unparalleled intrepidity, was united to Mr. Webster

HEROISM OF MADAME LAVERGNE.

The beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne had been married but a very short time to M. Lavergne, governor of Longwy, when that fort surrendered to the Prussians. The moment Longwy was retaken by the French, the governor was arrested, and conducted to one of the prisons of Paris. Madame Lavergne followed to the capital. She was then scarcely twenty years of age, and one of the loveliest women of France. Her husband was upwards of sixty; yet his amiable qualities first won her esteem, and his tenderness succeeded to inspire her with an affection as sincere and fervent as that which he possessed for her.

That dreadful epoch of the revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold reeked daily with the blood of its unfortunate victims; and while Lavergne expected to be summoned before the dreadful tribunal, he fell sick in his dungeon. This accident, which at any other moment would have filled the heart of Madame Lavergne with grief and inquietude, elevated her hope and consolation. She could not believe there existed a tribunal so barbarous as to bring a man before the judgment-seat, who was suffering under a burning fever. A perilous disease, she imagined, was the present safeguard of her husband's life; and she promised herself, that the fluctuation of events would change his destiny, and finish in his favor that which nature had so opportunely began. Vain expectation! the name of Lavergne had been irrevocably inscribed on the fatal list of the 17th Germinal of the 2d year of the republic, June 25, 1794; and he must on that day submit to his fate.

Madame Lavergne, informed of the decision, had recourse to tears and supplications. Persuaded that she could soften the hearts of the representatives of the people, by a faithful picture of Lavergne's situation, she presented herself before the committee of general safety; she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed whom she represented as a prey to dangerous and cruel disease, deprived of his strength, of his faculties, and of all

those powers either of body or mind, which could enable him to confront his intrepid and arbitrary accusers.

"Imagine, oh! citizens," said the agonizing wife of Lavergne, "such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal about to decide upon his life, while reason abandons him, while he cannot understand the charges brought against him, nor has sufficient power of utterance to declare his innocence.

"His accusers, in full possession of their moral and physical strength, and already inflamed with hatred against him, are instigated by his helplessness to more than ordinary exertions of malice; while the accused, subdued by bodily suffering and mental infirmity, is appalled or stupified, and barely sustains the dregs of his miserable existence. Will you, O citizens of France, call a man to trial while in the phrensy of delirium? Will you summon him, who, perhaps, at this moment, expires upon the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence, which admits of no medium between liberty and the scaffold? And if you unite humanity with justice, can you suffer an old man ————" At these words, every eye was turned on Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the hearts of the members of the committee, from those which she had hoped to inspire in them. They interrupted her with coarse jests and indecent raillery. One of the members assured her, with a scornful smile, that young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had lived already long enough.

Another, equally brutal, and still more ferocious, added, that the fervor with which she pleaded the cause of her husband, was an unnatural excess; and therefore, the committee could not attend to her petition.

Horror, indignation, and despair, took possession of the soul of Madame Lavergne: she had heard the purest and most exalted affection, for one of the worthiest of men, contemned and vilified as a degraded appetite; she had been wantonly insulted, while demanding justice, by the administrators of the laws of a nation; and she rushed in

silence from the presence of those inhuman men, to hide the bursting agonies of her soul. One faint ray of hope yet rose to cheer the gloom of Madame Lavergne's despondency. Dumas was one of the judges of the tribunal and him she had known previous to the revolution. Her repugnance to seek this man in his new career, was subdued by a knowledge of his power, and the hopes of his influence. She threw herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and conjured him, by all the claims of mercy and humanity, to prevail on the tribunal to delay the trial of her husband till the hour of his recovery. Dumas replied coldly, that it did not belong to him to grant the favor she solicited, nor should he choose to make such a request of the tribunal; then, in a tone somewhat animated by insolence and sarcasm, he added, "And is it then so great a misfortune to you, madam, to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death will leave you at liberty to employ your youth and charms more usefully?"

Such a reiteration of insult roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation; she shrieked with insupportable anguish, and, rising from her humble posture, she extended her arms towards heaven, and exclaimed, "Just God, will not the crimes of these atrocious men awaken thy vengeance? Go, monster," she cried to Dumas, "I no longer want thy aid; I no longer want thy pity; away to the tribunal; there will I also appear; then shall it be known whether I deserve the outrages which thou, and thy base associates have heaped upon me."

From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with the fixed determination to quit a life that had now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal; and, mixing with the crowd, waited in silence for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day commences. M. Lavergne is called for. The jailors support him thither on a matress; a few questions are proposed to him; to which he answers, in a feeble and dying voice; and sentence of death is pronounced upon him.

Scarcely had the sentence passed the lips of the judge, when Madame Lavergne cried, with a loud shriek, "Vive le Roi!" The persons nearest the place wherein she stood,

eagerly surrounded, and endeavored to silence her; but the more the astonishment and alarm of the multitude augmented, the more loud and vehement became her cries of Vive le Roi. The guard was called and directed to lead her away. She was followed by a numerous crowd, mute with consternation and pity. But the passages and staircase still resounded, every instant, with Vive le Roi, till she was conducted into one of the rooms belonging to the court of justice, into which the public accuser came, to interrogate her on the motives of her extraordinary conduct.

"I am not actuated," she answered, "by any sudden impulse of despair, or revenge for the condemnation of M. Lavergne; but from the love of royalty, which is rooted in my heart. I adore the system that you have destroyed. I do not expect any mercy from you, for I am your enemy. I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made, as long as I live."

Such a declaration was without reply. The name of Madame Lavergne was instantly added to the list of suspected. A few minutes afterwards, she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own accusation, and was condemned to die. From that instant, the agitation of her spirits subsided; serenity took possession of her mind; and her beautiful countenance announced only the peace and satisfaction of her soul.

On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the cart, and desired to be so placed that she might behold her husband. The unfortunate Lavergne had fallen into a swoon, and was in that condition, extended upon straw in the cart, at the feet of his wife, without any signs of life. On the way to the place of execution, the motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of Lavergne's shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of the sun, until his wife entreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief and fasten his shirt. Shortly afterwards, Madame Lavergne, whose attention never wandered from her husband for a single instant, perceived that his senses returned, and called him by his name. At the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been withheld from him, Lavergne raised his eyes, and fixed them on her, with

a look at once expressive of terror and affection. "Be not alarmed," she said, "it was your faithful wife, who called you. You know I could not live without you, and we are going to die together." Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude; sobs and tears relieved the oppression of his heart; and he became able once more to express his love and admiration of his virtuous wife. The scaffold, which was intended to separate, united them forever.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

I HAD been for some time ill of a low and lingering fever. My strength gradually wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more acute, as my corporeal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery; and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friends taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day, towards the evening, the crisis took place. I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering; a rushing sound was in my ears. I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces; they were bright and visionary, and without bodies. There was light and solemnity and I tried to move, but could not. For a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me, and when it passed off, all my recollection returned with the most perfect distinctness; but the power of motion had departed. I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow, and the voice of the nurse say, "He is dead." I cannot describe what I felt at these words. I exerted my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but I could not move even an eyelid. After a short pause, my friend drew near, and sobbing, and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face, and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I still could hear, and feel, and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon after found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more aw-

ful than the grief of my friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed a corpse with the utmost appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these wretches retired, and the degrading formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days, a number of friends called to see me. I heard them in low accents speak of what I was; and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day, some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured—I was lifted and laid in—my friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow and I felt the tears drop on my face.

When all who had any peculiar interest in me had for a short time looked at me in the coffin, I heard them retire; and the undertaker's men placed the lid on the coffin, and screwed it down. There were two of them present; one had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left, begin to whistle, as he turned the screw nails; but he checked himself, and finished the work in silence.

I was then left alone—every one shunned the room. I knew, however, that I was not yet buried; and though darkened and motionless, I had still hope; but this was not permitted long. The day of interment arrived—I felt the coffin lifted and borne away—I heard and felt it placed in the hearse. There was a crowd of people around—some of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move—I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out. I felt myself carried on shoulders of men, by the inequality of the motion. A pause ensued. I heard the cords of the coffin move—I felt it swing as dependent by them—it was lowered, and rested on the bottom of the grave—the cords were dropped upon the coffin lid—I heard them fall. Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immovable.

Soon after, a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin; then there was another pause; after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling

mould, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a surging reverberation in the coffin, I knew the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat of his spade. This too ceased, and then all was silent.

I had no means of knowing the lapse of time—and the silence continued. This is death, thought I, and am I doomed to remain in the earth till the resurrection? Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care. In the contemplation of this hideous thought, I heard a low and under sound in the earth over me, and I fancied that the worms and the reptiles of death were coming, and the mole and the rat of the grave would soon be upon me. The sound continued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon? The hope was truly like light bursting through the gloom of death.

The sound ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some dreadful being, working about my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was piercingly cold; and I was carried swiftly away—I thought to judgment, perhaps to perdition.

When borne to some distance, I was then thrown down like a clod—it was not upon the ground. A moment after I found myself on a carriage—and by the interchange of two or three brief sentences, I discovered that I was in the hands of two of those robbers who live by plundering the grave, and selling the bodies of parents, and children, and friends. One of the men sung sketches and obscene songs, as the cart rattled over the pavement of the streets.

When it halted, I was lifted out, and I soon perceived, by the closeness of the air, and the change of temperature, that I was carried into a room; and being rudely stript of my shroud, was placed naked on a table. By the conversation of the two fellows with the servant who admitted them, I learnt that I was that night to be dissected.

My eyes were still shut—I saw nothing—but in a short time I heard by the bustle in the room, that the students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came around the table, and examined me minutely. They were pleased to find that so good a subject had been procured. The demonstrator himself at last came in.

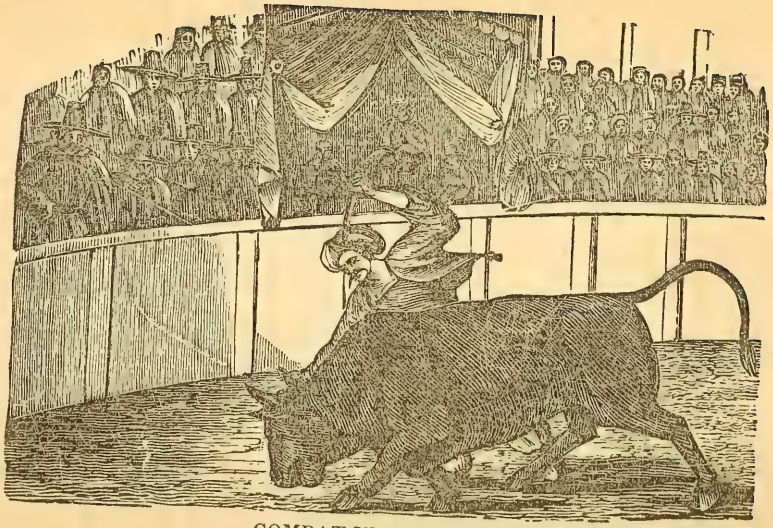
Previous to beginning the dissection, he proposed to try on me some galvanic experiment, and an apparatus was arranged for that purpose. The first shock vibrated through all my nerves—they rung and jangled like the strings of a harp. The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock threw my eyes open, and the first person I saw was the doctor who had attended me. But still I was as dead. I could, however, discover among the students, the faces of many with whom I was familiar—and when my eyes were opened, I heard my name pronounced by several of the students, with an accent of awe and compassion, and a wish that it had been some other subject.

When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife and pierced me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful crackling, as it were, through my whole frame—a convulsive shuddering instantly followed, and a shriek of horror rose from all present. The ice of death was broken up—my trance ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in the full possession of all my faculties.

COMBAT WITH A BULL.

All was in readiness. Alonso cast a look on Hamet, in which there was something less severe than his usual expression: "Art thou prepared?" said the king. "Aye, for life or death!" replied Hamet. "Then God be thy judge, young man," said Alonso, as he raised his arm and gave the signal. The trumpet gave one clear and hollow blast. It curdled the blood: for it sounded like the knell of death, to all but the obdurate. Ere the echo of the

surrounding mountains had finished repeating the awful clarion, the barriers were thrown open; and, with one bound, the bull burst out. With nostrils smoking, as he uttered fearful bellowings, he stood gazing around, shook his sides, pawed the ground with his broad hoofs, but did not advance to the combat. He was black in color; and, therefore, had he been named Nero. Whilst thus he stood, wild cries issued from the circus. They were strange and mingled; some seemed uttered in joy, that the animal showed little symptoms of being willing for the attack. The more brutal Portuguese, however, those true lovers of the game, who could forget even humanity in their sports, greeted the creature with yells, hoots, and hissings; since it was always deemed an infallible mark of cowardice in the bull, if he did not instantly attack his foe. Hamet was ready to receive him—his wood-knife in his hand, his eye fixed on his enemy. His fine person drawn to its utmost height, every muscle in his slender limbs seemed to swell and to show its power, as he stood, "like a grayhound on the slip," eager for the hardy encounter. The bull having been irritated by turning dogs out upon him, (a usual practice whenever the animal showed any delay in attack,) now sufficiently convinced all the spectators, that such delay was not from want of spirit. With an aspect full of savage fury, he lashed his sides with his broad tail, bellowed, tore up the ground with his hoofs and horns, and darted forward toward Hamet. The youth, by leaping with an agility alone to be compared to the nimble-footed chamois, as it springs from rock to rock, endeavored, but in vain, to avoid the continued pursuit of the bull—his eye ever watchful for the moment of attack. No such moment ocurred; and it seemed evident that his life would terminate with the time in which he should become spent and breathless, from the violent exertions he made to preserve it. Hassan saw this. He clasped his hands together in agony—he looked up to heaven—he uttered fearful cries, that mingled even with his prayers. "He will die! he will die!" exclaimed Hassan. "Oh for an angel's wing, to waft him hence in safety! Mortal aid, is there none to save him. But see prophet of Mecca! what a daring act! He has seized



COMBAT WITH A BULL

the terrible animal by the horns; he suffers himself to be dragged around the arena! Now he hangs by one hand; he stabs him in the throat; the blood spouts like a fount of waters; but the brute still lives. Look! Hamet falls from his hold—God save thee. He is up again! he is on his feet! Oh, Allah, how I thank thee! He flies; he flies!—but look! the brute is mad with fury, gored with wounds. See, how he tears up the sand. He follows—he follows: how will Hamet escape? He has driven the youth close to the barrier; there is no escape, no hope—he must fall!" "He falls not! he falls not!" exclaimed Cassim. "Oh, noble Hamet!" At this instant, a loud, continued, and deafening shout of applause, shook the arena; for Hamet, bold, active, quick of eye, and vigorous of limb, with one bound, the very instant the bull was about to toss him on his horns, sprang upon his back, and leapt over him. He ran forward. Nero had already received more than one stab from the knife. None of them, however, reached any mortal part; still he bled fast, and there was hope; could Hamet but keep him at bay till the creature was somewhat spent by loss of blood, he might even yet despatch him. So great was the interest excited in the breasts of the spectators, that many called out to him, to make for the extremity of the arena, under the king's pavilion, as being furtherest removed from the enemy. The bull had, indeed, turned again to the pursuit; and that with so much fierceness, the last efforts of his rage, that the sight of it impressed horror. His blood streamed from his flanks; he bounded, rather than ran forward, with dreadful bellowings. He shook his neck and sides, tossed the sand in his career, whilst volumes of smoke arose from his mouth and nostrils. Hamet, as a final effort, determined to spring upon him; and, for that purpose, when within a few yards of the bull, turned to confront him. His foot slipped—he fell—and the knife dropped from his hand. All hope fled; for at that instant he stood close to the barrier, which cut off all retreat, and the wild bull was making towards him, with head bent to gore him to death with his horns. A cry of horror arose from the arena. Hamet sprung up. There was no escape. Ines de Dastro set immediately above the spot

where the youthful Moor was in so much danger Quick in feeling and in thought, she tore from her shoulders the crimson mantle in which she was wrapt, and threw it into the arena, with so true a hand, that Hamet caught it—cast it over the bull's head as he prepared to gore him—and ere the beast could disentangle himself from the blind thus thrown over him, Hamet recovered his knife, that lay close at his feet, and stuck it into the spine. His mighty enemy fell, a convulsed corpse.

THE YOUNG WARRIORS.

For the substantial accuracy of the following story, I can truly vouch. One of the parties is intimately known to me. The tragic scene, while it affords a true development of the individual sufferings and horrors incident to war, especially to border wars, discloses traits of youthful courage and presence of mind, eminently worthy of public record.

Towards the close of the late war with Great Britain, in 1812 or 1814, when the American arms had been so far victorious as to alarm and intimidate the Indians on these frontiers, they acceded to a proposition to meet American commissioners at Greenville, in Ohio, for the purpose of making a treaty of peace, and of cession and indemnities. The British authorities in Canada, learning the intelligence of this contemplated convention, became anxious to prevent as many of the tribes, disposed to attend it, as possible, from doing so. For this purpose, they detached a force of Canadian savages, commanded by a French Canadian officer, whose object was to intercept a tribe of American Indians, and overawe them from proceeding to Greenville. This scheme soon became known to the military authorities of the United States on the frontier. They promptly adopted measures to counteract the projects of the enemy. They selected a lad, about sixteen years of age, the son of a respectable native of this county, who had enjoyed the confidence and good will of the Indians all his life. The father having died, they transferred their

attachment to the son. This boy, arming himself with a tomahawk, scalping knife, musket, and ammunition, engaged as his companion a half-breed, the nephew of the Canadian commander of the hostile Indian force, somewhat older than himself, and proceeded from Detroit to visit the friendly Indians, and to induce them, by his hereditary influence, to proceed on their mission to Greenville as well as to warn them against the meditated attempt of the enemy to intercept them. The two lads marched with celerity, amidst trying difficulties and dangers. They passed a Pottawatomie village, with the aboriginal inhabitants of which the American lad was a great favorite These Pottawatomies were aware of the movements of the Canadian Indians, and after the two lads had left their village, in pursuit of the business on which they had been despatched, they became apprehensive that their youthful favorite and his companion might be captured and massacred by the hostile force; they therefore sent a number of their warriors after them, for the purpose of affording them protection. Before these generous allies overtook them, the two boys had begun to cross a river in a canoe. On the opposite shore they descried a detachment of the savage enemy; but it was too late; they were ordered by the Canadian commander of the detachment, to come on shore, and surrender themselves. Feigning submission, our young heroes, as they approached the enemy, whose commander was advancing towards them alone, came to the determination to sell their lives dearly, and not to be taken alive, if captured at all They formed the plan of walking up as near as possible, with safety, to the Canadian officer, and of shooting him down on the spot, each pledging himself to the other to fire simultaneously. As they came near to him, the half-breed discovered that the officer was his uncle. For a moment he fluttered; but reinspired by the determined spirit and energy of the American lad, he marched fearlessly up towards the commander. Within a few steps of him, he demanded an immediate surrender of themselves and their arms. They looked around them. They perceived that the hostile savage detachment were stationed on the brow of a hill, about fifty yards from them. They felt their perilous situation; but with un-

daunted firmness and desperate resolution, they told the Canadian officer not to come any nearer to them; if he did, they would certainly kill him. At first he laughed at them. He could not suppose it possible, that two boys, neither of them eighteen years of age, would, in the face of a large detachment of savage enemies, burning with resentment, and flushed with hope, dare to execute their threat. Finding that they were in no wise intimidated by the dangers which on all sides surrounded them, the Canadian commander resorted to the bold expedient of moving towards his youthful adversaries; throwing open his bosom, defying them to fire at him, and at the same moment, raising his sword to cut down the young American. In the act of striking, they both shot him through the heart. He fell at their feet. But such was the presence of mind of the young American, in these fearful circumstances, uncertain whether the officer was certainly dead, that, to render "assurance doubly sure," and to prevent the possibility of his calling out to his detachment to fire on them, he turned the butt end of the musket, and with it broke, at one blow, the neck of the enemy whom they had shot through the heart. At this instant the friendly Pottawatomies providentially appeared on the opposite shore of the river, gave a tremendous yell, and rushed across the stream with the rapidity of lightning. The savage enemy, by this time apprised of the fate of their commander, and seeing the rapid approach of the Pottawatomies, took to flight. The brave lads were saved, proceeded on their journey, amidst perils scarcely less eminent than the one they had just escaped, and effected the object of their trying and dangerous mission. The treaty of Greenville was signed and ratified; peace was restored with the Indian tribes; and the intrepid young American, left a penniless orphan by the death of his parent and the disastrous effects of the war, lived to educate and bring up a large family of sisters, by his own exertions, and still lives, in prosperity and affluence, to enjoy the society of that family, respectably established in life, and to see the savage wilderness, where he was cradled and nurtured under the uplifted tomahawk, in a state of high cultivation, and blossoming and blooming like the rose.

THE YOUNG WARRIORS.

ST. MARY'S SPIRE, MANCHESTER.

Mr. Francis Wootton, the person who contracted to remove the ball and cross from St. Mary's spire, by means of ladders only, accompanied by his son and an assistant, took advantage of the first favorable weather to carry his wonderful project into effect. After making the necessary preparations, he commenced the erection of his chain of ladders against the spire, and before the close of the first day, he had succeeded in reaching within a few yards of the ball, in a manner, the expedition and ingenuity of which, were in the highest degree admirable. The method by which he contrived to erect ladder upon ladder, in a way sufficiently secure, was as follows: after having placed one of the longest against the base of the spire, he fastened the top of it to the masonry by new clamps; then by means of a block and pullies, attached to the upper part of this ladder, his assistants below were enabled to raise another one, while Mr. Wootton followed and guided it in the proper direction; thus making it appear to the spectators below, as if he were pushing the ladder before him, with the mere force of his arms. When this ladder was elevated to the requisite height, he proceeded, by means of cords, to secure the bottom part of it firmly to the top part of the lower one, and then ascended the one last raised, and fastened the end of it also, by means of clamps; thus proceeding, by alternately removing the pullies. a ladder higher each time. As he ascended, and his situation consequently became more perilous, the anxiety evinced by the crowds of spectators collected below, was intense, being careful to avoid making any noise, for fear the sound might distract his attention, and endanger him to be precipitated headlong. On the second day, we arrived in the church yard as Mr. W. was raising the last ladder, by far the most perilous of the whole, and had an opportunity of surveying him through a powerful telescope; and to see the composure and confidence he proceeded with his work, when the least slip would have hurled him to destruction, was truly astonishing. When he had fastened the bottom of this ladder which was

placed against the ball in a nearly perpendicular direction, he had to ascend it, though unfastened at the top, and, in this dangerous situation, he contrived to throw a rope twice round the spire, and succeeded, at last, in making it perfectly secure: after which, he mounted to the top, stood on the very pinnacle of the spire, and, pulling off his hat, gave three cheers, which were heartily echoed from the crowd below, who had, for a long time, been looking up with breathless astonishment and fear. On his descent, he was again hailed by the cheers and congratulations of the by-standers. During the remainder of that day, he was not able to proceed much further in his undertaking, in consequence of the wind being too high to render it practicable. By means of a hook fastened to his belt, he was enabled to attach himself to the ladder when he was at work; but this not being visible to the spectators, his situation, at times, seemed hazardous in the extreme, when both his hands were engaged, and there appeared no other stay between him and destruction, than the uncertain footing afforded by the ladder.

MUTINY AT SEA.

I COMMANDED the ship Alden, from Liverpool, on a voyage to the Spanish Main. We anchored at Brest, for the purpose of taking on board some passengers. A gentleman and his lady, and another gentleman in an exceedingly weak state, slowly recovering from a malignant fever composed the party: and being informed that the former had boxes of dollars and plate, to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, which were to be taken on board, I made every necessary arrangement, and returned to my ship.

I had on board, a mate and eight men; and deeming it expedient, I called my mate privately into my cabin, and informed him of the large quantity of money and plate about to be committed to our charge with the passengers: and to avoid even the possibility of danger from the crew I desired him to use any means he thought best, to induce

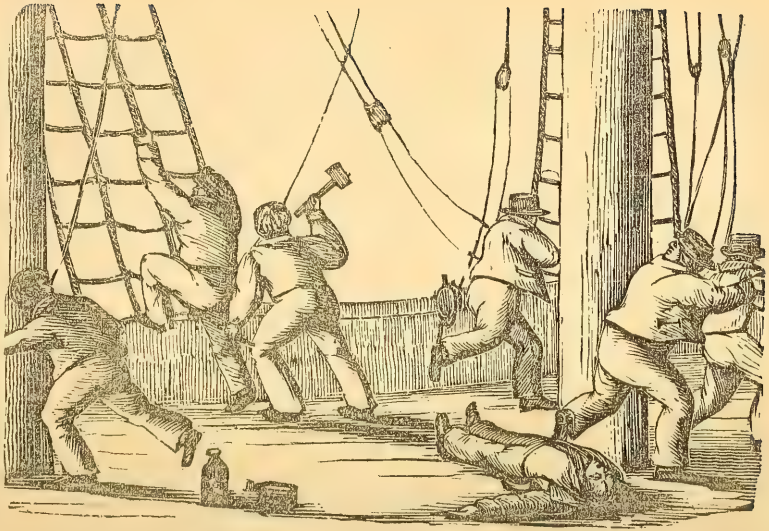
them to remain ashore that night, in order that we might convey the property on board and stow it safely away, without their knowing any thing of the circumstance. He immediately assented, and, accordingly, got rid of them. I reposed entire confidence in him, and he appeared to deserve it; the men, however, were kept ashore all night, while we, with perfect secrecy and safety, as we thought, had the property conveyed to the ship, and securely stowed away. In the morning, the men came on board, and every thing being taken in, we got under weigh with a fair wind, in the evening. The first night, and the succeeding day and night, passed without any remarkable occurrence, and the wind continuing fair, we were, at the close of the second day, two hundred miles from land. My crew were most of them Irishmen; not such men, certainly, as I should have chosen, but I was obliged to take them as I found them. Indeed, one of the Irishmen, to whom I shall again refer more particularly, was not a seaman.

Every thing had proceeded in an even and regular course, until the close of the third evening, if I except an undue familiarity between the mate and the crew, which, although I observed, I had not even mentioned. On this evening, however, I was oppressed with a kind of uneasiness I cannot describe; but fearing it might be a prelude to sickness, I left the mate in charge, and retired to my berth, much earlier than usual. I tried to sleep, but in vain. I rose, took some grog, and lay down again. I tried to compose myself, but found it impossible. I several times dozed a little, but almost instantly started under gloomy impressions, or from frightful dreams. As this was quite unusual with me, having scarcely known a solitary instance of my rest being disturbed, I spent my hours under great despondency, and anxiously wished for the dawn of day. I continued thus, until near two o'clock; even my dozing might have been interrupted by the slightest movement, so far was I from enjoying any thing like repose.

About two, I heard a footstep cautiously approaching. I listened, and a man came close to my berth, and muttered, "Captain!" I called out, "Who's there?" No answer be-

ing returned, I jumped out, and was instantly accosted by the Irishman above referred to, in the most abrupt and callous manner, with, "By J—s, it's all over with you,—the mate has told the crew about the money—they have taken the ship, and your throat will be cut at three o clock." I was momentarily deprived of the power of utterance, and before I recovered from the shock, the fellow was gone. I, however, soon became collected, and slipping on my trowsers and waistcoat, I immediately stepped into the gentleman's cabin to whom the treasure belonged. But he having overheard the dismal announcement, had most imprudently communicated it to his wife, who instantly swooned. She, when I entered, was perfectly insensible, and he, with clasped hands, exclaimed, in deep despair, "Oh, my wife! Oh, my children! I shall never see you more!" Finding he knew the worst, I coolly said, "Well, sir, will you arm with me and resist?" He said he could not, it was useless. I said, "Remember, sir, the property is *yours;* that your wife and children are at stake; *you* ought, therefore, to be ready to resist to the very last extremity. I, too, have a wife and children, and will, therefore, resist to the last for them, for my employers, and for *you.*" Finding, however, that he was literally sunk in despair, I returned to my cabin.

Any attempt to describe the state of my mind, would be entirely useless. I think I stood for a few moments, utterly at a loss what step to take, when somehow, my hand got into my waiscoat pocket, and enclosed my knife. Without premeditation or design, I opened it. I now recollected the sick gentleman, but I thought it best to let him remain in ignorance. I knew not what might befall me or what course I should take. I rushed toward the deck, but my hand accidentally striking against something which I found to be an American axe, I seized it, and the next moment was on deck, where I saw the helm deserted, and the mate, with the whole crew, sitting together drinking, in the forepart of the ship. With the open knife in my left hand, and the uplifted axe in my right, I sprang among them; and as *my* eye met the mate's, with one blow of the axe I clave his head asunder. The men simultaneously rose, and fled in different directions; I followed the nearest



MUTINY AT SEA.

mstantly, and just as he was in the act of going aloft, I buried the axe in his loins, and he fell overboard. One now turned and tried to grapple with me; but I, in a moment, drove the axe into his breast, and he fell at my feet. So deeply had the axe sunk into his body, that I was in imminent danger of being overpowered; but placing my foot on his chest, I, by one vigorous effort, succeeded in extricating it. I now looked around, and observed no one near me. I went aft, but seeing here some one standing, I had again lifted my axe, when a voice exclaiming, "For God's sake, captain," convinced me it was the sick gentleman. I could only say, "Go in, sir." Roused by my striking my hand against the axe, and unhanging it, he had come out, and having witnessed my actions, without knowing any thing of the cause, he, concluding me laboring under direful paroxysms of madness and insanity, obeyed, thankful that he had not shared the fate of those who had fallen before his eyes.

I found the men had all fled to the rigging, and were still aloft. The moon shone brightly, and I called to the nearest man to come down, but he would neither answer nor move. I went into my cabin, fetched out my fowling-piece, and insisted on his coming down, or I would fire at him. At length he came down, and fell on his knees at my feet. I asked him what he had to say of their bloodthirsty villainy; he replied, the mate had drawn them into it, and *he* was *obliged* to agree. "Strip!" said I—he did so. I then put my axe and gun behind me, and, cutting eighteen inches of rope, I gave him a severe flogging; to this I subjected every one of them, and they submitted without offering the least resistance; the passengers, during the whole period, almost petrified, looked on.

It only now occurred to me, that there was no one at the helm; I therefore took my gun and axe, and as there was no alternative, I was compelled to occupy that post at once. The passengers all came to me, but I could only beg them to leave me. They still halted, however, while I called the men before me, and told them I had now done with them; their conduct would determine my future steps; at the same time, concluded by saying, I would kill the first man that manifested a mutinous disposition, or that

dared to cross a given line on deck before me, without my express command. I then ordered them to throw the two bodies overboard, and return to their respective duties.

Beginning now to reflect on what I had done, remembering that my life, my ship, my passengers, their property, and the cargo, were at least so far preserved—remembering, at the same time, that I had accomplished this only by the sacrifice of three men—that their blood had been shed by me—and, seeing it upon me when morning dawned, my feelings overcame me, and I burst into tears.

The danger was still by no means over. I had no mate, two men less than before, and every reason to believe, that the crew would still watch for, and seize an opportunity to murder me now, if for no other purpose than that of securing their own lives. I therefore made up my mind to keep my post at the helm, day and night, that I might at least have all my enemies before me; but how I should keep my post, do without sleep, or venture to sleep, even for a moment, were questions on which I feared to dwell.

Whatever my fears and feelings were, I still manifested the same determined and fearless line of conduct, by which I had hitherto succeeded. I kept my axe close to my side, in full view of the crew. The gentleman who owned the property, but who, in anticipation of the dismal event, gave himself up to despair, certainly did *now* offer any assistance in his power; but I had too much at stake, to venture for a moment to trust him.

From the Irishman, I obtained a full detail of the plot, the manner in which they intended to murder me and the passengers, and the intention of taking the vessel to ——. This man I also generally employed near me; the passengers, too, used him as far as they deemed prudent, though all were sensible that no confidence ought to be placed in him. Thirteen days at length thus elapsed, during which we had contrary weather, had fallen in with no vessel, and as to myself, although I was still uninjured, and aware of no attempt against me by the men, my strength and spirits were nearly exhausted.

It will not be supposed by any, that I mean to assert I never did sleep during this period; still I can assert, that I am scarcely conscious of ever having, during the whole

period, fairly fallen asleep, especially by night; and, indeed, it is, in my estimation, no easy thing for a man to sleep, with a crew before him, every man of whom, he knows would seize that opportunity to murder him.

On the morning of the fourteenth day, however, I certainly startled from something like a sound sleep, in consequence of an idea of excess of light; and I am unable to express my utter astonishment, and the overwhelming emotions of gratitude that instantly filled my heart, at beholding the sun shining most brilliantly, and in full view of the flag flying on the battery of ——. I immediately ordered guns to be fired; and, in a short time, a boat with a pilot came along side. They lay to, while they returned with my command for soldiers to take my crew into custody. I need not add, that they were all condemned to die, excepting the Irishman before alluded to, whose sentence was commuted to perpetual banishment. I begged their lives might be spared, and used all my influence to save them, but in vain. Before their execution I saw them all, and they were informed, in my presence, of the means I had used to save them, and of their also proving utterly unavailing. They appeared so far satisfied that I had not acted from mere vindictive feelings—confessed their guilt, but attributed their untimely end, indeed, the origin of the whole, to the mate alone.

The conduct of this brave captain, in his singularly critical situation, has been, and will be, variously judged of; though all attempts to ruin him, by false and absurd insinuation, so completely failed, that all the quarters and parties capable of forming a just opinion of the whole case, justified his conduct by the strongest expressions of unqualified approbation, and by the most liberal rewards.

THE DESERTERS.

There were in the regiment, two young soldiers above the common level, both from the same place, a small town in Lancashire, and each had made friendship for the other They had enlisted together, through different motives;

they marched together, and were inhabitants of the same tent. One of them, whom I shall call "the lover," had enrolled his name through an uneasiness from his being disappointed in what he thought all his happiness was centered, the marrying of a sweet girl of his own town, by whom he was much beloved. The other, a lad of spirit, believing the soldier's life as fine as the recruiting officer described it; willing to see wars, accompany his friend, and serve his country, likewise accepted his king's *picture*, and was called the "volunteer." He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow; she was much grieved at this step, which had been taken without her privity or consent: but being in an easy situation, and not wanting his assistance for support, she lamented only through her affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings: the maid eyed her lover from a distant window, (a nearer approach not being permitted,) and beat time to his steps with her heart, till he was out of sight, and then sent her soul after him, in a deep-fetched sigh. They had not been long in camp, before the volunteer had woful proof of the wide difference between the ideal gentleman and soldier, which had been dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable, half-starved food for powder. As to the lover, he was insensible to the hardships of the body—the agitation of his mind absorbed his whole attention—in vain did he attempt to fly from the object of his love; he had brought away his person only, leaving his thoughts and his heart behind him; and was as absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day, as in a silent midnight watch, or when stretched upon his bed at night. They communicated their situation to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert. Thus winged by love, and urged by fear, the hills of Scotland flew from their heels, and they had arrived at a village within a mile of their own town, when they were overtaken by a horse-pursuit, and re-conducted to their camp. A court martial was held, and they were condemned to die; but the general ordered, as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots, and only one of them suffer. At the appointed time, the ring was formed, the drum placed in the centre, with the box and dice upon its head, and the delinquents made

to enter. The horrors which sat brooding on their souls the preceding night, now overwhelming them at the awful crisis, were strongly painted in their wan and pallid countenances. Their friendship was real and sincere, but not of that fabulous and heroic kind, as to wish to die for each other; both wished to live, and each was disquieted at the thought that his safety must be built on the death of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin. The lover looked alternately at the little instruments of life or death, took them in his trembling hand, and quickly laid them down. The officer interposed, and commanded the volunteer to throw; he lifted the box in his right hand, then shifted it into his left, and gave it to his right again; and, as if ashamed of weakness or superstition, cast his eye upward for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and in burst, from the opposite part of the circle, the widow and the maid; their hair disheveled, and their garments, by traveling, soiled and torn.

What a sight was this! The mother and the son on one side of the drum, and the maid and the lover on the other. The first transports of their frantic joy at finding them alive, were soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what must follow. The officer, a humane man, did not hurry the volunteer to throw. He put his hand to the box of his own accord. His mother fell prostrate upon the earth, as did also the maid, and both with equal constancy and fervor poured forth their different prayers. He threw nine! A gleam of imperfect joy lighted upon the scene—she had seen her son shipwrecked, buffeting the waves, when presently he gains a raft, and is paddling to the shore, and already thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still is anxious, lest even yet some envious billow should snatch him from her eyes. Meanwhile, the lovers, giving up all for lost, were locked in each other's arms, and entreated to be killed thus together on the spot. She was held from him by force. He advanced towards the drum with the same air as he would have ascended the ladder for his execution. He threw ten! The maid sprang from the ground as if she would leap to heaven; he caught her in his arms—they fainted on each other's necks, and re-

covered only to faint again. The volunteer was the least affected of the four, and all his attention was employed about his mother, whose head was in his lap: but she was insensible to his care. Soon after the women had rushed into the ring, an officer had run to the duke's tent to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the officer to the spot, and standing behind the first rank, had been an unobserved spectator of the whole transaction. He could hold no longer: he came to the widow, echoing in her ear, "He is pardoned!" restored her life and happiness together. Then turning to the lovers, he commanded them to go immediately to the chaplain, to be united by that tie, which death only could dissolve. He often declared he felt more pleasure from that action, than from the battle of Culloden. He shed tears but they were not like those of Alexander, when he wept for more worlds to conquer.

THE SKY LEAPERS.

In 1612, there was a war between Norway and Sweden, distinguished from a mass of the forgotten conflicts, almost perpetually raging between these rival and neighboring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies—celebrated, as many of our readers will remember, in a fine Norwegian ballad. It is well known that the Scots landed on the west coast of Norway, to join their allies, the Swedes; went along the only valley-pass leading to Sweden, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Gulbransdale, by the peasantry. At the time when they should have arrived at Sweden, a small body of Swedes, encamped in Jemptland, resolved to meet their allies, of whose movements they had intelligence, and escort them over the frontier, crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors; but they were the very flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inac-

cessible point; believing that the Norsemen would collect in the southern country, where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in the deep snows, which rendered the hills impassable, for the defense of their mountain frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruden; a spot, fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since sown with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet, on the Swedish side of the barrier, where they arrived early in the day. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hills ere night, lest tidings should reach the Norsemen of their approaching foes. But all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains, but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence, derived from certainty of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them secure or willing guides, in an expedition of so much peril and importance. At last, old Sweyne Koping, the keeper of the little inn which was the Swedes' head quarters, shouted, with the joy of him who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. "By the bear!" cried he, "could none of you think of the only man in Jemptland fit for this enterprise; and he, here on the spot all the while? Where is Jerl Lidens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question; and the leaders were told, to their regret, that they must wait perforce, till the morrow, for the only man able or willing to guide them. Lidens had gone forth upon a journey, and would not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for it. To-day we must depend upon the kind entertainment of our host; but beware, my brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or mead. Remember," pointing to the rugged peaks, glittering in the snow, "remember that all who would sleep beyond those to-morrow, will need firm hands and true eyes. And, good Sweyne," addressing the inn-keeper, who was the chief person of the hamlet, "look well that no sound of our coming reach these Norse sluggards. There may

be some here, who, for their country's safety, would cross the hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Manhem's freedom!" cried the host, "here sits Alf Stavenger; he knows these hills better than his own hunting pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued, turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner; but you must abide here in some keeping, till our men are well forward."

"I care not if I stay here to-night and for ever," replied the Norseman.

Eric now looked, for the first time, upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of northern youth, Alf Stavenger was remarkable for a cast of features, bearing traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful, lusty faces of his countrymen.

"Does the valley marksman speak thus?" said the host

"Aye," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but seek another roof. If your own land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger—the enemy. They have heaped refusal and insult upon me; let them look for their return! Aye, Skialm Harder may one day wish that I had wed his daughter; my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norway Swede, I will myself guide your troop, this night, over the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall be placed to-morrow beyond those white peaks."

"He will have a fearful passage first," said an old peasant; "there is no moon now; and it will be pitch dark long ere you can cross the Naeroe."

"The night is to us as the noonday," cried a spirited young soldier; "for your crags, we fear them not, were they high as the blue heavens. Our life has been amongst rocks, and in our own land we are called the sky leapers!"

"I will trust the young Norsemen," continued their chief; "wounded pride and slighted love may well make a man hate the land that has spurned him, were it his own a hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing over, little time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him his fir skates, to

be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they wound along those narrow and difficult parts which skirt the face of the cliffs, crossing the mountains. Their guide told them that he should lead them, when it grew dark, by lighted torches, procured and used as he should afterwards show them.

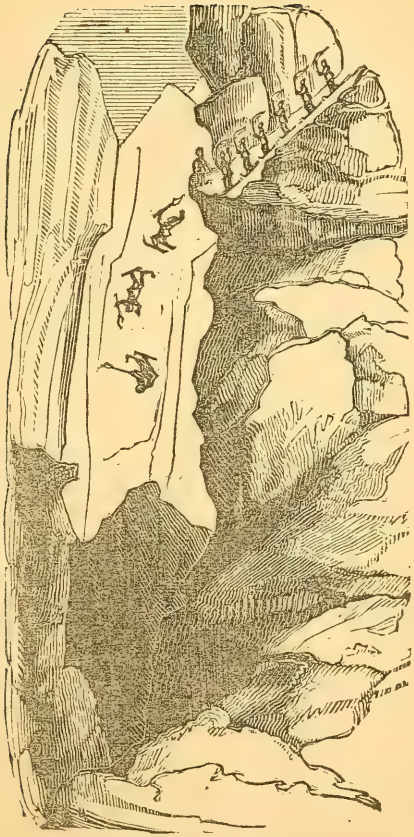
During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf and his followers could not help alternately admiring the spirit, coolness, and activity shown by each party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another, by that natural, though unuttered friendship, which binds together the brave and high souled. Still, few words passed between them, though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were hosts of feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful climbing, they halted, at the close of day for a few moments, on the snowy summit of a ridge, which they had just ascended, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long, slippery defiles, so peculiar to Norway, where the path runs upon narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out, along the rugged face of the hills. Here they formed in single file; and their guide, taking the lead of the column, kindled by rapid friction one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his orders, gathered an abundance on their way. He said, in a few brief and energetic words, "that here they must tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway—unless they chose to return; now were they really to win their proud name of sky leapers." He bade them move along rapidly and steadily, following close the light of his torch. Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kindled from his; and thus each pressing close on the light before him, the track would not be lost in the abrupt turns and windings. He placed the coolest and most active in the rear, that they might pass lightly and skillfully over the snow, roughened by the track of their leaders, and keep the line of lights, which was their only hope of safety, compact and unsevered.

What a change from toilsome climbing, which had wearied the most elastic limbs, and tried the most enduring spirit! They flew over the narrow, slippery paths, now in a long, straight, arrow-course of fires; now lost and then emerging, in the sharp turnings of the cliffs. The dangers of the Naeroe, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy, narrow path, and awful depths, were half unseen in the darkness, and all unfeared by these brave men, who darted exultingly, like winged gods, through the keen, bracing night breeze, of the hills.

At every step the windings became more abrupt; and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the guide looked anxious and afraid; when, almost coming close to him at a turning, he saw, by the joining light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying snow with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him, he cried in a bold and cheerful tone, "No fear!—no danger! On, brave Stavenger! The sky leapers follow thee!" "On!" shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightsome speed. Their torches now flew along in one straight, unbroken gleam of fire, till a wild death-scream arose, marking the spot where light after light dropped in the dark silence. The depth was so terrible that all sound of the fall was unheard. But that cry reached the last of the sinking line, and their hearts died within them: there was no stopping their arrow flight—no turning aside, without leaping into the sheer air!

Alf Stavenger shuddered at the death leap of these brave men, over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norway; it is true, he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his fatherland for ever; still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valleys which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten, and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him. He was detained, as we have seen, from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen; and he knew that when Jerl returned, he would be well



THE SKY LEAPERS

able and willing to guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme. "Aye," thought he, while the waving train followed his leading torch, "I told them that *here* they should earn their proud name of sky leapers!—that here those who warred with Norway, should brave their fate! I said that Skialm Harder should wish he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of fear and wonder! I promised they should sleep to-night on *our* side of the hills! Now will I well keep all that I have sworn! 'Tis pity for them too, so brave, so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart iron-Emlen and Norway!"

Alf well remembered one point, where a long, straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rock, jutting far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve were needed, even by one well aware of all the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the abrupt precipice, and avoid shooting straight on over the ledge of rock. He fixed upon this spot for the death leap; indeed, the Swedes never could have passed it in safety, without having been fully warned of the peril, and afterwards cautioned at its approach.

When he looked back, as he led the line rapidly to their unseen and dreadful fate, he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light-hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest follower roused him; he shouted to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn. He had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers; with the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after flinging his blazing pine straight forward as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slacked by turning, and, for a second, he felt giddy and senseless; every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness, to see the last of the

line of torches dart into the empty space—then sink for ever; and he listened, with a cold thrill of awe and terror, to the echoes of the death-scream of the last of the sky leapers!

TRAITS OF WATERLOO.

Sir John Riley requested permission to lead the charge of the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the Scotch Grays. The effect was tremendous. Sir John was at one time surrounded by several of the cuirassiers; but being a tall, and uncommonly powerful man, completely master of his horse and sword, he cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds, which indicated the strength of the arm which inflicted them.

A corporal in the Horse Guards, of the name of Shaw, who had distinguished himself as a pugilist, was fighting for seven or eight hours, dealing destruction on all around him—at one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial Guard, four of whom he killed, but was slain himself by the remaining two.

In the afternoon of this dreadful day, the ninety-second regiment, which was reduced to about two hundred men, charged a column of the enemy, which came down upon them, of two or three thousand men; they penetrated into the centre of the column with the bayonet, and the instant they pierced it, the Scotch Grays dashed forward to their support, and cried out, "Scotland for ever." Every man of the enemy was either killed or taken prisoner; after which the Scotch Grays charged through the enemy's second line, and took their eagles.

A division of the enemy having been repulsed with the loss of their eagles, Lieutenant Deares, of the twenty-third, hurried away by his enthusiasm, accompanied the cavalry in the pursuit on foot, attacking, sword in hand, every Frenchman that came in his way. He had already cut down two, and wounded three others, when, being overpowered by a body of infantry, and taken prisoner, he was

stripped of all his clothes, except his shirt and trowsers, in which state he joined his regiment, during the night.

The bridge of Wavre was repeatedly lost and gained before the French were able to make their footing good beyond it. At length, a French colonel snatched the eagle of the regiment, and rushing forward, crossed the bridge, and stuck it into the ground on the other side. His corps followed, with an unanimous shout of *vive l'Empereur!* and although the gallant officer who thus led them on, was slain on the spot, his followers succeeded in carrying the village.

Amidst the fury of the conflict, some traces occurred of military indifference, which deserve to be recorded. The Life Guards, coming up in the rear of the ninety-fifth, which distinguished regiment acted as sharp shooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of the French, called out to them, as if it had been on parade in the park, "Bravo, ninety-fifth! do you *lather* them, and we will *shave* them."

A Life Guardsman, who, from being bald, was known among his comrades by the appellation of the Marquis of Granby, had his horse shot under him, and lost his helmet; but he immediately rose, and though on foot, attacked a cuirassier, whom he killed, mounted his horse, and rode forward, his comrades cheering, "Well done, Marquis of Granby!"

Among the officers immediately attending on the Duke of Wellington, was the late Lieut. Col. Erskine. He had his left arm carried off by a cannon ball, and lost two fingers of his right hand. When the cannon shot had thrown him from his horse, and as he lay bleeding upon the ground, in this mangled condition, the Prussian musketry being heard at a distance, he seized his hat with his remaining shattered arm, and waving it round him, cheered his companions in the midst of the dying and the dead.

The Marquis of Anglesea, then Earl of Uxbridge, had twice led the guards to the charge, cheering them with the rallying cry of, "Now for the honor of the household troops;" when three heavy masses of the enemy's infantry advanced, supported by artillery, and a numerous body of cuirassiers. This formidable body drove the Belgians,

leaving the Highland brigade to receive the shock. At this critical moment, the Earl of Uxbridge galloped up to the second heavy brigade, Ponsonby's when the three regiments were wheeled up in the most masterly style presenting a beautiful front, of about thirteen hundred men. As his lordship rode down the line, he was received by a general shout and cheer from the brigade. Then placing himself at their head, he made the most rapid and destructive charge ever witnessed. The division they attacked, consisted of about nine thousand men, under Count D'Erton. Of these, three thousand were made prisoners, the rest killed, with the exception of about one thousand men, who formed themselves under cover of the cuirassiers.

His lordship afterwards led the "household troops," in several brilliant attacks, cutting to pieces whole battalions of the old guard, into whose masses they penetrated; when, after having successfully got through this arduous day, he received a wound in the knee, by almost the last shot that was fired. The wound was such, that it was found necessary to amputate the leg.

At the battle of Ligny, two days previous to that of Waterloo, a major of the forty-third Highlanders, preferring to fight on foot in front of his men, gave his horse to the care of a drummer boy in the regiment. After some severe fighting with the French cuirassiers and lancers, and after receiving several severe wounds, he fell from loss of blood, near a private of his corps, Donald Mackintosh, who was mortally wounded at the same instant. The little drummer lad had left the horse to assist poor Donald—which a lancer seeing, thought the horse a fair prize, and made a dash at it. This did not escape the keen and watchful eye of the dying Highlander, who, with all the provident spirit of his country "ruling strong in death," groaned out, "Hoot mon, you munna tak that beast; it belongs to our captain here." The lancer, neither understanding him nor respecting his writhing gestures, secured the horse. Donald loaded his musket once more, shot the lancer dead, and the next moment fell back and expired The major was conveyed to the rear and recovered, although he had received sixteen severe wounds, in this unequal and arduous conflict.

ADVENTURE IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

Two men went into the celebrated Mammoth Cave, which is situated in Green's county, Kentucky, and is about ten miles in length, with the intention of exploring it.

After having provided themselves with a lantern, food, and refreshments for one or two days' journey, they entered the cave, and commenced their subterranean tour. As they walked on from one apartment to another, viewing, in astonishment, the wonders of this stupendous cavern, they often came to large, and almost fathomless pits, which they passed with much difficulty, by creeping on their hands and knees. They proceeded in this way, walking and creeping, for about half a day, and, in the mean time, had passed a number of these pits. They had just passed one of them, when, by some fatal accident, their light was extinguished. One of them, in the agony of despair, appeared to lose his reason—became bewildered, and whirled round exclaiming, "Lord have mercy on us!" and fell, and in falling, plunged headlong into the pit they had just passed. His companion listened, and heard him distinctly strike on the bottom and groan. He called to him, but received no answer; he called again, but all was silent as the tomb. I thought, said he, had I but fallen with him, it must have been a happy circumstance, for to attempt to find the mouth of the cave, and pass the many dangerous places they had met with in entering, must, he conceived, be impossible. He thought, therefore, of dying only by starvation. He concluded, however, to make an attempt to get out; he could but die, he thought, by sharing the fate of his companion, and this would sooner put an end to his sufferings. He set out, creeping on his hands and knees, and proceeded safely in this way about a day, when he again yielded to his feelings, and burst into tears. This alone, he said, relieved his agony. He set out again, but with little hope of ever arriving at the mouth of the cave, and continued winding his way, in midnight darkness, about a day longer. As they entered the cave, they observed that it branches off in various directions, and he con-

cluded he had taken a wrong one, and was as far or farther from the entrance, than when he set out. The *possibility* again occurred to him of finding his way out; and once more he summoned his remaining strength, and commenced groping his way through the dreary cavern—and on the morning of the third day, when nature was nearly exhausted, and all hope had fled, he thought he perceived the dawn of light; and on suddenly turning a corner, the morning star shone full in his face! His feelings, he said, must be imagined, for they could not be described.

SINGULAR ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

Two men, by the name of Roux, father and son, who are still living, employed in the navy office at Toulon, were condemned to death after the evacuation of that place by the English, on pretence of having betrayed the interests of France. They were, with nine hundred others, ordered to be shot at a place called "Le Champ de Bataille." Without being made to undergo any form of trial, without even having an opportunity of being heard in explanation of their conduct, they were torn from the bosom of their family, and taken to the place of execution. When all the intended victims were placed in a heap in the middle of a plain, several field-pieces, loaded with grape shot, were brought up close to them, as well as a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry, which were to charge those whom the cannon had not wholly destroyed, and finish them. The two Roux had been separated from each other. The son fearing lest the first discharge of the cannon should not despatch him with sufficient speed, placed himself as much forward as he possibly could. He was so close to the battery, that when the guns went off, the power of the explosion knocked him down. That instinct which impels man to the preservation of life, made him feign that he was dead, when the cavalry were ordered to charge. A dragoon gave him a sabre cut, which made a large, though not dangerous wound, on the back. The infantry came after, and one of the soldiers perceiving that young Roux

had not ceased to breathe, gave him a violent blow on the head with the butt of his musket, which so completely stunned him that he lay several hours senseless on the ground. The slain having been left on the *Champ de Bataille*, to be removed for interment the next morning, were soon stripped of their garments by the liberated prisoners of the bagnio, and all left nearly naked. During the night young Roux gradually recovered his senses. It was with the utmost difficulty that he recalled to memory what had occurred. The horrors of the day presented themselves at last fully to his mind. He rose, to quit, if possible, this scene of death, and it was then that he perceived that he was naked, and covered with blood. He sought to find some garments among the dead, by whom he was surrounded, and in his efforts to take from off the body of one of the unfortunate men some clothes, which had escaped the pillage, he found that life was not extinct in him.

The desire of saving a fellow creature prompted every means that could bring timely relief, and they were not used in vain. The joy and surprise of both may be easily conceived, when they discovered they were father and son. They alone had escaped the carnage! It was with difficulty they could procure sufficient clothing from among the surrounding victims of this act of unheard of atrocity in order to withdraw from the horrid scene. Fortunately, no sentinel had been stationed to watch over the field of butchery, and the Roux returned without an obstacle, to their house. It was with the utmost difficulty they obtained access to it. At that time of night the afflicted family did not suppose that they were roused for any other purpose than that of furnishing new victims to the bloodthirsty agents of anarchy and destruction. No words could express the sensations of the wife and children, on beholding again those whose supposed destruction had plunged them into despair. Their wounds were immediately dressed, and before day-light they retired to their country house, situated a few leagues in the province, where they remained concealed until the "Reign of Terror" was no more, and the cannibals of the south had ceased to have their day: they then returned to Toulon,

to the amazement of their friends and acquaintances, many of whom could not for a long time persuade themselves that they were not the ghosts of the two men that had been included in the massacre of the *Champ de Bataille*. These two men to this day live, esteemed and respected by their fellow citizens, by whom the particulars of their most fortunate escape are not forgotten.

ESCAPE FROM A LION.

In December, 1829, a party of natives went out on a hunting expedition from the village of Tambookie, where there is a missionary station on the coast of Africa. Having arrived on an extensive plain, where there was abundance of game, they discovered a number of lions also, which appeared to be disturbed by their approach. A prodigiously large male immediately separated himself from the troop, and began slowly to advance towards the party, the majority of whom were young, and unaccustomed to rencontres of so formidable a nature. When droves of timid antelopes, or spring bucks only, came in their way, they made a great boast of their courage, but the very appearance of the forest's king made them tremble. While the animal was yet at a distance, they all dismounted, to prepare for firing, and, according to the custom on such occasions, began tying their horses together by means of their bridles, with a view of keeping the latter between them and the lion, as an object to attract his attention, until they were able to take deliberate aim. His movements, however, were at length too swift for them. Before the horses were properly fastened to each other, the monster made a tremendous bound or two, and suddenly pounced upon the hind parts of one of them, which in its fright plunged forward and knocked down the poor man in question, who was holding the reins in his hands. His comrades instantly took fright, and ran off with all speed; and he, of course, rose as quickly as possible, in order to follow them. But no sooner had he regained his feet,

than the majestic beast, with a seeming consciousness of his superior might, stretched forth his paw, and striking him just behind the neck, immediately brought him to the ground again.

He then rolled on his back, when the lion set his foot upon his breast, and laid down upon him. The poor man now became almost breathless, partly from fear, but principally from the intolerable pressure of his terrific load. He endeavored to move a little to one side, in order to breathe; but feeling this, the creature seized his left arm, close to his elbow; and after once laying hold with his teeth, he continued to amuse himself with the limb for some time, biting it in sundry different places down to the hand, the thick part of which seemed to have been pierced entirely through. All this time the lion did not appear to be angry, but he merely caught at his prey, like a cat sporting with a mouse that is not quite dead; so that there was not a single bone fractured, as would in all probability have been the case, had the creature been angry or irritated. Whilst writhing in agony, gasping for breath, and expecting every moment to be torn limb from limb, the sufferer cried out to his companions for assistance; but cried in vain. On raising his head a little, the beast opened his dreadful jaws to receive it, but providentially the hat which I saw in its rent state, slipped off, so that the points of the teeth only just grazed the surface of the scull. The lion now set his feet upon the arm from which the blood was freely flowing; his fearful paw was soon covered therewith, and he again and again licked it clean! But this was not the worst; for the animal then steadily fixed his flaming eyes upon those of the man, smelt on one side, then on the other, of his face; and having tasted of the blood, he appeared to have inclined to devour his helpless victim. "At this critical moment," said the poor man, "I recollected that there is a God in the heavens, who is able to deliver at the very last extremity; and I began to pray that he would save me, and not allow the lion to eat my flesh, and drink my blood."

While thus engaged in calling upon God, the beast turned himself completely around. On perceiving this, the Hottentot made an effort to get from under him; but no

sooner did the creature observe this movement, than he laid terrible hold of his right thigh. This wound was dreadfully deep, and evidently occasioned the sufferer most excruciating pain. He again sent up his cry to God for help, nor were his prayers in vain. The huge animal soon afterwards quietly relinquished his prey, though he had not been in the least interrupted. Having deliberately risen from his seat, he walked majestically off, to the distance of thirty or forty paces, and then laid down in the grass, as if for the purpose of watching the man. The latter being happily relieved of his load, ventured to set up, which circumstance immediately attracted the lion's attention; nevertheless, it did not induce another attack, as the poor fellow naturally expected; but, as if bereft of power, and unable to do any thing more, he again arose, took his departure, and was seen no more. The man, seeing this, took up his gun, and hastened away to his terrified companions, who had given him up for dead. Being in a state of extreme exhaustion, from loss of blood, he was immediately set upon his horse, and brought, as soon as was practicable, to the village. Dr. Gaulter, son of the Rev John Gaulter, being stationed at a military post in the neighborhood, hearing of the case, hastened to his relief, and has very humanely rendered him all necessary assistance ever since. Mr. Gaulter stated, on his arrival, that the appearance of the wounds were truly alarming, and amputation of the arm seemed absolutely necessary. To this, however, the patient was not willing to consent, having a number of young children, whose subsistence depended upon his labor. "As the Almighty has delivered me," said he, "from that horrid death, I think surely he is able to save my arm also." And, astonishing to relate, the wounds are healed, and there is hope of complete recovery. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

REMARKABLE SELF-POSSESSION

REMARKABLE SELF-POSSESSION.

It was in the cold season, that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of ——, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra, which gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banian; peacocks glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their long, flowing tails, and pawed the ground with their graceful feet. Further off stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of his evening repast, preparing by his driver, and taking under his especial protection the pets of his master, a small dog, a handsome bird, six feet high, decked in plumage of lilac and black, and a couple of goats, who, knowing their safest asylum, kept close to his trunk, or under the shelter of his huge limbs. Beyond, reposed a group of camels, with their drivers—some lying down, others standing or kneeling. Numerous white bullocks, their companions in labor, rested at their feet; while pack-saddles, panniers, and sacks, piled round, completed the picture. Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing; fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying, were going on in the open air. Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd, all engaged in that important office—a preparation for the evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with lamps the walls hung with chintz, or tiger skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas, surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze, (a necessary precaution against insects,) became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver mounted pistols and guns, with knives, boar spears, and the gilded bows, arrows, and quivers, of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded, by some sa age

object, that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast number of persons, the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party, collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them. While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full grown tiger, of the largest size, sprang suddenly into the center of the group, seized one of the party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity which defied pursuit. The loud outcries, raised by those persons whose faculties were not entirely paralyzed by terror and consternation, only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human prudence could suggest, were left untried. Torches were instantly collected, weapons hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description. The victim selected by the tiger was an officer, whose presence of mind and dauntless courage in the midst of this most appalling danger, providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through bush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating, with the utmost coolness, upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart; then, drawing out one of his pistols, he placed the muzzle close to the part, and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occa-

sioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe, and an accelerated trot, alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued · yet, undismayed by the ill success of his effort, though painfully aware that he now possessed only a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared, with more careful deliberation, to make a fresh attempt. He felt for the pulsations of the heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firmly against the vital part, and drew the trigger with a steadier hand, and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath its burden! The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was somewhat subdued by the loss of blood, and the pain of his wounds. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he would be certain of finding the way to it; but his anxiety upon this point was speedily ended by the shouts which met his ear, those of his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and issued from the thicket, covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature.

STONINGTON HEROISM.

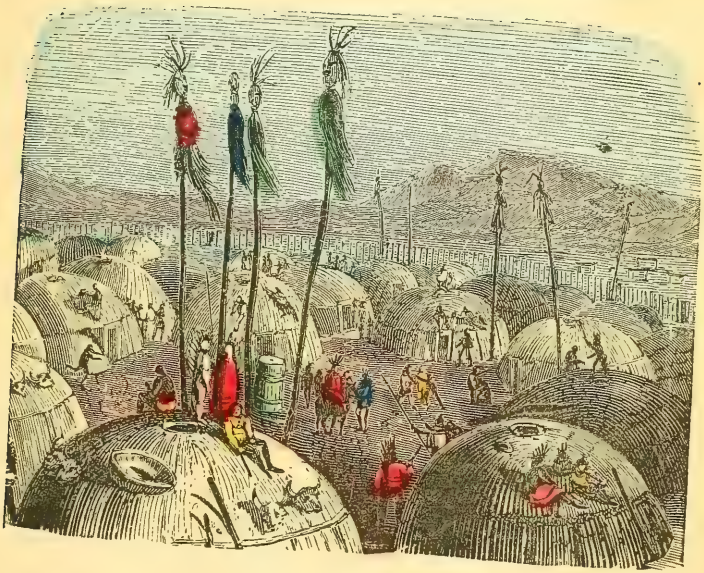
No part of the sea-coast of Connecticut is more exposed to annoyance from an enemy, than the village of Stonington. It is compactly built on a point of land extending into the sea, with a harbor easy of access and wholly unfortified. During the late war, whilst the national vessels were blockaded in the harbor of New London by the British fleet, the inhabitants of Stonington were under continual apprehension of a visit from the enemy. The blockading ships were in fair view of the village, and their boats almost daily reconnoitred along the coast, apparently with other objects than the interruption of commerce. We implored the general government for protection, but it was not found convenient to grant it. The

governor of the state, however, sent us a small guard of militia to aid the inhabitants in keeping a nightly watch and sound the alarm in case the enemy should approach Despairing of further aid, the citizens who were disposed to do their duty to their country and to themselves, resolved to take their defence into their hands. By voluntary labor three temporary breastworks were thrown up in different positions. At the upper work a flag-staff was planted and a small platform prepared, on which were placed two fine eighteen pounders, which had been obtained from the national government previous to the war. Scarcely were these hasty preparations made, when, on Tuesday, the ninth of August, 1814, the hostile fleet was perceived to be in motion, passing through Fisher's Island sound, and coming on in the direction of Stonington Various conjectures were formed as to their destination · few of us, however, supposed that so formidable a force could be arrayed for the attack of our defenceless village. As they continued to approach, the female portion of our population expressed great alarm, which soon rose to indescribable consternation, when the whole squadron were seen to enter our harbor, consisting of the Ramilies, seventy-four, the frigate Pactolus, the bomb-ship Terror, and the brig of war Despatch, of twenty guns. Soon after they were moored, a barge put off from the nearest ship and rowed towards the shore, bearing a white flag. A momentary consultation was held among the inhabitants who were then assembled, on the question, what shall be done ? when it was decided, as by a general impulse, to meet the foe ! Immediately several gentlemen entered a boat and proceeded to receive the flag. The officer of the barge, the first lieutenant of the Ramilies, presented an unsealed communication, of which the following is an exact copy, but refused to answer any interrogatories, further than to say he had performed his duty in deliver ing the message of the commodore :—

His Britannic Majesty's ship Pactolus,
9th August, 1814, *half-past* 5, *P. M.*

Not wishing to destroy the unoffending inhabitants, residing in the town of Stonington, one hour is granted them, from the receipt of this, to remove out of town.

T. M. HARDY,
Captain of his Majesty's ship Ramilies.



INDIAN VILLAGE.

I shall not attempt to describe the agitation which this message occasioned. Its brevity, its awful import, the overwhelming force of the enemy, our defenceless condition, and the short time allowed us to remove our "unoffending" women and children, and to prepare for the conflict, awoke sensations which can be more easily conceived than expressed. The brief space allotted us, was diligently employed in taking out non-combatants to places of safety, and in collecting whatever ammunition could be found in the possession of individuals, whilst ten determined volunteers took their stand at the breastwork, to observe the first movements of the enemy. All remained quiet until eight o'clock in the evening, when the Terror commenced the bombardment, by throwing a shell into the town, and continued with short intervals to fire bombs and carcasses through the night. Nothing was done, at that period, on our part, except once discharging an eighteen-pounder at the brig, which had suspended a lantern in her shrouds, but immediately hauled it down, from the apparent effect of the shot. As soon as the day broke on Wednesday, the enemy's barges appeared at a short distance from the east side of the point, and commenced firing their rockets at the buildings. Immediately a sufficient number of the volunteers dragged one of their guns across the point, attacked the barges from the open field, sunk one of them, compelled the rest to retire, and, in the midst of a raking fire from the brig, returned to the breastwork in safety. At sunrise, the brig of war commenced firing upon the town, approaching within grape-shot distance of the shore. At the same moment the Terror resumed the discharge of rockets, and throwing of shells and carcasses. Whilst the brave men at the guns were doing their duty, others, equally fearless, followed the rockets and carcasses to the buildings, and extinguished the fires they were kindling—a perilous service, which they continued to perform to the end of the conflict. The men at the breastwork had ammunition for one gun only, which they aimed with deadly effect, hulling the brig at every shot; but their powder at length failing, they reluctantly retired for a short time, until the express which they had despatched to New London should return with a supply.

This, to their great joy, arrived at eleven o'clock A. M. when they instantly repaired to their post, nailed their colors to the staff, opened their fire anew, and with such effect that the brig, in no great length of time, to avoid being sunk, cut her cable and retired, leaving her cable and anchor behind, which were afterwards secured, and are still preserved. During this exhibition of desperate valor, the men were driven to the expedient of making cartridges with clothing torn from their bodies, and weeds collected around the breastwork; and when the match-rope failed, they fired the cannon with a small gun snapped over the vent. The number of men thus engaged, at no time exceeded twenty, all equal in command. The bombardment continued until Thursday, when a cessation of hostilities took place, and a flag was sent from Commodore Hardy, with a message, the purport of which was, to require us to send on board his ship, Mrs. Stewart, the British consul's wife, then in New London, and to give a pledge that we would not send *torpedoes* to annoy his ships. On our compliance with these terms, he engaged the bombardment should cease. With a spirit becoming the occasion, he was told in reply, that no compliance could be expected from us, and no favors were asked of him, beyond what the rules of honorable warfare required. The bomb ship then re-commenced her fire of shells and carcasses; and on Friday, after the Ramilies had fired two broadsides at the town, the squadron, about noon, retreated to the place from whence it came, with little cause of triumph, it is believed, at the result of the expedition.

Should it be asked, how many lives were lost on our part, I must answer, with gratitude to God, not an individual was killed. One young man received a wound in the knee, and died six months afterwards. This statement may appear incredible, when it is considered that during a part of the conflict, the men were wholly exposed to the enemy's fire—that their breastwork was merely a mound of earth—that the star-spangled banner, which hung low over their heads, was pierced with many balls, and the board fence and buildings in their rear were perforated in a manner so remarkable, as would seem to render it im-

possible that any of them could have escaped uninjured. It will also be seen that those who were engaged in watching the houses, and guarding them against the effects of the rockets and shells, were exposed to dangers of no ordinary kind. Their unremitting efforts prevented a single instance of conflagration, although many buildings were greatly injured by the balls and shells, and some were wholly destroyed.

The bombardment, it is perceived, lasted from Tuesday evening to Friday noon; during which many incidents of an interesting nature occurred, which cannot now be detailed. One instance, however, of female fortitude and filial piety united, I feel it a duty to record. A few rods in the rear of the breastwork stood a small house, in which resided an aged widow and her daughter. The mother was sick and could not be removed. Her daughter remained alone with her through the night of Tuesday, and the battle of Wednesday, until the mother died. The daughter then went forth to announce the fact, and obtain assistance to bury the dead. No female aid could be had; all had fled. A few men assembled, but perceived they could do nothing with the body except to take it with the bed and covering and bury them together. Accordingly, they carried all to the nearest burying ground, where they found a hole made by the fall and explosion of a shell, in which the whole were interred, and where they have since remained. The composure, the passive courage as well as dutiful affection of the daughter, astonished all who saw her. Without calling for aid or uttering a complaint, she continued at the bed side of her dying mother, until her death, while cannon balls were often passing through the house, and even the room where she sat. Her name is Huldah Hall. She is still living, poor in worldly substance but, "rich in faith," and I doubt not, an "heir of glory."

The writer of the foregoing narrative has furnished no estimate of the enemy's loss, as he probably possessed no certain evidence of its amount. But if we may credit the account published at the time, it was far from proving a bloodless affair to the assailants.

Expresses were also sent to convene the neighboring

militia, who promptly assembled, were organized in the confines of the town, and stood ready to meet the enemy if a landing had been effected.

THE IRISH MAGISTRATE.

A FEW years before the battle of Knocktuadh, an extraordinary instance of civil justice occurred in this town which, in the eyes of its citizens, elevated their chief magistrate to a rank with the inflexible Roman. James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, an opulent merchant, was mayor of Galway in 1493. He had made several voyages to Spain, as a considerable intercourse was then kept up between that country and the western coast of Ireland. When returning from his last visit, he brought with him the son of a respectable merchant, named Gomez, whose hospitality he had largely experienced, and who was now received by his family with all that warmth of affection, which, from the earliest period, has characterised the natives of Ireland Young Gomez soon became the intimate associate of Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor, a youth in his twenty-first year, and who possessed qualities of mind and body which rendered him an object of general admiration; but to these was unhappily united a disposition to libertinism, which was a source of the greatest affliction to his father. The worthy magistrate, however, was now led to entertain hopes of a favorable change in his son's character, as he was engaged in paying honorable addresses to a beautiful young lady, of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials, the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. The fire of jealousy was instantly lighted up in his distempered brain, and, at their next interview, he accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him. Irritated at its injustice, the offended fair one disdained to deny the charge, and the lovers parted in anger.

On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of his Agnes, he observed young Go

mez to leave the house, as he had been invited by her father, to spend that evening with him. All his suspicions now received the most dreadful confirmation, and, in maddened fury, he rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who, alarmed by a voice which the frantic rage of his pursuer prevented him from recognizing, fled towards a solitary quarter of the town near the shore. Lynch maintained the fell pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook him, darted a poniard into his heart, and plunged his body, bleeding, into the sea, which, during the night, threw it back again upon the shore, where it was found and recognised on the following morning.

The wretched murderer, after contemplating for a moment the deed of horror which he had perpetrated, sought to hide himself in the recesses of an adjoining wood, where he passed the night, a prey to all those conflicting feelings which the loss of that happiness he had so ardently expected, and a sense of guilt, of the deepest dye, could inflict. He at length found some degree of consolation, in the firm resolution of surrendering himself to the law, as the only means now left to him of expiating the dreadful crime which he had committed against society. With this determination, he bent his steps towards the town, at the earliest dawn of the following morning; but he had scarcely reached its precincts, when he met a crowd approaching, amongst whom, with shame and terror, he observed his father on horseback, attended by several officers of justice. At present, the venerable magistrate had no suspicion that his only son was the assassin of his friend and guest; but when young Lynch proclaimed himself the murderer, a conflict of feeling seized the wretched father, beyond the power of language to describe. To him, as chief magistrate of the town, was entrusted the power of life and death. For a moment, the strong affection of a parent pleaded in his breast, in behalf of his wretched son; but this quickly gave place to a sense of duty in his magisterial capacity, as an impartial dispenser of the laws. The latter feeling at length predominated, and though he now perceived that the cup of earthly bliss was about to be for ever dashed from his lips, he resolved to sacrifice all persona-

considerations, to his love of justice, and ordered the guard to secure their prisoner.

The sad procession moved slowly towards the prison, amidst a concourse of spectators, some of whom expressed the strongest admiration of the upright conduct of the magistrate, while others were equally loud in their lamentations for the unhappy fate of a highly accomplished youth, who had long been a universal favorite. But the firmness of the mayor had to withstand a still greater shock, when the mother, sisters, and intended bride of the wretched Walter, beheld him who had been their hope and pride, approach, pale, bound, and surrounded with spears. Their frantic outcries affected every heart, except that of the inflexible magistrate, who had now resolved to sacrifice life, with all that makes life valuable, rather than swerve from the path of duty.

In a few days the trial of Walter Lynch took place, and in a provincial town of Ireland, containing, at that period, not more than three thousand inhabitants, a father was beheld sitting in judgment, like another Brutus, on his only son; and, like him too, condemning that son to die, as a sacrifice to public justice. Yet the trial of the firmness of the upright and inflexible magistrate did not end here. His was a virtue too refined for vulgar minds; the populace loudly demanded the prisoner's release, and were only prevented by the guard from demolishing the prison, and the mayor's house, which adjoined it; and their fury was increased by hearing that the unhappy prisoner had now become anxious for life. To these ebullitions of popular rage, were added, the intercession of persons of the first rank and influence in Galway, and the entreaties of his dearest relatives and friends; but while Lynch evinced all the feeling of a father and a man placed in his singularly distressing circumstances, he undauntedly declared that the law should take its course.

On the night preceding the fatal day appointed for the execution of Walter Lynch, this extraordinary man entered the dungeon of his son, holding in his hand a lamp, and accompanied by a priest. He locked the gate after him, kept the keys fast in his hand, and then seated himself in a recess of the wall. The wretched culprit drew

near and, with a faltering tongue, asked if he had any thing to hope. The mayor answered, "No, my son—your life is forfeited to the laws, and at sunrise you must die! I have prayed for your prosperity: but that is at an end; with this world you have done for ever; were any other but your wretched father judge, I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortune, and solicited for his life, even though stained with murder; but you must die! These are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature; and, if you dare hope, implore that heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow-creature. I am now come to join with this good man in petitioning God to give you such composure, as will enable you to meet your punishment with becoming resignation." After this affecting address, he called on the clergyman to offer up their united prayers for God's forgiveness to his unhappy son, and that he might be fully fortified to meet the approaching catastrophe. In the ensuing supplications at a throne of mercy, the youthful culprit joined with fervor, and spoke of life and its concerns no more.

Day had scarcely broken, when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then, unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps, lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honor of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries of mercy for the culprit, must have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the law their country; but, finding all his efforts fruitless, to accomplish the ends of justice, at the accustomed place, and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to

perform the sacrifice, which he had avowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled by the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope, which had been previously fixed round the neck of his son, to an iron staple, which projected from the wall, and, after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity.

The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace; but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded, by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy, is said to have died soon after of grief; and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch, to have secluded himself, during the remainder of his life, from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of "Dead Man's Lane," and under the front window, are to be seen a skull and cross bones, executed in black marble.

AN ADVENTURE.

A young man residing near Bangor, in Maine, was returning lately from a visit to his lady love; his path lay through woodland, from which, except a few straggling pines, the trees had been cut down, and were lying on the ground. He skipped over the logs and stumps, with light foot and lighter heart. His fair mistress had received him kindly. Suddenly, on leaping over a fallen tree, he found himself within a few feet of a ravenous bear. He sprang to the nearest pine, and climbed up, the bear clambering after him. Making good use of his feet, he dashed his antagonist to the ground. The bear returned, and was again repulsed, carrying with him one of our hero's boots. Bruin ascended a third time, and with more caution. The young man, hoping to escape, ascended the tree about fifty feet, and as the bear approached him, attempted to

shake him off; but in vain, as his foot was held by the paws of the infuriated animal, who had lost his hold of the tree, and hung suspended by the poor lover's leg. The young man's strength becoming exhausted, he let go his hold on the tree, and down they went with a tremendous concussion, to the ground. Our hero struck on the bear, and rebounded eight or ten feet distant. Scarcely knowing whether he was dead or alive, he raised himself on his arm, and discovered Bruin gazing wildly at him, and evidently *dumfounded* by such lofty tumbling.

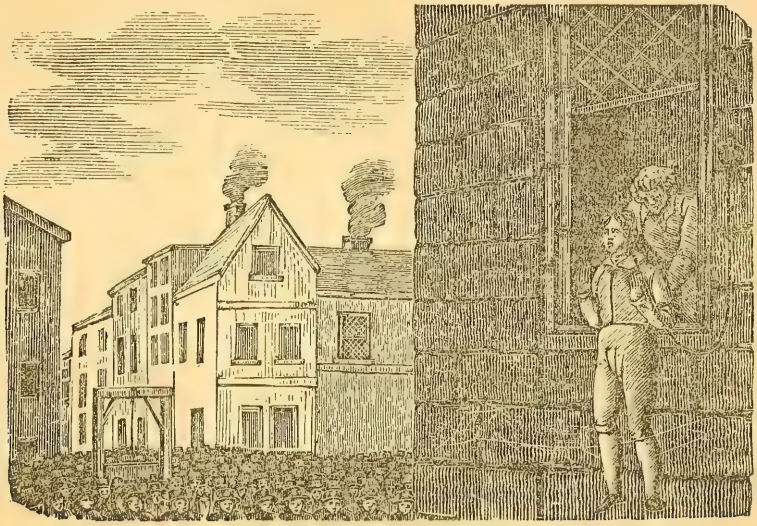
The affrighted pair sat eyeing each other for some time, when the bear, who was the more severely bruised of the two, showing no signs of fight, the young man rose and fled, leaving his hat and boot behind him, his friend of the shaggy coat casting at him an expressive look, accompanied by a growl and a shake of the head, which convinced our hero, that had it been possible, it would have been a shake of the paw. The young lover soon recovered from his bruises, and the fair damsel, who had been the indirect cause of the adventure, which had placed his life in such immediate peril, poured balsam on his wounds, and made his heart whole, by naming "an early day."

THE LION.

It is said, that when the lion has once tasted human flesh, he henceforth entirely loses his natural awe of human superiority; and it is asserted, that when he has once succeeded in snatching some unhappy wretch from a Bushman kraal he never fails to return regularly every night, in search of another meal; and often harasses them so dreadfully, as to force the horde to desert their station. From apprehensions of such nocturnal attacks, some of these wretched hordes are said to be in the habit of placing their aged and infirm nearest the entrance of the cave or covert where they usually sleep, in order that the least valuable may first fall a prey, and serve as a ransom for the rest. The prodigious strength of this animal does not appear to have been overrated. It is certain that he can drag the

heaviest ox with ease, a considerable way; and a horse, heifer, harte beast, or lesser prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing upon his shoulder, and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient. I have myself witnessed an instance of a very young lion conveying a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it; and a more extraordinary case, which occurred in the Sneeuwberg, has been mentioned to me on good authority, where a lion, having carried off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the *spoor*, or track, for full five hours, by a party on horseback, and throughout the whole distance, the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground.

Poor Gert Schepers, a vee-boor of the Cradock district was out hunting in company with a neighbor,—whose name, as he is yet alive, and has been sufficiently punished, I shall not make more notorious. Coming to a fountain, surrounded, as is common, with tall reeds and rushes, Gert handed his gun to his comrade, and alighted to search for water; but he no sooner approached the fountain, than an enormous lion started up close at his side, and seized him by the left arm. The man, though taken by surprise, stood stock still, without struggling, aware that the least attempt to escape, would insure his instant destruction. The animal also remained motionless, holding fast the boor's arm in his fangs, but without biting it severely,—and shutting his eyes at the same time, as if he could not withstand the countenance of his victim. As they stood in this position, Gert, collecting his presence of mind, began to beckon to his comrade to advance and shoot the lion in the forehead. This might have been effected, as the animal not only continued still with closed eyes, but Gert's body concealed from his notice any object advancing in front of him. But the fellow was a vile poltroon; and in place of complying with his friend's directions, or making any other effort to save him, he began cautiously to retreat to the top of a neighboring rock. Gert continued earnestly to beckon for assistance for a long time, the lion continuing perfectly quiet; and the lion hunters affirm, that if he had persevered a little longer, the animal would have relaxed his hold, and left him uninjured. Such cases, at least, they



THE IRISH MAGISTRATE

maintain, have occasionally occurred. But Gert, indignant at the pusillanimity of his comrade, and losing patience with the lion, at last drew his knife, (a weapon which every back country colonist wears sheathed at his side,) and with the utmost force of his right arm, plunged it into the animal's breast. The thrust was a deadly one, for Gert was a bold and powerful man; but it did not prove effectual in time to save his own life, for the enraged savage, striving to grapple him, and held at arm's length by the utmost efforts of Gert's strength and desperation, so dreadfully lacerated the breast and arms of the unfortunate man with his talons, that his bare bones were laid open. The lion fell at last, from loss of blood, and Gert fell along with him. The cowardly companion, who had witnessed this fearful struggle from the rock, now, however, took courage to advance, and succeeded in carrying his mangled friend to the nearest house, where such surgical aid as the neighbors could give, was immediately, but vainly applied. Poor Gert expired on the third day after, of a lock-jaw.

The hero of the following story is a Hottentot of the Agter Sneeuwberg. I have forgotten his name, but he was alive two years ago, when the story was related to me at Cradock, in that neighborhood. This man was out hunting, and perceiving an antelope feeding among some bushes, he approached, in a creeping posture, and had rested his gun over an ant-hill, to take a steady aim, when, observing that the creature's attention was suddenly and peculiarly excited by some object near him, he looked up and perceived with horror, that an enormous lion was, at that instant, creeping forward, and ready to spring upon him. Before he could change his posture, and direct his aim upon his antagonist, the savage beast bounded forward, seized him with his talons, and crushed his left hand, as he endeavored to guard him off with it, between his monstrous jaws. In this extremity, the Hottentot had the presence of mind to turn the muzzle of the gun, which he still held in his right hand, into the lion's mouth, and then drawing the trigger, shot him dead through the brain. He lost his hand, but happily escaped without further injury

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

Those of my readers who have walked on the banks of the Adige, below Rovigo, (in Italy,) will know, that about a league and a half from that town, there are one or two islands in the midst of the channel, between which and the shore, the water is not more than a foot deep; and those who have never stirred from home, have probably heard that the Adige is extremely subject to violent inundations, equally remarkable for the suddenness of their rise and fall, owing to its mountainous origin and short course.

On the evening of one of the last days in May, I arrived opposite to one of these islands. The water was as pure as crystal, gently flowing over a fine pebbly channel; the island, which might be about forty yards from the shore upon which I stood, though more than double that distance on the other side, was inviting, from its extreme greenness, and from a profusion of hyacinths upon one side—a flower to which I am extremely partial. Three or four trees also grew upon its edge, the trunks inclining over the water, and with but few branches. After a day's walk, nothing is more agreeable than wading in a stream; and as I had sufficient time to spare, I resolved upon reaching the island. This was soon accomplished; I found the depth nowhere to exceed two feet, and the island, when I reached it, as agreeable as I fancied it to be; and having culled a large boquet, I lay down upon the hyacinth bank, and gave myself up to those pleasant recollections of home and past scenes, which the fragance of this flower brought along with it. I had lain, I think, about a quarter of an hour, entirely forgetful of time and place—a busy actor in scenes far removed by both—when my attention was slightly roused by a distant sound, which I supposed at first to be thunder, a good deal having been heard to the northward in the course of the day; and when it continued, and grew louder, I still supposed it was one of those prolonged peals which are so frequent to the south of the Alps. Soon, however, the sound changed, and seemed like the sea; and, as it became still louder, I started up in some

THE LION.

alarm, and what a sight met my eye! At the distance of a few hundred yards, I saw a mountain of dark waters rushing towards me with inconceivable velocity, like a perpendicular wall, and now roaring louder than the loudest thunder. Not a moment was to be lost; the level of the island would be instantly covered, and to gain the shore was impossible, for we cannot run through water with the swiftness with which we pass over dry ground. I instantly made for the largest of the trees, and had gained an elevation of about ten feet above the island, when the flood reached it. As it came nearer, its power appeared resistless; it seemed as if it would sweep the island from its foundation; and I entertained not a ray of hope that the trunk upon which I was seated, would escape the force of the torrent. It came, and the tree remained firm;—it covered the island and all its vegetation in an instant; and I saw it rush beneath me, bearing along with it the insignia of its power and fury—huge branches and roots, fragments of bridges, implements of household use, and dead animals.

As regarded myself, the first and immediate danger of destruction was over; but a moment's reflection, one glance around me, showed that I had but little cause for congratulation. Betwixt the island and the shore, a torrent that no human strength could withstand, rolled impetuously on; and although not fifty yards over, it would have been as impracticable an attempt to pass it, as if its breadth had been so many leagues. The first rush had left the tree unloosened, yet a second might carry it away; and the flood was still rising; almost every minute I could perceive the distance betwixt me and the water diminish, and, indeed, I was not more than four feet above its surface. I had only two grounds of hope—the most languid, however, that ever was called by the name—it was possible that some person might see my situation from the shore, before nightfall, and bring others to my assistance; and it was possible, also, that the river might rise no higher, and speedily subside.

The first of these chances was one of very improbable occurrence, for this part of the country is but thinly inhabited—the high road did not lie along the river side, and

the shore, for three or four hundred yards from the channel of the river, was overflowed to the depth of probably three or four feet; and if a rope or a cord could be thrown so far, it was extremely improbable that I should catch it, as it was impossible for me to stir from the tree upon which I was seated, and as to any likelihood of the water subsiding, there was no appearance of it; it was, at all events, impossible that this could happen before nightfall. In this dreadful and perilous situation, evening passed away. No one appeared, and the river still continued to rise. The sky lowered and looked threatening: the torrent rushed by, darker and more impetuous every few moments, reminding me, by the wrecks which it bore along with it, of the frailty of the tenure by which I held my existence. The shores, on both sides, were changed into wide lakes; and the red sun went angrily down, over a waste of red waters. Night at length closed in, and a dreadful night it was. Sometimes I fancied the tree was loosening from its root, and sloped more over the water: sometimes I imagined the whole island was swept away, and that I was sailing down the torrent. I found that my mind occasionally wandered, and I had the precaution to take out of my pocket a silk handkerchief, which I tore in several strips, and tying them together, bound myself round the middle, to a pretty thick branch which supported my back; this, I thought, might prevent me falling, if giddiness seized me, or momentary sleep should overtake me. During the night, many strange fancies came over me, besides that very frequent one of supposing the island sailing down the torrent. Sometimes I fancied I was whirling round and round; at other times I thought the torrent was flowing backward; now and then I fancied I saw huge black bodies carried towards me upon the surface, and I shrunk back to avoid contact with them; at other times I imagined something rose out of the water beneath, and attempted to drag me down; often I felt convinced I heard screams mingle with the rushing torrent, and once, all sound seemed entirely to cease, and I could have almost ventured to descend, so certain I felt that the channel was dry: once or twice I dropped asleep for a moment, but almost instantly awoke, with so violent a start,

that if I had not been fastened I must have fallen from my seat.

The night gradually wore away—it was warm and dry so that I suffered no inconvenience from cold.

I became nearly satisfied of the stability of the trunk which was my only refuge ; and, although deliverance was uncertain, at all events distant, I made up my mind to endure as long as I could ; and thus I passed the night, under a starless sky, and the dark flood roaring beneath me. Before morning broke I felt assured that the waters had began to subside ; the noise, I thought, was less ; I fancied I saw shrubs appear above water on the island, and the trees upon shore assumed their usual appearance ; and with the first dawn of day, I joyfully perceived that I had not been mistaken : the waters had fallen at least three feet ; and before sunrise the greater part of the island was left dry. Never did a criminal, reprieved upon the scaffold, shake off his bonds with more joy than I did mine, that bound me to the tree. I crept down the trunk, which still hung over the torrent, and stepped about knee-deep in the water ; I then waded to the part which was dry, and lay down exhausted with the night's watching, and aching with the position in which I had been obliged to remain.

The water now continued to fall perceptibly every moment—soon the island was entirely dry, and the inundation on shore had subsided into the natural channel, but still the torrent was too strong and deep to attempt a passage, especially weakened as I was by the occurrence of the last twelve hours, and by the want of food. About three in the afternoon I accordingly entered the stream ; I found it then nowhere deeper than four feet, and, with a little struggling and buffeting, succeeded in gaining the bank, which I once thought I should never have trodden more. The bunch of hyacinths, which I had not forgotten to bring from the island, I still held in my hand. I have dried a few of them, and kept them ever since. Never do I smell this flower, as I walk through the woods or the fields, that I do not experience in part the sensations I felt when I lifted up my head and saw the impetuous flood rushing towards me ; and, however dreadful reality may be, the recollection of it is not unmixed with pleasure.

I often open the leaves where lie these withered hyacinths and I cannot say, that, when I look upon them, I ever think they have been dearly purchased.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A COBRA DE CAPELLA.

From a letter dated Kirkee, near Poonah, July 5th, 1836.

"I HAD escaped for a day from the incessant routine of military duties, for which the Potsdam of India is so justly celebrated. It was about the conclusion of the monsoon of 1835; the quail were abundant, and after some hours hard fagging, through dark and heavy grass, I felt inclined to rest; an adjacent tamarind tree, of noble growth, yielded an inviting shelter from a sun, that, for the season of the year, was oppressively hot. The few beaters who had accompanied me, had set off to a neighboring gaum, to obtain some refreshments. Left to myself, I was employed much to my satisfaction in counting over the contents of a well-filled game bag, and mentally portioning off lots to my different friends. From this state of pleasing indolence, which a *shooter* is apt to indulge in, after severe fatigue, I was aroused by the furious barking of my dogs; on turning round I beheld a snake, of the cobra de capella species, directing its course to a point that would approximate very close upon my position; in an instant I was upon my feet. The moment the reptile became aware of my presence, in nautical phraseology, *it boldly brought to*, with expanded hood, eyes sparkling, and neck beautifully arched; the head raised nearly two feet from the ground, and oscillating from side to side in a manner plainly indicative of a resentful foe. I seized the "nearest weapon of my wrath," a short bamboo, left by one of the beaters, and hurled it at my opponent's head; I was fortunate enough to hit it beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell from its imposing attitude, and lay apparently lifeless. Without a moment's reflection, I seized it a little below the head, hauled it beneath the shelter of the tree, and very coolly sat down to examine the mouth for the poisonous fangs, of which naturalists

speak so much. While in the act of forcing the mouth open with a stalk, I felt the head sliding through my hand, and, to my utter astonishment, became aware that I now had to contend against the most deadly of reptiles, in its full strength and vigor. Indeed, I was in a moment convinced of it, for as I tightened my hold of the throat, its body became wreathed round my neck and arm. I had raised myself from a sitting posture to one knee; my right arm (to enable me to exert my strength) was extended. I must, in such an attitude, have appeared horrified enough to represent a deity in the Hindoo mythology, such as we often see rudely emblazoned on the portals of their native temples. It now became a matter of self defense: to retain my hold it required my utmost strength to prevent the head from escaping, as my neck became a purchase for the animal to pull upon. If the reader is aware of the universal dread in which the cobra de capella is held throughout India, and the almost instant death which invariably follows its bite, he will in some degree be able to imagine what my feelings were at the moment; a shudder, a kind of faint disgusting sickness, pervaded my whole frame, as I felt the cold, clammy fold of the reptile's body tightening around my neck.

"To attempt any delineation of my sensations, would be absurd and futile: let it suffice, they were most horrible—I had almost resolved to resign my hold. Had I done so, this tale never would have been written; as no doubt the head would have been brought to the extreme circumvolution to inflict the deadly wound. Even in the agony of such a moment, I could picture to myself the fierce glowing of the eyes, and the intimidating expansion of the hood, ere it fastened its venomous and fatal hold upon my neck and face. To hold it much longer would be impossible. Immediately beneath my grasp there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted by the very firmness with which I held it; my hand was gloved. Finding, in defiance of all my efforts, that my hand was each instant forced closer to my face, I was anxiously considering how to act in this horrid dilemma, when an idea struck me that, were it in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument,

it would prevent the reptile from using its fangs, should it escape my hold of it. My gun lay at my feet; the ramrod appeared the very thing required, which, with some difficulty, I succeeded in drawing out, having only one hand disengaged.

"My right arm was now trembling from over exertion, and my hold becoming less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod through the lower jaw, up to its centre. It was not without considerable hesitation that I let go my hold of the throat, and suddenly seized the rod in both hands: at the same time bringing them over my head with a sudden jerk, I disengaged the fold from my neck, which had latterly become almost tight enough to produce strangulation. There was then little difficulty in freeing my right arm, and ultimately to throw the reptile from me to the earth, where it continued to twist and writhe itself into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighboring stream, to lave my neck, hands, and face, in its cooling waters, was my first act, after despatching my formidable enemy."

Thus concludes a true, though plainly told tale. As a moral, it may prove, that when a man is possessed of determination, coolness, and energy, combined with reason, he will generally come off triumphant, though he may have to circumvent the subtlety of the snake, or combat the ferocity of the tiger.

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

All the party went into the bush, the Hottentots first, with their large guns, then their wives, and the gentlemen following. The first Hottentot frequently spoke to his companion, in a low voice, and was heard to say, "look, look:" on inquiring the cause, he pointed out to them the fresh track of an elephant. The bush became thicker, and the sun had no power to shine through the thick foliage; they passed the spot which the Hottentot marked out as the place where he had wounded the first elephant, and soon afterwards they saw the dead buffalo. The party

ADVENTURE WITH A COBRA DE CAPELLA.

went on, resolving to see the dead elephant; and, winding along through the bush, till they came to a sand hill, the Hottentots pointed out one of the carcasses at some distance, lying on another sand hill; but, on looking at it for a second, it appeared to move, and the Hottentot discovered that it was a young calf by the side of the cow. The whole party immediately went on, and, when within musket shot, they found that there were two calves, lying by their dead mother; a piteous and interesting sight. The young ones rose, and some dogs that the Hindoos had incautiously taken into the bush, barked violently. At this moment the bushes moved, and the stupendous father stalked in: he looked around him quietly, and even sorrowfully; and, after viewing the party for a second, he walked on, and was soon hid behind some trees. The situation they had placed themselves in had now become extremely critical; the bush was continuous for miles in extent, and where to fly, in case of an attack, was very difficult to determine. They were all warned not to run against the wind; and the direction of the house was pointed out, as well as circumstances would allow; but while they were debating the matter, the dogs ran in among the young elephants; they set up a deafening yell, and made directly towards the party, some of whom lay down by the path, with the hope of seizing the smallest calf; but they were very glad to make their escape, as they discovered it to be larger than they expected. The bull elephant, called back by the cry of his young, again appeared, but totally different in aspect, and even in form. His walk was quicker, his eye fierce, his trunk elevated, and his head appeared three times the size. My friend called to the Hottentot to look, and he immediately replied, in broken English, "Yes, mynheer, dat is de elephant will make mens dead." The alarm was extreme; but while the animal stood hesitating, the cry of the young sounded from a distant quarter, and the enraged father took the shortest cut towards them, crushing the branches as he stalked along; and the party thus most providentially escaped. It was ascertained that the elephant had made off towards the sea.

They went up to the dead elephant, merely to examine it; for the Hottentots leave the tusks till the flesh become

softened, as it would take up too much time to separate them. One of these men took out his knife, and cut a circular piece off the head, about an inch deep; he then pointed out a dark spot, similar to what is called the kernel in beef; this he probed with his knife, and brought out a small twig; but it was broken. He distributed a little piece, as a great favor, then carefully wrapt the remainder up, as they have an idea that whoever wears it, can never be killed by an elephant: and this valuable charm was transferred by my friend to me. It is remarkable that no naturalist has ever noticed this circumstance. There is no outward appearance, and it is impossible to imagine how it becomes enclosed, or of what use it is to the animal.

They set off, a party of fourteen in number, and found upwards of three score elephants encamped on the banks of the Kounap river. It was late when the party arrived, therefore an attempt would have been useless and dangerous. Large fires were lighted, to keep off lions as well as elephants, and the party being much fatigued, they lay down and slept.

The elephants awoke them early, with breaking and pulling up trees by the roots, and rolling themselves in the water, &c. The party immediately pressed for the attack, and now commenced the sport. The elephants, upon receiving the first shot, as if by mutual consent, gave chase, though not for above six or seven hundred yards. This answered the desired effect. One of the party galloped between the elephants and the bush, which they had just left, commencing at the same time a very heavy fire, which harassed them to such a degree that they fled to the plains, leaving behind them a thick cover, in which they might have been perfectly secure from the shots. On these plains great numbers of small bushes are found, at no great distance from each other, so that if one party consents to drive the elephant out of one bush, the other will conceal themselves and by this mean may get some good shots.

One large bull elephant stationed himself in the middle of one of these small bushes; and at least two hundred rounds were fired without being able to bring him down or make him move from the place in which he had sta-

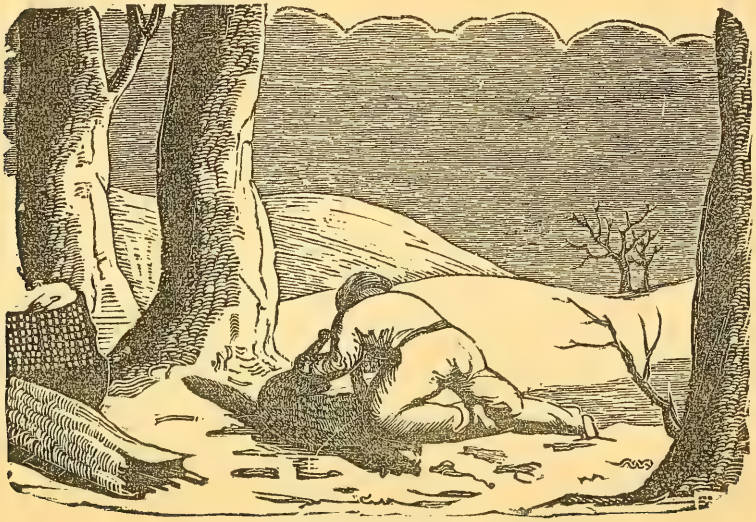
tioned himself. At every shot he received, he was observed to blow a quantity of water into the wound, and then tear up a large lump of earth to endeavor to stop the blood. The Caffers do the same thing when they have been shot—that is, tear up a handful of grass, and thrust it into the wounded place; and it is thought they have learnt this from seeing the elephants do it. At length the great bull dropped. The party then entered the bush, and, to their great surprise, found that the reason he would not leave this spot was, that he had there found a pool of water, with which he had been washing his wounds; his height measured seventeen feet and three quarters, and his teeth weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. Before the day's sport was over, they had killed thirteen.

PUTNAM OUTDONE.

An exploit performed lately in a rencontre with a wolf, by the son of Benjamin Fowle, Esq. of Caledonia, a lad of fifteen years of age, is unparalleled either in the story of Putnam, or in that of the no less celebrated bear hunt of M'Donald, in Scotland. For some time previous, many of the farms of Caledonia, and of the neighboring towns, complained loudly of the ravages committed in their sheepfolds, by some voracious animal, infesting the forests and swamps of the vicinity, supposed to be a wolf. A large number of sportsmen having been rallied, and appearing in the costume of hunters, with rifles, bugle horns, &c. went in quest of the lawless depredator. After an unsuccessful chase for several days, the wolf cunningly eluding their pursuit, and, mean time, extending his mischief, they started, on the morning of the 7th inst., with a view of acting more systematically in concert. Mounted on horseback, young Fowle had distanced his companions nearly a mile, when he discovered the wolf making his way ahead, over a piece of rising ground, with his utmost speed. Applying his whip to his horse, he soon overtook and passed him, as he was on the eve of entering an almost impenetrable swamp.

Having diverted the wolf from his course, and being without firearms, he tried, at first, to run his horse on him, in order to disable and impede him, until he could be despatched, but the horse, of less courage than the rider, shrinking from the contest with so ferocious an enemy, the boy dismounted, took off a rope halter, thrust it into his bosom, and followed on foot. Again overtaking the wolf, who was plenteously gorged with the flesh of the animals which he had devoured, and nearly exhausted, he seized him by the tail with both hands, and, with his feet well braced, held him fast.

He continued thus for some minutes, waiting for his companions, when the wolf, having recovered in some measure from his excessive fatigue, turned round to attack him; the boy, with an intrepidity rivaled only in the battle of Decatur, with a barbarous foe of another kind, seized his antagonist by the nape of the neck, with his right hand, having still hold of his tail with his left, and a struggle took place between them, the one whirling round the other four or five minutes, till the boy fell uppermost. The wolf being nearly covered in the deep snow, the boy bore down upon his neck with his right foot, to prevent his biting, and succeeded in tying one of his hind legs, with a halter, to a small tree. He then with a leap, placed himself out of his reach. Breaking off a large sapling, which was the best weapon he could procure, he beat him on the head till the blood gushed from his nostrils. The wolf, after several unavailing attempts to extricate himself, was maddened to desperation, exhibiting so frightful an appearance, as, for a moment, to damp the courage of the boy, and make him shudder at the idea of the danger he had encountered. The boy continued to watch him for nearly half an hour in the mean time halloing, with all his might for the rest of the company to come up. At length, growing impatient, and thinking that perhaps they had missed his track, he remounted his horse, and rode after them. When he returned, the wolf had gnawed off the rope, and made his escape; but every appearance confirmed the story of the boy. Several of the party, however, thought it incredible, and were not satisfied until the next day, when the wolf was shot, and lo! a piece of the identical rope halter was



PUTNAM OUTDONE.

found upon him, wound twice round his leg, and fastened in a gordian knot. The wolf measured three feet in height, and six in length, from the nose to the end of the tail.

THE GENEROUS CAVALIER.

Two knights of Portugal, both of whom are probably still in existence, entertaining a mortal enmity towards each other, were incessantly occupied in studying the surest means of taking revenge. The one, however, who first conceived himself injured, surpassed his adversary in the vigilance with which he watched every occasion of carrying his designs into execution. This ferocious disposition was further nurtured by the circumstance of his inability, either in force or courage, successfully to contend with his enemy, which, while it compelled him to stifle the expression of his hatred, led him to reflect upon every secret method of annoying him, in his power. Though formerly of a noble and virtuous disposition, this unhappy feud had so far disordered his better feelings and his judgment, as to induce him to commit one of the most atrocious actions recorded in history. He watched his opportunity of surprising and assassinating both the father and brother of his noble foe; intelligence of which fact having reached the court, a proclamation was forthwith issued by the king, forbidding his subjects, under the severest penalties, to harbor the author of so foul a crime; while officers were despatched on all sides in pursuit of him.

After perpetrating the deed, the assassin, hearing the proclamation every where bruited in his ears, and believing it impossible long to elude the vigilance of his pursuers, torn at the same time by the agonies of remorse and guilt, came to a resolution, rather of dying by the hand of him whom he had so deeply injured, than awaiting the more tardy and ignominious course of justice. For, having satiated his revenge, the idea of what he had once been, and of his lost fame and honor, rushed with an overwhelming sense of despair across his mind; and he felt a dark and fearful satisfaction in yielding himself up to the

sword of his deeply injured adversary. With this view, he secretly issued from his retreat, under cover of the night, and having before daybreak reached the residence of him whom he deemed his executioner, he presented himself in his astonished presence, with the fatal poniard in his hand, kneeling and baring his bosom, as he offered it to the grasp of his foe.

Impelled by a sudden feeling of revenge, and viewing the assassin in his power, the cavalier was in the act of plunging the steel into his breast; but, restraining his passion, and conceiving it dishonorable to take so inglorious an advantage, he flung it from him, and turned his face away. At length, commanding his emotion, he declared that he would never stain his hands with the blood of a defenseless man, much less of an unarmed knight, be his offences what they would; and with singular greatness and generosity of soul, proceeded to assure the assassin of his safety, as long as he remained with him. Witnessing the terrors of remorse and guilt which seemed to sting him to the quick, and leaving his further punishment to heaven, his generous foe attended him the ensuing night, on horseback, beyond the confines of his kingdom. Yet, on his return, unable to forget the sad source of his resentment, he hastened to the court of Portugal; and, on obtaining an audience of his majesty, said that he had heard of his enemy's escape from the country, and he was now probably beyond the reach of justice, glorying in his iniquity. It was therefore incumbent upon him to adopt some other means of redressing the wrongs he had suffered, and his majesty would oblige him by granting a safe conduct to his foe, to re-enter the kingdom, so that he might meet him in single battle. "There is only one condition," continued the knight; "I would beseech your majesty to grant, that, if I should be so unfortunate as to fall beneath his arm, your majesty will please to absolve him from all his offences, and permit him to go free; and if, as I firmly trust, I should come off victorious, that his fate shall rest in my hands." The king, with some difficulty, being prevailed upon to grant these terms, the noble cavalier immediately despatched messengers, bearing at once a safe conduct, and a public defiance to his enemy to meet

THE GENEROUS CAVALIER

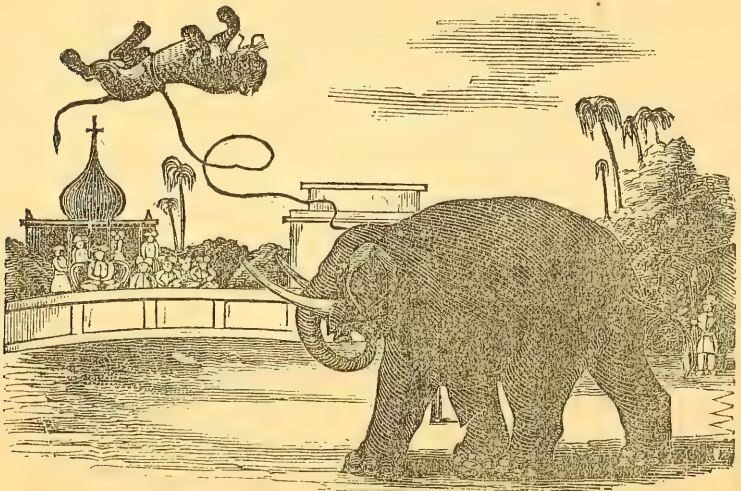
him in the field, and yield him satisfaction in single combat, according to the laws of honor, before the knight and court. Willing to afford his enemy the revenge he sought, the assassin, to the astonishment of the people, made his appearance on the appointed day, in the lists, clothed in complete armor, and accepted the challenge proposed. On the heralds sounding a charge, they both engaged with apparently equal fury; but the injured knight shortly wounded his antagonist severely in several places, and stretched him on the field, weltering in his blood. Instead, however, of despatching him, as every one expected on the spot, he raised him up, and, calling for surgical assistance, had him conveyed to a place of safety. His wounds proving not to be mortal, the noble cavalier, on his recovery accompanied him into the presence of the king, and declared publicly before the whole court, that he granted him his liberty and his life, entreating, at the same time, the royal pardon for him, and permission to reside in any part of his majesty's dominions.

In admiration of his unequalled magnanimity, the king readily conceded what he wished; while the unhappy object of their favor, overwhelmed with feelings of remorse and shame, humbled himself before his generous conqueror, and ever afterwards evinced sentiments of the utmost gratitude and respect to the noble cavalier, being at once the most faithful friend and follower he ever had.

FIGHT BETWEEN A TIGER AND AN ELEPHANT.

In the midst of a grassy plain, about half a mile long, and nearly as much in breadth, about sixty or seventy fine elephants were drawn up in several ranks, each animal being provided with a mahawat, who guided his movements. On one side were placed convenient seats; the governor, mandarins, and a numerous train of soldiers, being also present at the spectacle. A crowd of spectators occupied the side opposite. The tiger was bound to a stake, placed in the centre of the plain, by means of a rope fastened round his loins. We soon perceived how une-

qual was the combat. The claws of the poor animal had been cut, and a strong stitch bound his lips, and kept him from opening his mouth. On being turned loose, he attempted to bound over the plain, but finding all attempts to extricate himself useless, he threw himself at length upon the grass, till seeing a large elephant with long tusks approach, he got up and faced the coming danger. The elephant was, by this attitude, and the terrible growl of the tiger, too much intimidated, and turned aside, while the tiger pursued him heavily, and struck him with his fore paw upon the hind quarter quickening his pace not a little The mahawat succeeded in bringing the elephant to the charge again, before he had gone far; and this time he rushed on furiously, driving his tusks into the earth under the tiger, and lifting him up fairly, giving him a clear cast to the distance of about thirty feet. This was an interesting point in the combat. The tiger lay along the ground as if he were dead, yet it appeared that he had sustained no material injury, for on the next attack, he threw himself into an attitude of defense; and as the elephant was again about to take him up, he sprang upon his forehead, fixing his hind feet upon the trunk of the former. The elephant was wounded in this attack, and so much frightened, that nothing could prevent him from breaking through every obstacle, and fairly running off. The mahawat was considered as having failed in his duty, and, soon after, was brought up to the governor, with his hands tied behind his back, and on the spot received one hundred lashes of the rattan. Another elephant was now brought: but the tiger made less resistance each successive attack. It was evident that the tosses he received must soon occasion his death. All the elephants were furnished with tusks; and the mode of attack, in every instance, (for several others were called forward,) was that of rushing upon the tiger, thrusting their tusks under him, and throwing him to a distance. Of their trunks they evidently were very careful, rolling them up cautiously under their chin. When the tiger was perfectly dead, an elephant was brought up, who, instead of raising the tiger with his tusks, seized him with his trunk, and, in eneral, cast him to the distance of thirty feet.



FIGHT BETWEEN A TIGER AND ELEPHANT.

INTREPIDITY OF AN AMERICAN OFFICER.

Gen. Van Dyke was engaged on a tour to the northwest, some time after the late war, for the purpose (among other objects) of selecting and obtaining from the Indians a site for a military post. He was attended by a small party, and they were unarmed. Before he had succeeded in his object, the Indians had conceived a design of murdering him and his party, and they accordingly fixed the time for carrying their purpose into execution. A trader, who resided on the spot, communicated the plot to the general, and proposed, as the only possible chance of escape, that he should take shelter in his house, supposing that he might perhaps have interest with them sufficient to keep them from breaking into his house to perpetrate the intended massacre. The general received the intelligence—his own observation of the countenances of the Indians, left him no room to doubt its correctness—but he was unwilling to accept the offer of the trader. He thought it would derogate from the character he had obtained, to leave his tent and take shelter in a private house. His situation was perilous.

The hour had almost arrived, and there was no possibility of escape or defense. In this extremity he determined on a bold experiment. With the aid of the trader, though not without difficulty, he succeeded in collecting the chiefs in council; but their menacing countenances gave evidence of the determination they had formed. At that critical moment, the assembly exhibited a most interesting scene.

The general, with his little handful of men, all unarmed in the heart of the Indian country, was surrounded by many times their own number, of Indians, determined on the work of death, equipped for the horrid purpose, and waiting only for the signal of onset.

The general arose with composure. He told them the object of his visit—that *their* happiness was also contemplated—that he came among them as among brothers. He had brought no forces, nor even arms with which to defend himself You see, said he, I have nothing but this,

stretching out his hand with his cane. He reminded them that he was in the midst of their people, and he looked to them for protection.. They had listened with increasing attention to his discourse thus far. But here they could no longer remain in silent attention. They leaped from their seats, and rushing to him with all the ardor of friendship, they caught him in their arms—hugged him—gave him every assurance of protection, and during his stay among them, fully realized their promises.

The result of this affair was highly creditable to the parties. But the principal object of introducing it here, is to illustrate the beneficial effects of pacific measures.

ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS.

The celebrated Colonel Boon was taken prisoner in 1778, by the Indians, and although ever watchful for an opportunity of escape, considered the attempt too hazardous, until roused by the dangers which threatened the early settlers of Kentucky. He discovered that five hundred warriors, under the command of some Canadian officers, had been embodied for the purpose of attacking Boonsborough. Taking advantage of the privilege allowed him from his skill in hunting, he, under pretence of killing a deer, boldly turned his course towards the settlement, and traveled incessantly, day and night, about two hundred miles, until he arrived at the stockade, or station, named in honor of himself.

Mr. Smith was, at this time, commandant of the little colony. His rank as major in the militia of Virginia, and his personal qualifications, occasioned him to be chosen leader of the small band of heroic settlers, who, with the assistance of Colonel Boon, signalized themselves in the memorable defense of that place. We mean not to dwell upon the bravery of their conduct. Who, among Americans, could act otherwise than bravely, when defending their wives, their sisters, or their children? Major Smith had another, not less powerful motive, to stimulate his natural courage. The tender feelings of love had kindled

ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS.

into a flame, and made every emotion of his heart burn with a desire to distinguish himself in defense of the object of his affection, who, with her parents, had, some time previous, sought an asylum in the fort.

The Indians invested the stockade before the garrison had completed the digging of a well, which they had commenced on receiving information of the intended attack. Delay was absolutely necessary to complete this important object, as their numbers were too small to permit its being accomplished, when employed in self-defense. They, consequently, entered into a deceptive negotiation for the surrender of the fort, which circumstance, fortunately, gave them time to complete their undertaking. Major Smith, who, with some others of the garrison, had engaged to meet an equal number of the enemy at a spring, within pistol shot of the station, for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation, anticipated the usual treachery of the savages, and placed a number of his men on the side opposite the place of rendezvous, with strict orders to fire indiscriminately on the party, if a concerted signal should be given. The conference was held, and the proposals for surrender declined by our countrymen, at the same time they observed a party of Indians secretly creeping towards the place. The hostile chiefs, who advanced under pretence of taking leave, attempted to seize our officers. At this moment, Smith waved his hat, when a volley from the garrison prostrated four of the enemy. It was perhaps owing to the deliberate coolness of our marksmen, that their own party escaped into the fort, with the exception of one person, wounded by the fire of those who had secretly advanced towards the spring. The siege was thus begun, and continued with incessant firing, night and day, until the losses of the besiegers eventually obliged them to withdraw.

Major Smith's manly heroism, his cool and humane conduct throughout the defense of Boonsborough, which then consisted of only a few log cabins stockaded together, produced sensations in the bosom of our young heroine, such as his previous respectful attention had not effected. These feelings were heightened by solicitude for the life of her defender, who experienced a violent attack of fever

in consequence of the fatigues he had undergone during the siege.

After a few weeks, the inhabitants of Boonsborough resumed the peaceful employment of husbandry, and the proprietor of a farm, on the opposite side of Kentucky river, removed his family, and re-occupied the former cabins. It happened that our heroine, whom we shall designate as Miss A., accompanied by a young female friend, took a walk on the banks of that romantic stream, for the purpose of exercise and amusement. They rambled along the shore, and, meeting with a canoe, determined to visit their opposite neighbors. Although totally unaccustomed to the management of a boat, yet, as the river was low they did not doubt their ability to accomplish their object The tottering vessel was pushed from the shore, and, with hearts gay and light as the zephyrs which ruffled the pellucid element, our female navigators commenced their enterprise. Mutual raillery and laughter were excited by their own want of skill. The canoe was whirled round, until at length it struck a sand bar in a short bend of the river, beyond the immediate view of the fort, though not far distant from it. They were compelled to wade to the shore, where, after adjusting their light summer dresses, they proceeded to climb the bank, for the purpose of paying their intended visit. At this moment, three Indians rushed from a bushy covert, and with savage manaces of instant death, forced them along.

The horror of their unexpected situation, and the dread of the uplifted tomahawk, propelled them forward at the will of their captors, and they ascended, with wonderful expedition, the steep ravine which led to the summit of the marble cliff of the Kentucky. Although breathless and exhausted, not a moment was allowed for respiration: their tangled clothes were torn by the bushes, without their daring to look back, in order to extricate them; their shoes were soon destroyed by the rocks, and their wounded feet and limbs stained with blood. Without a moment's respite, fatigue, despair, and torture, attended every step, and deprived them of all recollection, until our heroine was aroused by certain attentions which one of the Indians displayed It was a true savage evincement of love,

for while goading on our helpless females with a pointed stick, or using it with reiterated blows, he, in broken English, gave Miss A. to understand, that her present sufferings should be recompensed by her becoming his squaw, on their arrival at his nation. This information proved an acme of misery, which at once roused the mind of our heroine, and determined her to risk every hazard She broke the small branches of plants and bushes, as they passed along, and when night overtook them, delayed the party as much as possible, by blundering movements and retarded steps. The Indians repeatedly discovered her actions, and knowing, that if pursued by the garrison, it would occasion their own destruction, they rushed forward for the purpose of killing her—several attempts of this kind were restrained by her Indian lover, who, with threats of recrimination, warded off their blows. In this manner, our female captives traveled throughout the night, and on return of day, were exhausted with fatigue and misery A momentary delay took place, while the Indians shot a buffalo, and cut off some pieces of its flesh. This opportunity was not lost by Miss A., who endeavored to influence the feelings of her Indian lover, by pointing to her wounded frame and bleeding feet. Her pallid countenance betokened exhausted nature, and with bitter tears she besought him to end her miseries at once, or else allow some respite to her suffering. The heart of the savage was affected, and after traveling a few miles further, he persuaded his companions to stop; and, while they cooked part of their game, he occupied himself in making a pair of moccasons for his fair captive.

Some few hours after the departure of the ladies from the fort, Major Smith, at that time in a state of convalescence, inquired after them, and walked to the river for the purpose of joining their party. He hailed the inhabitants on the opposite bank, and finding that the ladies were not there, became alarmed, and proceeded, with another person, down the river to the canoe, which they reached by crossing the sand bar. Upon arriving on the other side, they discovered moccason tracks, and proceeded with eager and rapid strides up the ravine, until they assured themselves that there were traces of only three

Indians, who had seized their female friends. Smith, with an agonized mind, sat down, whilst his companion returned to the garrison for arms, and with directions to obtain the assistance of two of the best woodsmen. Another party was ordered likewise, immediately to proceed on horseback, to the upper Blue Licks, which, at that time was the usual pass for all northern Indians.

Not a moment was lost. Major Smith and his comrades soon began to follow the devious track of the Indians. Whilst daylight lasted, his sagacious eye rapidly traced every indistinct sign. The bended blade of grass, the crushed lichen, the smallest stone displaced, were unerring guides in the pursuit, through places especially chosen for the purpose of preventing a discovery of the route. They fortunately had sufficient time to unravel the first intricate mazes pursued by the Indians, and when the sun was setting, were convinced that the savages intended to make for the Blue Licks. This enabled our party to follow the general direction of the route all night, and, after some search, on the following morning, they recovered the Indian trace, at a short distance beyond the place where they had killed the buffalo. Some drops of blood which had fallen from the meat, alarmed our commander, and they turned back with the dreadful apprehension that their female friends might be murdered. Their anxious minds, however, were happily soon relieved, and Smith, with silent expedition, resumed the trace, telling his companions that they would meet their enemies at the next water course. On their arrival at the creek, seeing no marks on the opposite side, they waded down the stream, with the utmost precaution, until they found a stone wet by the splashing of water.

The major now silently arranged his men, ordered one above and another below the spot, whilst his third companion was stationed at the landing, as a central support. Smith cautiously crept forward on his hands and knees, until he saw the curling smoke of the Indian fire. With deathlike silence he crawled through the bushes, and within thirty yards, discovered an Indian stooping over the flame. The click of his rifle-lock startled the savage, who with eager gaze, looked around. At this moment, the

whistling bullet pierced his heart, and he fell prostrate on the fire. The two ladies sprang towards the major, and clung about him, just as the second Indian rushed forward with his tomahawk. Smith threw them off by a sudden effort, and turning his gun, aimed a blow, which his antagonist evaded, by springing on one side. The movemen was of little avail, for he received his mortal wound from the person stationed at the rear The third Indian ran up the creek, and met his fate from the hands of the person stationed in that quarter.

We cannot pretend to describe the sudden change of bursting joy felt by the two young ladies. The blanket coats of our woodsmen were cut into garments for the females, whilst every humane assistance and tender care, to lessen their fatigue, were afforded, during the slow progress of their journey homewards. No alarm was excited, except for a moment, on the ensuing day, when the party of horsemen overtook them. They had proceeded to the Blue Licks, and discovering no Indian trace, pursued a different route to the garrison, which led them on the trace of the victorious and happy party.

POISONING IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Marie Marguerite d'Aubray was the daughter of M. d'Aubray, a gentleman who held a considerable judicial office in Paris. In 1651, she married the Marquis de Brinvillier. The Marquis de Brinvillier was a colonel of a regiment of foot. While on service he had contracted an intimacy with a gentleman of the name of St. Croix, a captain of cavalry. There was some mystery about this man's birth. It was known that he was from Montauban Some thought him an illegitimate scion of a noble house; others said he belonged to a respectable family; but all agreed that he was totally destitute of the gifts of fortune. The Marquis de Brinvillier was much addicted to pleasure. St. Croix got into his good graces, and was introduced into his house. At first he was only the husband's friend but presently he became the wife's lover; and their attach

ment became mutual. The dissipation of the marquis life prevented him from observing his wife's conduct, so that the pair carried on a guilty commerce without any suspicion on his part. His affairs became so disordered, that his wife succeeded on this ground in obtaining a separation, and after this paid no respect to decency or concealment in her connexion with her paramour. Scandalous, however, as her conduct was, it made no impression on the mind of the marquis, whose apathy induced the marchioness' father, M. d'Aubray, to use his paternal authority. He obtained a *lettre de cachet* against St. Croix, who was arrested one day, when he was in a carriage with the marchioness, and carried to the bastile, where he remained for a year. Absence, far from abating the marchioness' passion, only inflamed it; and the constraint to which she found it necessary to subject herself, in order to prevent a second separation, inflamed it still more. She conducted herself, however, with such apparent propriety that she regained her father's favor, and even his confidence. St. Croix availed himself of the power which love had given him over his mistress, to root every good principle of feeling from her mind. Under his horrid lessons she became a monster, whose atrocities we hope and believe, have hardly ever been paralleled. He resolved to take a dreadful revenge on the family of d'Aubray, and at the same time to get his whole property into the possession of the marchioness, that they might spend it together in their pleasures. While St. Croix was in the bastile he had formed an acquaintance with an Italian, of the name of Exili, to whom he communicated his views. Exili excited him to vengeance, and taught him the way to obtain it with impunity. Poisoning may be called, *par excellence*, an Italian art. They acquired the art of composing poisons so disguised in their appearance and subtle in their effects, that they baffled the penetration and art of the physicians of that age. Some were slow, and consumed the vitals of the victim by almost imperceptible degrees; others were sudden and violent in their action; but few of them left any traces of their real nature; for the symptoms they produced were generally so equivocal, that they might be ascribed to many ordinary diseases. St. Croix

greedily devoured the instructions of his fellow prisoner, and left the bastile prepared to exercise his infernal art. His first object of vengeance was M. d'Aubray himself; and he soon found means to persuade the daughter to become the agent in the destruction of her father. The old gentleman had a house in the country, where he used to spend his vacations. All his fondness for his daughter, whom he now believed to have been "more sinned against than sinning," had returned; and she, on her part, behaved to him with an appearance of affectionate duty. She anxiously attended to his every comfort; and, as his health had suffered from the fatigues of his office, she employed herself in superintending the preparation of nice and nourishing broths, which she gave him herself, with every appearance of tender care. It is needless to say that these aliments contained some articles of Italian cookery; and the wretch, as she sat by his bed-side, witnessing his sufferings, and listening to his groans, shed abundance of crocodile tears, while she eagerly administered to him remedies calculated to insure the accomplishment of her object. But neither the agonies of the poor old man, nor his touching expressions of love and gratitude to the fiend at his side, could turn her for a moment from her fell purpose. He was carried back to Paris, where, in a few days, he sunk under the effects of the poison. No suspicion was entertained of the cause of his death; the idea of such a crime could not even have entered into the imagination of any one. She returned as soon as possible to the arms of her paramour, and made up for the restraint imposed on her during her father's life, by spending the money she had inherited by his death, in undisguised profligacy. It afterwards appeared that this abandoned woman had made sure of the efficacy of her drugs by a variety of experiments, not only upon animals, but upon human beings. She was in the habit of distributing to the poor, poisoned biscuits, prepared by herself, the effect of which she found means to learn, without committing herself. But this was not enough; she desired to be an eye witness of the progress and symptoms of the effects produced by the poison; and for this purpose made the experiment on Francoise Roussel, her maid, to whom she gave, by way of treat, a

plate of gooseberries and a slice of ham. The poor girl was very ill, but recovered; and this was a lesson to St. Croix to make his doses stronger.

M. d'Aubray's inheritance was not so beneficial to his infamous daughter, as she had expected. The best part of his property went to his son, M. d'Aubray, who succeeded to his father's office, and another brother, a counselor. It was necessary, therefore, to put them out of the way also; and this task St. Croix, thinking his accomplice had done enough for his purpose, took upon himself. He had a villain at his devotion, of the name of La Chaussee This man had been in his service, and he knew him to be a fit agent in any atrocity. The marchioness got La Chaussee a place as servant to the counselor, who lived with his brother, the magistrate, taking great care to conceal from them that he had ever been in the service of St. Croix. La Chaussee's employers promised him a hundred pistoles and an annuity for life, if he succeeded in causing the death of the magistrate, who was the first object of attack. In the beginning of April, 1670, the magistrate went to pass the Easter holidays at his house in the country. His brother, the counselor, was of the party, and was attended by La Chaussee. One day, at dinner, there was a giblet pie. Seven persons who eat of it became very ill, while those who had not partaken of it, suffered no uneasiness. The two brothers were among the former, and had violent fits of vomiting. They returned to Paris a few days afterwards, having the appearance of persons who had undergone a long and violent illness. St. Croix availed himself of this state of things to make sure of the fruit of his crimes. He obtained from the marchioness two promissory deeds, one for thirty thousand livres, in his own name, and another for twenty-five thousand livres, in the name of Martin, one of his familiars. The sum at first sight appears a small one, amounting only to about two thousand three hundred pounds sterling; but the immense difference in the value of money since the seventeenth century, must be taken into account. Such, however, at all events, was the price paid by this demon for the death of her two brothers. Meanwhile, the elder d'Aubray became worse and worse; he could take no sustenance, and vom-

ited incessantly. The three last days of his life he felt a fire in his stomach, which seemed to be consuming its very substance. At length, he expired on the 17th of June, 1670. On being opened, his stomach and duodenum were black, and falling to pieces, as if they had been on a large fire; and the liver was burnt up and gangrened. It was evident that he had been poisoned; but on whom could suspicion fall? There was no clue whatever to guide it. The marchioness had gone to the country. St. Croix wrote her that the magistrate was dead, and that, from his brother's situation, he must soon follow. It so turned out. The unfortunate counselor died, after having lingered three months in excruciating torments; and he was so far from suspecting La Chaussee of any hand in his death, that he left him a legacy of three hundred livres, which was paid.

These three murders were still insufficient. There was yet a sister, who kept from the marchioness the half of the possessions, which she wished to gain by the death of her father and brothers. The sister's life was repeatedly attempted in the same way; but the shocking occurrences in her family had made her suspicious, and her precautions preserved her. The poor Marquis de Brinvillier was intended by his fury of a wife for her next victim. "Madame de Brinvillier," says Madame de Sevigne, in another of her letters, "wanted to marry St. Croix, and for that purpose poisoned her husband, repeatedly. But St. Croix, who had no desire to have a wife as wicked as himself, gave the poor man antidotes; so that, having been tossed backward and forward in this way, sometimes poisoned, and sometimes *un*poisoned, (*desempoisonne*,) he has, after all, got off with his life." Every body was convinced that the father and his two sons had been poisoned, yet nothing but very vague suspicions were entertained as to the perpetrators of the crime. Nobody thought of St. Croix, as having had any thing to do with it. He had for a long time ceased, to all appearance, to have any connection with Madame de Brinvillier; and La Chaussee, the immediate agent, had played his part so well, that he was never suspected. At last, the horrible mystery was discovered. St. Croix continued to practise the art which had been so useful to him; and, as the poisons he made

were so subtle as to be fatal even by respiration, he used to intercept their exhalations while compounding them, by a glass mask over his face. One day the mask by accident dropped off, and he fell dead on the spot; "a death," says the French writer, who mentions this occurrence, "much too good for a monster who had inflicted it by long and agonizing pangs on so many valuable citizens."

A judicial inquiry was set on foot, and many witnesses were examined. The testimony elicited was overwhelming against the marchioness, and the supple tool, Chaussee, who was convicted of having poisoned the magistrate and the counselor, and condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel, after having been put to the question ordinary and extraordinary to discover his accomplices; and the Marchioness de Brinvillier was condemned, by default, to be beheaded. Under the torture, La Chaussee confessed his crimes, and gave a full account of all the transactions we have related, in so far as he was concerned with them. He was executed in the Place de Greve, according to his sentence. Desgrais, an officer of the Marechaussee, was sent to Liege, to arrest the marchioness. He was provided with an escort, and a letter from the king to the municipality of that city, requesting that the criminal might be delivered up. Desgrais was permitted to arrest her and carry her to France. Among the proofs against her, that which alarmed her the most was a written confession, containing the narrative of her life, kept by her in the casket which she made such desperate efforts to recover. No wonder she was now horrified at what she had thus committed to paper. In the first article she declared herself an incendiary, confessing that she had set fire to a house Madame Sevigne, speaking of this paper, says, "Madame de Brinvillier, tells us, in her confession, that she was debauched at seven years old, and has led an abandoned life ever since; that she poisoned her father, her brothers, and one of her children; nay, that she poisoned herself, to try the effect of an antidote. Medea herself did not do so much. She has acknowledged this confession to be of her writing—a great blunder; but she was in a high fever when she wrote it—that it was mere frenzy—a piece of extravagance which no one can read seriously." In a sub

segment letter, Madame de Sevigne adds, "Nothing is talked of but the sayings and doings of Madame de Brinvillier. She says, in her confession, that she has murdered her father—she was afraid, no doubt, that she might forget to accuse herself of it. The peccadilloes which she is afraid of forgetting, are admirable!" Her confused, evasive, and contradictory answers to the questions put to her on her interrogatory by the court—a very objectionable step, by the way, of French criminal procedure—were considered as filling up the measure of evidence against her; though, in this case, it was sufficently ample, without the aid either of her confessions or examinations before the judges. The *corpus delicti*, in the language of the law, was certain. The deaths of her two brothers by poison, were proved by the evidence of several medical persons; and the testimony of other witnesses established the commission of their crimes by St. Croix and her, through the instrumentality of La Chaussee.

At length, by a sentence of the supreme criminal court of Paris, on the 16th July, 1676, Madame de Brinvillier was convicted of the murder of her father and her two brothers, and of having attempted the life of her sister; and condemned to make the *amende honorable* before the door of the principal church of Paris, whither she was to be drawn in a hurdle, with her feet bare, a rope about her neck, and carrying a burning torch in her hands; from thence to be taken to the Place de Greve, her head severed from her body on a scaffold, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown to the wind; after having been, in the first place, put to the question ordinary and extraordinary, to discover her accomplices. Though she had denied her crimes as long as she had any hopes of escape, she confessed every thing after her condemnation. During the latter days of her life, she was the sole object of public curiosity. An immense multitude assembled to see her execution, and every window, on her way to the Place de Greve, was crowded with spectators. Lebrun, the celebrated painter, placed himself in a convenient situation for observing her, in order, probably, to make a study for his "passions." Among the spectators were many ladies of distinction, to some of whom, who had got very near her

she said, looking them firmly in the face, and with a sarcastic smile, "A very pretty sight you are come to see." Madame de Sevigne gives an account of this execution the day it took place, in a tone of levity which is not a little offensive, and unbecoming a lady of her unquestionable elegance and refinement. "Well!" she says, "it is all over, and La Brinvillier is in the air. Her poor little body was thrown into a large fire, and her ashes scattered to the winds; so that we breathe her, and there is no saying but this communication of particles may produce among us some poisoning propensities, which may surprise us. She was condemned yesterday. This morning her sentence was read to her, and she was shown the rack; but she said there was no occasion for it, for she would tell every thing. Accordingly, she continued till four o'clock giving a history of her life, which is even more frightful than people supposed. She poisoned her father ten times successively, before she could accomplish her object; then her brothers; and her revelations were full of love affairs, and pieces of scandal. At six o'clock she was taken, in her undress, and with a rope round her neck, to Notre Dame, to make the *amende honorable*. She was then replaced in the hurdle, in which I saw her drawn backwards, with a confessor on one side, and the hangman on the other. It really made me shudder. Those who saw the execution, say she ascended the scaffold with a great deal of courage. Never was such a crowd seen, nor such excitement witnessed in Paris." In another letter, the writer says: "A word more about Brinvillier. She died as she lived—that is, boldly. When she went into the place where she was to undergo the *question*, and saw three buckets of water, 'They surely are going to drown me,' she said, 'for they can't imagine that I am going to drink all this.' She heard her sentence with great composure. When the reading was nearly finished, she desired it to be repeated, saying, 'The hurdle struck me first, and prevented my attending to the rest.' On her way to execution, she asked her confessor to get the executioner placed before her, 'that I may not see that scoundrel Desgrais, she said, 'who caught me.' Her confessor reproved her for this sentiment, and she said, 'Ah, my God

I beg your pardon. Let me continue then to enjoy this agreeable sight.' She ascended the scaffold alone and barefooted, and was nearly a quarter of an hour in being trimmed and adjusted for the block by the executioner; a piece of great cruelty, which was loudly murmured against. Next day, persons were seeking for her bones; for there was a belief among the people that she was a saint."

HANNAH LAMOND AND THE EAGLE.

Almost all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow hay, (there was not in all its ten miles square, twenty acres of rye grass,) on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind; and huge heaped up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, beginning to get green with a second growth, were moving in all directions, towards the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air, with laughter, whistle and song. But the Tregnomons threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial face of the earth—the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row—graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious, in presence of the mantling milk cans, bullion bars of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from His Eternal Throne, well pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great golden eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down and took away something in his talons. One single, sudden, female shriek—and then shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament! "Hannah Lamond's bairn!" "Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud, fast-spreading cry. "The eagle's ta'en off Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred people were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles of hill, and

dale, and copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks lay between; but in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock ledge But who shall scale the dizzy cliff, which Mark Stewart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain. All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands, in vain, rooted to the ground, or running backwards and forwards, like so many ants, essaying their new wings in vain attempts. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had, all this while, been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her: for strong as all sympathies with her had been, at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes, and over the huge stones, up up, up, faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, clomb the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of the unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated staircases, deep as draw wells, or coal pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave: and shall not the agony of a mother's passion, who sees her baby, whose warm mouth has just left her breast, hurried off by a demon, to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den; and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends, that with their heavy wings, would fain

flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance, before the eye of the all-seeing God?

No stop, no stay—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up, up, to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?" Down came the fierce rushing of the eagle's wings; each savage bird dashed close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood clasped her child, dead, dead, dead, no doubt; but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay, in a nook of the harvest field. O! what pangs of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart, from that faint, feeble cry, "It lives, it lives, it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent, once more murmuring at the fount of life and love! "Oh, thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me, one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh, save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name's sake! O thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!" Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stones, and the skeletons of old trees, intervened between her and safety; while far, far down, and dwindled into specks, were seen a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath? and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die; and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more.

Where, all this while, was Mark Stewart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim and his head dizzy, and his heart sick; and he, who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when, at midnight, the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. "And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother," thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp, that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, "God." She looked round, expecting to see an angel, but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object, watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a platform. Her child was bound within her bosom; she remembered not how or when; but it was safe; and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by briar, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leaped over the ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her foot bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep as the wall of a house, was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy, centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf; but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellice. She bound her baby to her neck, and with hands and feet, clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude, on their knees! and, hush—the voice of psalms! a hymn, breathing the spirit of one united in prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like, breathing not of death, but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words, but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother—or in

the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in a sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth; the psalm was hushed; but a tremendous sobbing voice was closed beside her, and lo! a she goat, with two little kids, at her feet! "Wild heights," thought she, 'do these creatures climb; but the dam will lead down her kids by the easiest paths, for oh! even in the brute creatures, what is the holy power of a mother's love!" and, turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time, wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it, and the golden eagle knew that well, in their instinct, as before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible.—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff. Many were now attempting it; and ere this cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, though among dangers, that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough; she hushed her friends with her hands, and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by heaven. Small green plots, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent—trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brush-wood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs—sublime was the shout that echoed afar, the moment she reached the eyrie—then succeeded

a silence deep as death; in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication—the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway; and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many, even by name; one who had but few friends, nor wished for more, contented to work all day here, there, any where, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child; and who, on Sabbath, took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for pau pers, in the kirk!

"Fall back and give her fresh air!" said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened round her, lying as in death. "Give me the bonny bit bairn into my arms," cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. "There's not a single scratch upon the puir innocent, for the eagle, you see, maus hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blin, blin, maun they be who see not the finger o' God in this thing!"

Hannah started up from her swoon, and looking wildly round, cried, "Oh, the bird—the bird!—the eagle—the eagle! The eagle has carried off my bonny wee Walter is there nane to pursue?" A neighbor put her baby to her breast, and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice, "And waaken—oh! tell me if I'm waaken, or, if a' this be the wark of a fever, and the delirium of a dream?"

IROQUOIS BOY.

The following is extracted from "The Travelers," a tale, by the author of Redwood. A family of travelers is represented as having stopped on a point of land at the junction of the Oswegatchie with the St. Lawrence, to view the remains of an old fortification. While they were viewing this monument of olden time, a gentleman ap-

peared, who, like them, had been attracted to the spot by curiosity, and, after introducing himself, begged leave to relate a traditionary story, which he had picked up in his journey through Canada, some of the events of which had been located at this place. The family very readily assented to the proposal, and the stranger related the following particulars:

A commandant of this fort (which was built by the French, to protect their traders against the savages) married a young Iroquois, who was, before or after the marriage, converted to the Catholic faith. Her brother lurked in the neighborhood, and procured interviews with her, and attempted to win her back, by all the motives of national pride and family affection; but all in vain. The young Garanga, or, to call her by her baptismal name, Marguerite, was bound by a threefold cord—her love to her husband, to her son, and to her religion. Mecumeh, finding persuasion ineffectual, had recourse to stratagem. The commandant was in the habit of going down the river often, on fishing excursions, and when he returned he would fire his signal gun, and Marguerite and her boy would hasten to the shore to greet him.

On one occasion he had been gone longer than usual. Marguerite was filled with apprehension, natural enough at any time, when imminent dangers and hair-breadth escapes were of every day occurrence. She had sat in the tower, and watched the returning canoe till the last beam of day had faded from the waters. The deepening of twilight played tricks with her imagination. Once she was started by the water-fowl, which, as it skimmed along the surface of the water, imaged to her fancy the light canoe, impelled by her husband's vigorous arm. Again she heard the leap of the heavy muskalonghi, and the splashing waters sounded to her fancy like the first dash of the oar. That passed away, and disappointment and tears followed. Her boy was beside her; the young Louis, who, though scarcely twelve years old, already had his imagination filled with daring deeds. Born and bred in a fort, he was an adept in the use of the bow and the musket; courage seemed to be his instinct, and danger his element, and battles and wounds were "household

words" with him. He laughed at his mother's fears; but in spite of his boyish ridicule, they strengthened, till apprehension seemed reality. Suddenly the sound of the signal gun broke on the still of the night. Both mother and son sprang on their feet, with a cry of joy, and were pressing, hand in hand, towards the outer gate, when a sentinel stopped them, to remind Marguerite that it was her husband's order that no one should venture without the walls after sunset. She, however, insisted on passing, and telling the soldier that she would answer the commandant for his breach of orders, she passed the outer barrier. Young Louis held up his bow and arrow before the sentinel, saying, gaily, "I am my mother's body-guard, you know." Tradition has preserved these trifling circumstances, as the events that followed rendered them memorable.

The distance (continued the stranger) from the fort to where the commandant moored his canoe, was trifling, and quickly passed. Marguerite and Louis flew along the foot path, reached the shore, and were in the arms of —— Mecumeh and his fierce companions. Entreaties and resistance were alike vain. Resistance was made, with manly spirit, by young Louis, who drew a knife from the girdle of one of the Indians, and attempted to plunge it into the bosom of Mecumeh, who was roughly binding his wampum belt over Marguerite's mouth, to deaden the sound of her screams. The uncle wrested the knife from him, and smiled proudly on him, as if he recognised in the brave boy a scion from his own stock.

The Indians had two canoes; Marguerite was conveyed to one, Louis to the other, and both canoes were rowed into the Oswegatchie, and up the stream as fast as it was possible to impel them against the current of the river.

Not a word or cry escaped the boy; he seemed inten on some purpose; and when the canoe approached near the shore, he took off a military cap he wore, and threw it so skillfully that it lodged, where he meant it should, on the branch of a tree which projected over the water. There was a long white feather in the cap. The Indians had observed the boy's movement—they held up their oars for a moment, and seemed to consult whether they should return and remove the cap; but after a moment,

they again dashed their oars into the water and proceeded forward. They continued rowing for a few miles, and then landed; hid their canoes behind some trees on the river's bank, and plunged into the woods with their prisoners. It seems to have been their intention to have returned to their canoes in the morning, and they had not proceeded far from the shore, when they kindled a fire and prepared some food, and offered to share it with Marguerite and Louis. Poor Marguerite, as you may suppose, had no mind to eat; but Louis, saith tradition, ate as heartily as if he had been safe within the walls of the fort. After supper, the Indians stretched themselves before the fire, but not till they had taken the precaution to bind Marguerite to a tree, and compel Louis to lie down in the arms of his uncle Mecumeh. Neither of the prisoners, as you may imagine, closed their eyes. Louis kept his eyes fixed on his mother. She sat upright beside an old decayed oak; the cord was fastened around her waist, and bound around the tree, which had been blasted by lightning; the moon poured its beams through the naked branches upon her face, convulsed with agony of despair and fear. With one hand she held a crucifix to her lips—the other was on her rosary. The sight of his mother in such a situation, stirred up daring thoughts in the bosom of the heroic boy; he lay powerless in his uncle's naked, brawny arms. He tried to disengage himself, but, at the slightest movement, Mecumeh, though still sleeping, seemed conscious, and strained him closer to him. At last the strong sleep, that in the depth of the night steeps the senses in utter forgetfulness, overpowered him; his arms relaxed their hold, dropped beside him, and left Louis free.

He rose cautiously, looked for one instant on the Indians, and assured himself they all slept profoundly. He then possessed himself of Mecumeh's knife, which lay at his feet, and severed the cord that bound his mother to the tree. Neither of them spoke a word; but with the least possible sound they proceeded to the shore; Louis in the confidence, and Marguerite with the faint hope of reaching it before they were overtaken.

You may imagine how often the poor mother, timid as a fawn, was startled by the evening breeze stirring the

'eaves; but the boy bounded forward as if there was neither fear nor danger in the world.

They had nearly attained the margin of the river, where Louis meant to launch one of the canoes and drop down the current, when the Indian yell, resounding through the woods, struck on their ears. They were missed, pursued, and to escape was impossible. Marguerite, panic-struck, sunk on the ground. Nothing could check the career of Louis. "On—on, mother," he cried, "to the shore—to the shore." She rose, and instinctively followed her boy. The sound of pursuit came nearer and nearer. They reached the shore, and there beheld three canoes coming swiftly up the river. Animated with hope, Louis screamed the watch-word of the garrison, and was answered by his father's voice.

The possibility of escape, and the certain approach of ner husband, infused new life into Marguerite. "Your father cannot see us," she said, "as we stand here in the shade of these trees; hide yourself in that thicket, I will plunge into the water." Louis crouched under the bushes, and was completely hidden by an overhanging grape vine, while his mother advanced a few steps into the water, and stood erect, where she could be distinctly seen. A shout from the canoes apprised her that she was recognised, and at the same moment, the Indians, who had now reached the shore, rent the air with their cries of rage and defi ance. They stood for a moment, as if deliberating wha next to do: Mecumeh maintained an undaunted and re solved air; not so his followers; the aspect of armed men and a force thrice their number, had its usual effect—they fled. He looked after them, cried "shame!" and then, with a desperate yell, leaped into the water, and stood beside Marguerite. The canoes were now within a few yards; he put his knife to her bosom. "The daughter of Tecumseh," he said, "should have died by the judgment of our warriors; but now by her brother's hand must she perish;" and he drew back his arm to give vigor to the fatal stroke, when an arrow pierced his own breast, and he fell, insensible, at his sister's side. A moment after, Marguerite was in the arms of her husband, and Louis, with his bow unstrung, bounded from the shore, and was

ROGUOIS BOY.

received into his father's canoe; and the wild shores rang with the acclamations of the soldiers, while his father's tears of pride and joy were poured like rain upon his cheek.

DREADFUL MYSTERY.

In the year 1805, as a poor mason was returning one evening from his daily labors, he was met in an obscure street in Paris, by a well dressed man, whose face he never remembered to have seen before, but who stopped him, and inquired of him to what trade he belonged. On being answered that he was a mason, the man said, that if he would wall up a certain niche which would be shown to him, he should receive as his reward fifty louis d'ors The stranger added, that he must submit to have his eyes covered, and to be carried in that state for a considerable distance. To all this the mason readily consented, partly from curiosity, and partly from the greatness of the reward offered to him for so inconsiderable a work. The stranger immediately placed a bandage over his eyes, and having led him by the hand for a few paces, they came to the spot where a carriage waited for them, into which they both got, and it drove rapidly off. They soon got out of Paris; at least so the mason conjectured, from the noise of the wheels going over the stones having ceased. After having proceeded thus for about two hours, the rattling of the stones returned, and they seemed to the mason to have entered another town; shortly after which, they stopped, and the mason was taken out of the carriage, and led through several passages, and up a flight of stairs, till they came to a place where he heard the sound of voices.

Here his eyes were uncovered, and he found himself in a arge room, the walls, roof, and floor of which, were entirely hung with black cloth, excepting a niche on one side, which was left open. By the side of it, were placed a considerable quantity of stones and mortar, together with all the tools necessary for the work upon which the mason was to be employed.

There were also several men in the room, whose faces were covered with masks. One of these came up to the mason, and addressing himself to him, said, "Here are fifty louis d'ors which were promised you; and there is only one condition to be exacted from you, which is, that you must never mention to any person, what you may see, or hear, in this place." This the mason promised; and at this instant, another man, who was also masked, entered the room, and demanded if all was ready. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he went out, and returned again in a few minutes with two other men, both masked, and one of whom, from the whiteness of his hair, the mason supposed to be an old man.

These three dragged in with them a very beautiful young woman, with her hair disheveled, and her whole appearance betokening great disorder. They pushed her with great violence into the niche, into which they succeeded in forcing her, notwithstanding her struggles and resistance. During this time she never ceased alternately uttering dreadful screams, and crying for mercy in the most piteous manner. Once she got loose from her persecutors and immediately prostrated herself at the feet of the old man, and embracing his knees, besought him to kill her at once, and not to let her suffer a cruel and lingering death; but all in vain.

When the three men had at last forced her into the middle of the niche, they held her there, and commanded the mason to commence his work, and wall her up.

Upon witnessing this dreadful scene, the mason fell on his knees, and entreated to be permitted to depart, without being accessory to this act of cruelty. The men, however, told him, that this was impossible. They menaced him, if he refused to perform his promise, with instant death; whereas, on the other hand, if he complied, they said he should receive an additional fifty louis d'ors, when he had completed his work.

This united threat and promise had such an effect upon the mason, that he instantly did as he was commanded, and at last, actually walled up the poor victim, so as to render her escape impossible. She was then left to perish by slow degrees, without light or sustenance.

When the mason had finished, he received the fifty additional louis d'ors; his eyes were again covered; he was led through various passages, as on his arrival, and finally put into the carriage, which drove off as rapidly as before. When he was again taken out of it, his eyes were uncovered, and he found himself standing on the exact spot in Paris, where he had first met the stranger. The same man now stood beside him, and addressing him, desired him not to stir from the place where he then was, for five minutes, after which, he was at liberty to return home; adding, that he was a dead man if he moved before the time prescribed. He then left him; and the mason, having waited the five minutes, proceeded straight to the police officers, to whom he told his story; and they carried him immediately to the Duke of Abrantes. The duke at first imagined his account to be an invention; but upon his producing the purse containing the hundred louis d'ors, he was compelled to believe it.

The strictest search was immediately made in and about Paris, for the discovery of the perpetrators of this horrid murder, but in vain. The Emperor Napoleon immediately interested himself in it, and special orders were issued by him to the officers of the police, to leave no means untried to attain their object. Many houses were searched, in hope of finding some place which had been lately walled up, and which answered the account given by the mason; but notwithstanding all these endeavors, nothing further has ever transpired respecting this dreadful mystery.

THE RAID OF CILLECHRIST.

Bordering clans, like neighboring nations, were never upon terms of hereditary concord; vicinity produced rivalry, and rivalry produced war: for this reason, the Mac Donells and the Mac Kenzies were never long without some act of hostility or feud; firing houses, driving herds, raising rents, and slaughtering each other's clansmen, were feats of recreation, which each was equally willing to exercise upon his neighbor; and if either was more deficient

than the other, it was more for want of opportunity, than lack of good will Among all the exploits, which were thus occasioned between the two clans, none was more celebrated, nor more fearful, than the burning of the Cillechrist, (Christ's church ;) it gave occasion and name to the pibroch of the Glengarrie family, and was provoked and performed in the following manner:—In the course of a long succession of fierce and sanguinary conflicts, the Mac Lelans, a race who were followers of the Mac Kenzies, took occasion to intercept and assassinate the eldest son of Donald Mac Angus, of Glengarrie. Donald died shortly after, and his second son who succeeded to the chieftaincy of the clan, was too young to undertake the conduct of any enterprise, to revenge the death of his brother; his cousin, however, Angus Mac Raonuill, of Lundi, acted as his captain, and gathering the Mac Donells, in two separate raids, swept off the rents from the greater part of Lord Seaforth's country. Still, this revenge seemed to him too poor an expiation for the blood of his chief; the warm life of the best of his foemen was the only sacrifice, which he thought he could offer as an acceptable oblation to appease the manes of the murdered; and he, therefore, projected a third expedition, resolving, in this, to fill the measure of vengeance to the brim. In the prosecution of his design, he awaited a favorable opportunity, and, gathering a small band of men, penetrated into the country of the Mac Kenzies, early on Sunday morning, and surrounded the Cillechrist, while a numerous congregation were assembled within its walls. Inexorable in his purpose, Angus commanded his men to set fire to the building, and slaughter all who endeavored to break forth. Struck with despair, when the flames rushed in upon the aisle of the church, and they beheld the circle of bare claymores glancing beyond the door, the congregation, scarce knowing what they did, endeavored to force their way through the weapons and the flames; but pent within the narrow pass of a single arch, they were not capable to make way over each other, far less to break the ring of broad swords, which bristled around the porch: men, women, and children, were driven back into the blazing pile, or hewn down and transfixed at the gorge of the en

THE RAID OF CILLECHRIST

trance. The flames increased on every side; a heavy column of livid smoke rolled upward to the air, and the roar of infuriated men, the wailing of suffering infants, and the shrieks of despairing women, rung from within the dissolving pile. While the church was burning, the piper of the Mac Donells marched round the building, playing, as was customary on extraordinary occasions, an extempore piece of music: the pibroch which he now played was called, from the place where it was composed, Cillechrist, and afterwards became the pibroch of the Glengarrie family. At length the flames poured forth from every quarter of the building, the roof fell in, there was one mingled yell, one crash of ruin; the flame sunk in smouldering vapor, and all was silent. Angus had looked on with stern, unrelenting determination; but the deed was done, and recollection now warned him of the danger of delay. He immediately gave orders to retreat, and leading off his men, set off, with the utmost expedition, for his own country. The flames of the church had, however, lighted a beacon of alarm, which blazed far and wide: the Mac Kenzies had gathered in numerous bodies, and took the chase with such vigor, that they came in sight of the Mac Donells, long before they got to the border of their own country. Angus Mac Raonuill, seeing the determination of the pursuit, and the superiority of its numbers, ordered his men to separate, and shift each for himself; they dispersed accordingly, and made every one his way to his own home, as well as he could. The commander of the Mac Kenzies did not scatter his people; but, intent on securing the leader of the foemen, held them together on the track of Angus Mac Raonuill, who, with a few men in his company, fled towards Loch Ness. Angus always wore a scarlet plush jacket, and it now served to mark him out to the knowledge of his pursuers. Perceiving that the whole chase was drawn after himself, he separated his followers, one by one, till at length, he was left alone; but yet the pursuers turned not aside, upon the track of any other. When they came near the burn of Alt Shian, the leader of the Mac Kenzies had gained so much on the object of his pursuit, that he had nearly overtaken him. The river, which was before them, runs in

this place through a rocky chasm, or trough, of immense depth, and considerable breadth: Angus knew that death was behind him, and gathering all his strength, he dashed at the desperate leap, and, being a man of singular vigor and activity, succeeded in clearing it. The leader of the Mac Kenzies, reckless of danger, in the ardor of pursuit, followed also at the leap; but, less athletic than his adversary, he failed of its length, and slipping on the side of the crag, held by the slender branch of a birch tree, which grew above him on the brink. The Mac Donell, looking back in his flight, to see the success of his pursuer, beheld him hanging to the tree, and struggling to gain the edge of the bank. He turned, and drawing his dirk, at one stroke severed the branch which supported the Mac Kenzie: "I have left much behind me with you to-day," said he, "take that, also." The wretched man, rolling from rock to rock, fell headlong into the stream below, where, shattered and mangled by the fall, he expired in the water. Angus Mac Raonuill continued his flight, and the Mac Kenzies, though bereft of their leader, held on the pursuit. Checked, however, by the stream, which none of them dared to leap, Angus was gaining fast upon them, when a musket, discharged at him by one of the pursuers, wounded him severely, and greatly retarded his speed. After passing the river, the Mac Kenzies again drew hard after him, and as they came in sight of Loch Ness, Angus, perceiving his strength to fail with his wound, and his enemies pressing upon him, determined to attempt swimming the loch; he rushed into the water, and, for some time, refreshed by its coolness, swam with much vigor and confidence. His limbs would, however, in all probability, have failed him, before he had crossed half the distance of the opposite bank; but, Frasor of Fyars, a particular friend of the Glengarrie family, seeing a single man pursued by a party out of the Mac Kenzies' country, and knowing that the Mac Donells had gone upon an expedition in that direction, got out a boat, and hastening to the aid of Angus, took him on board, and conveyed him in safety to the east side of the loch. The Mac Kenzies, seeing their foemen had escaped, discontinued the pursuit, and Angus returned at his leisure to Glengarrie.

INGENUITY OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

A GENTLEMAN, of considerable independence, in the north of England, had two sons, the eldest of whom caused him much anxiety, from his dissipated character and conduct; the young man himself, tired of restraint, asked permission of his father to go to some foreign clime, which was readily granted, and a sum of money advanced him for that purpose. He had not, however, long left home, before the ship he was on board of, was taken by the Algerines, and, consequently, he was taken prisoner to Algiers, where he remained a considerable number of years, without the least opportunity offering of sending, or hearing from home; at length, however, he fortunately effected his escape, and returned to his native land, almost destitute of clothing, and entirely pennyless. When he arrived at the village where he drew his first breath, to his first inquiry, he was informed that his father had been dead many years, and his younger brother in full possession of the estates; on this information, he proceeded immediately to his brother's house, where, on his arrival, he stated who he was, and recounted his misfortunes. He was at first received with evident tokens of surprise; but what was his astonishment, after his brother had a little recovered himself, to find that he, the younger brother, was determined to treat him as an impostor, and ordered him to quit the house, for that he had a number of witnesses to prove the death of his elder brother abroad! Being thus received, he returned to the village, but met with no success, as those who would have been likely to give him assistance, were either dead or gone away; in this predicament, he succeeded in finding an attorney at a little distance, to whom he related the circumstances exactly as they stood, and requested his advice. The attorney, seeing the desperate state in which the affair stood, observed, that as his brother was in possession, he would be likely to have recourse to every unjust means, by suborning witnesses, &c.; but, however, he would undertake to advocate the cause, on condition that if he proved successful, he should be paid a thousand pounds; if the contrary, said

the attorney, (as you have nothing to give,) I shall demand nothing: to this proposal, of course, the elder brother agreed. It should be remarked, at this time bribery and corruption were at such a pitch, that it was no uncommon circumstance for judge, jury, &c., in short, the whole court, to be perverted on one side or the other; the lawyer naturally concluded, this being the case, that the elder brother stood but a very indifferent chance, although he himself had no doubt of the validity of his claim; in this dilemma he resolved to take a journey to London, and lay the case before Sir Matthew Hale, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, a character no less conspicuous for his abilities, than for his unshaken integrity and strict impartiality. Sir Matthew heard the relation of circumstances with patience, as likewise the attorney's suspicions of the means that would be adopted to deprive the elder brother of his right. He (Sir Matthew) desired him to go on with the regular process of the law, and leave the rest to him. Thus matters rested until the day of trial came on; a few days previous to which, Sir Matthew left home, and traveled till he came within a short distance of the town, where the matter was to be decided, when, passing a miller's house, he directed the coachman to stop, while he alighted from his carriage, and went into the house; after saluting the miller, he told him he had a request to make, which he hoped would be complied with, which was, to exchange clothes with him, and allow him to leave his carriage, &c., there, until he returned, in a day or two. The miller at first thought Sir Matthew was joking; but on being convinced to the contrary, he would fain have fetched his best suit; but no, Sir Matthew would have none but the working-dress the miller had on; the exchange was soon effected, and Sir Matthew, equipped with the miller's clothes, hat, and wig, proceeded on foot, the following morning. Understanding the trial between the two brothers was to take place that day, he went early to the yard of the court hall, without having had communication with any one on the subject. By mixing in the crowd, he had soon an opportunity of having the elder brother pointed out to him; he soon after accosted him with, "Well, my friend, how is your cause likely to go on?" "I do not know," replied he,

"but I am afraid but badly, for I have every reason to suppose, that both judge and jury are deeply bribed: and for myself, I have nothing but the justice of my cause to depend on; unsupported by the property which my brother can command, I have but faint hopes of succeeding." He then recounted to the supposed miller, the whole of his tale, and finished by informing him of the agreement which had taken place between him and the lawyer: although Sir Matthew was in possession of the principal part of the circumstances, yet the ingenuous relation he had now heard, left no doubt in his mind, of his being the person he represented himself, and, consequently, heir to the estate in question. Sir Matthew, being determined to act accordingly, he, with this view, begged of the elder brother not to be low-spirited on the subject, "for," said he, "perhaps it may be in my power to be of service to you—I don't know that it will, being, as you see, but a poor miller, but I will do what I can: if you will follow my advice, it can do you no harm, and may be of use to you." The elder brother willingly caught at any thing that might give the least prospect of success, and readily promised to adopt any reasonable plan he might propose. "Well, then," says the pretended miller, "when the names of the jury are called over, do you object to one of them, no matter whom. the judge will perhaps ask you what your objections are; let your reply be, I object to him by the rights of an Englishman, without giving my reasons why; you will then, perhaps, be asked whom you would wish to have in the room of the one you have objected to: should that be the case, I'll take care to be in the way; you can look round and carelessly mention me. If I am empanneled, although I cannot promise, yet I entertain great hopes of being useful to you."

The elder brother promised to follow these directions, and shortly after the trial came on, when the names of the jury were calling over, the elder brother, as he had been instructed, objected to one of them. "And pray," says the judge, in an authoritative tone, "why do you object to that gentleman as a juryman?" "I object to him, my lord, by the rights of an Englishman, without giving you my reasons why." "And whom," says the judge, "do you

wish to have in the room of that gentleman?" "I would wish to have an honest man, my lord, no matter who;" looking round, "suppose yon miller be called." "Very well," says his lordship, "let the miller be sworn." He was accordingly called down from the gallery, where he had been standing, in view of the elder brother, and empanneled with the rest of the jury. He had not been long in the box, when he observed a little man very busy with the jury, and presently he came to him, and slipped five guineas into his hand, intimating it was a present from the younger brother: and, after his departure, the miller discovered, on inquiry of his neighbors, that each of them had received double that sum. He now turned his whole attention to the trial, which appeared to lean decidedly in favor of the younger brother; the witnesses, having sworn point blank to the death and burial of the elder brother. His lordship proceeded to sum up the evidences, but without taking notice of several palpable contradictions which had taken place between the younger brother and his witnesses. After having expatiated with perfidy, on every evidence in favor of the younger brother, he concluded; and the jury being questioned in the usual manner, if they were all agreed, the foreman was about to reply, not expecting any opposition, when the miller stepped forward, calling out, "No, my lord, we are not *all* agreed!" "And pray," said his lordship, "what objections have you, old dusty wig?" "I have many objections, my lord: in the first place, all these gentlemen of the jury have received ten broad pieces of gold from the younger brother, and I have received but five!" He then proceeded to point out the contradictory evidence which had been adduced, in such a strain of eloquence, that the court was lost in astonishment: the judge, at length, unable longer to contain himself, called out with vehemence, "Who are you?—where do you come from?—what is your name?" To which interrogatories the miller replied: "I come from Westminster Hall—my name is Matthew Hale—I am Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench: and, feeling, as I do, a thorough conviction of your unworthiness to hold so high a judicial situation from having observed your iniquitous and partial proceedings this day, I desire you to come

down from that tribunal, which you have so much disgraced, and I will try this cause myself." Sir Matthew then ascended the bench, in the miller's wig, &c., had a new jury empanneled—re-examined all the witnesses, proved them to have been suborned; and circumstances being completely turned, the case was decidedly pronoun ced in favor of the elder brother's rights.

LION HUNT OF THE MALAY STATION.

The sporting gentlemen were informed, that three lions had been discovered in a small jungle two miles from Beereije. Immediate preparations were made to assemble a large party, and proceed to chase them from thence. Accounts were received that the size and ferocity of the animals had struck a panic into the adjacent village; that six of the natives, who had unwarily approached their haunts, had been torn and mangled, and left to expire in the greatest agonies; and that it was no longer safe for the inhabitants to proceed to the usual occupations of husbandry, or to turn out their cattle to pasture, as several of them had been hunted down and killed. These accounts only stimulated the British Nimrods; and a party of sixteen gentlemen having assembled, proceeded to the scene of action, accompanied by a company of armed peons from the audulet and revenue departments. The guides took them to the precise spot where three of the ROYAL FAMILY were reposing in state. The party advanced with due caution to within a few paces of the jungle, without disturbing the residents. At that instant three dogs, which had joined the hunt, unconscious of danger, approached the very threshhold of the PRESENCE, and were received with such a sepulchral groan, as for a moment "made the bravest hold his breath." One of the dogs was killed—the other two fled, and were seen no more. Presently, a lioness was indistinctly seen at the mouth of the den; a few arrows were discharged, with a view to irritate her; and to induce her to an attack on her assailants; but this did not succeed, as she broke cover in an opposite direction with two cubs, about two thirds grown.

They pursued the fugitives on foot as fast as the nature of the ground, newly ploughed, would admit; when, suddenly one of the men who had been stationed in the trees, called out to the gentlemen to be on their guard. This arrested their progress. They turned on one side, to some heights, when they descried an enormous lion, which was approaching them, through an open field, at an easy canter and lashing his tail in a style of indescribable grandeur The foremost of the party presented their pieces and fired, just as the animal had cleared at one bound, a chasm which was between them, of twelve feet broad. He was, apparently, wounded in the shoulder; but, nevertheless, sprung on Mr. M., whose arm he lacerated dreadfully; but feeling, at the same time, a peon's lance, he relinguished his first hold, seized the poor man by the throat, and strangled him before the party dared fire, lest they should kill his victim. He was now at bay, but sheltered in such a manner as rendered it difficult to bring him down—when, suddenly, the man on the look-out gave another alarm, and the party almost immediately perceived a lioness, which had broken cover, approaching their rear. The same instant their ears were assailed by the shrieks and yells of men, women, and children, occasioned by the animal crossing the road in the midst of the coolies that were carrying tiffis to the village. A woman and a child were almost immediately sacrificed to her fury. The woman was literally torn to pieces. This proved not the last calamity of this memorable hunt. The gentlemen, with the peons, left their former enemy to attack the lioness, who threatened the village. The party, from the rapid manner in which the beast was followed, were not able to keep very compact; and, most unfortunately, four of the collector's peons advanced upon the place where the lioness had lain down. She immediately sprang upon the nearest, and brought him to the ground, and crushed his skull, and tore his face, so that no feature was discernible, and the skin literally hung in the wind. A companion, who advanced to his assistance, she seized by the thigh; the man, in the agony of pain, caught the beast by the throat, when she quitted his thigh, and fastened on his arms and breast. At this moment the gentlemen advanced

within fifteen paces, and as she was still standing over her unfortunate victim, lodged twenty balls in her body. She retreated to the hedge, where some more shot terminated her existence. She had abundance of milk, which, from the novelty, most of the party tasted. Both of the peons died in a few hours.

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

In my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of Venice, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present, except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us, who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice, and a rivalry which existed between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favorite instruments. But my bell ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfry, to ring for noon prayers; but the second stroke we had pulled, showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at, was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note, We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up aloft and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was, by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth, (the former was preferred,) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second roll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept, as usual, into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was, perhaps, three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time, my companion below was hastily called away by a message from his sweetheart, I

lieve; but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just coming out, when I felt the bell moving: I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but, by a hasty and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back, under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than barely sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time, I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay, it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor over me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I would be precipitated to the distance of fifty feet, upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, a hundred feet below. I remembered (for fear is quick in recollection) how a common clockwright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken in the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror; but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deadening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through; it entered my very soul: thought and reflection were almost utterly banished: I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes (I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death) followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress, until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself, that it could come no nearer at any future swing, than it did at first; every time it de

scended, I endeavored to shrink into the very floor, to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then, reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first, my fears were matter of fact. I was afraid the pullies would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I ad seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread, also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me; but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamor, seemed to me, at one time, a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes: it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upwards into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the ends into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or the fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless, were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring, presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked, tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me, were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell, hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery

still more appalling. At last the devil himself, accoutred, as is the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full toned clangor of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him begone. Reason then for a moment resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with enfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted, by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this, I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails, and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, prayed, shouted; but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing, of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I do not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to be under a rock which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him; and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this, you add a clamor as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling

about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but at the end of that time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time; a minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced; in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the wall or frame work of the bell; I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow: this was, of itself, a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me, was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought—wrapt in the defensive armor of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape—I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed, before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that

I might have lain already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me; this dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and rose. I stood, I suppose for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping; but then rushed down the stony and irregular stairs with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a lack lustre gaze in my raw eye-lids. My hands were torn and bleeding; my hair disheveled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I returned no answer; they shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the church-yard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if the gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I startled with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the commander of the faithful the

sonorous voice of their Mezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if by chance my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

THE MADMAN.

I NEVER recur to an incident which occurred in the latter year of my college residence, without a feeling of horror, and an involuntary shudder runs through my frame. We were reading hard for the honors of the senior year, a season of anxious interest to the ambitious student, when Washington Greyling, one of the idols of the class, suddenly lost his reason. He had attracted a great deal of attention in college. At the beginning of the freshman year, he appeared among us from some where beyond the Mississippi, in an extraordinary costume, which might have been the work of a Chickasaw tailor, aided by the superintending taste of some huntsman who remembered faintly the outline of habiliments he had not seen for half a century. He was soon put into the hands of a tailor-proper, and with a facility which belongs to his countrymen, became, in a month, the best dressed man in college, and, at the end of the first term, he would have been called a high-bred gentleman, in any court in Europe

All were startled at hearing that Greyling was delirious. He had not been otherwise ill, and had, apparently, in the midst of high health, gone mad, at a moment's warning. The physicians scarce knew how to treat him. The confinement to which he was at first subjected, however, was thought inexpedient, and he seemed to justify their lenity, by the gentlest behavior when at liberty. He seemed oppressed by a heart-breaking melancholy. We took our turns in guarding and watching with him, and it was upon my first night of duty, that the incident happened which I have thus endeavored to introduce.

It was scarce like a vigil with a sick man, for our patient went regularly to bed, and usually slept well. I took

my "Lucretius" and the "Book of the Martyrs," which was just then my favorite reading, and with hot punch, a cold chicken, books and a fire, I looked forward to it, as merely a studious night; and, as the wintry wind of January rattled in at the old college windows, I thrust my feet into slippers, drew my dressing-gown about me, and congratulated myself on the excessive comfortableness of my position. The Sybarite's bed of roses would have been no temptation.

It had snowed all day, but the sun had set with a red rift in the clouds, and the face of the sky was swept in an hour, to the clearness of—I want a comparison—your own blue eye, dear Mary! The all-glorious arch of heaven was a mass of sparkling stars.

Greyling slept, and I, wearied of the cold philosophy of the Latin poet, took to my "Book of Martyrs." I read on, and read on. The college clock struck, it seemed to me, the quarters, rather than the hours. Time flew; it was three.

"Horrible! most horrible!" I started from my chair with the exclamation, and felt as if my scalp was self-lifted from my head. It was a description, in the harrowing faithfulness of the language of olden time, painting almost the articulate groans of an impaled Christian. I clasped the old iron-bound book, and rushed to the window as if my heart was stifling for fresh air.

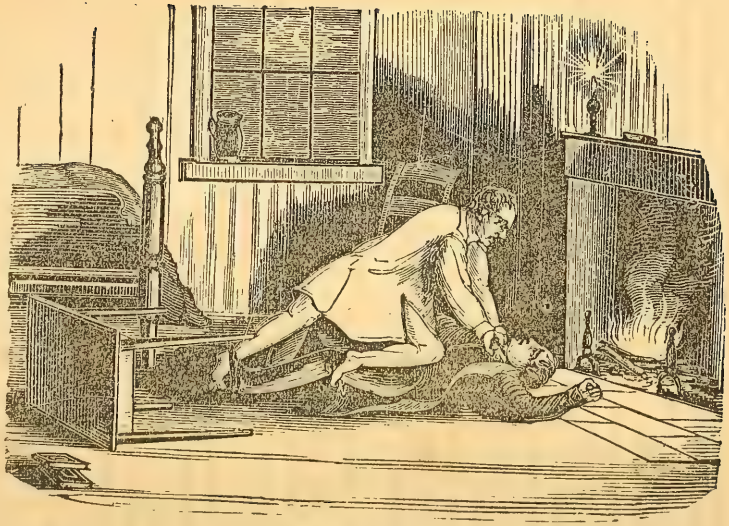
Again at the fire. The large walnut faggots had burnt to a bed of bright coals, and I sat gazing into it, totally unable to shake off the fearful incubus from my breast. The martyr was there—on the very hearth—with the stakes scornfully crossed in his body; and as the large coals cracked asunder, and revealed the brightness within, I seemed to follow the nerve-rending instrument from hip to shoulder, and suffer with him pang for pang, as if the burning redness were the pools of his fevered blood."

"Aha!"

It struck on my ear like the cry of an exulting fiend.

"Aha!"

I shrunk into the chair as the awful cry was repeated, and looked slowly, and with difficult courage, over my shoulder A single fierce eye was fixed upon me from the



THE MADMAN.

mass of bed-clothes, and, for a moment, the relief from the fear of some supernatural presence, was like water to a parched tongue. I sank back relieved, into the chair.

There was a rustling immediately in the bed, and, starting again, I found the wild eyes of my patient fixed still steadfastly upon me. He was creeping stealthily out of bed. His bare foot touched the floor, and his toes worked upon it, as if he were feeling its strength, and in a moment he stood upright on his feet, and, with his head forward, and his pale face livid with rage, stepped toward me. I looked to the door. He observed the glance, and, in the next instant, he sprang clear over the bed, turned the key, and dashed it furiously through the window.

"Now!" said he.

"Greyling!" I said. I had heard that a calm and fixed gaze would control a madman, and with the most difficult exertion of nerve, I met his lowering eye, and we stood looking at each other for a full minute, like men of marble.

"Why have you left your bed?" I mildly asked.

"To kill you!" was the appalling answer; and in another moment, the light-stand was swept from between us, and he struck me down with a blow that would have felled a giant. Naked as he was, I had no hold upon him, even if in muscular strength I had been his match: and with a minute's struggle I yielded, for resistance was vain. His knee was now upon my breast, and his left hand in my hair, and he seemed, by the tremulousness of his clutch, to be hesitating whether he should dash out my brains on the hearth. I could scarce breathe with his weight upon my chest, but I tried, with the broken words I could command, to move his pity. He laughed, as only maniacs can, and placed his hand on my throat. Oh, God! shall I ever forget the fiendish deliberation with which he closed those feverish fingers?

"Greyling! for God's sake! Greyling!"

"Die! curse you!"

In the agonies of suffocation, I stuck out my arm, and almost buried it in the fire upon the hearth. With an expiring thought, I grasped a handful of red-hot coals, and

had just strength sufficient to press them hard against his side.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed with my first breath, as my eyes recovered from their sickness, and I looked upon the familiar objects of my chamber once more.

The madman sat crouched like a whipped dog, in the furthest corner of the room, gibbering and moaning, with his hands upon his burnt side. I felt that I had escaped death by a miracle.

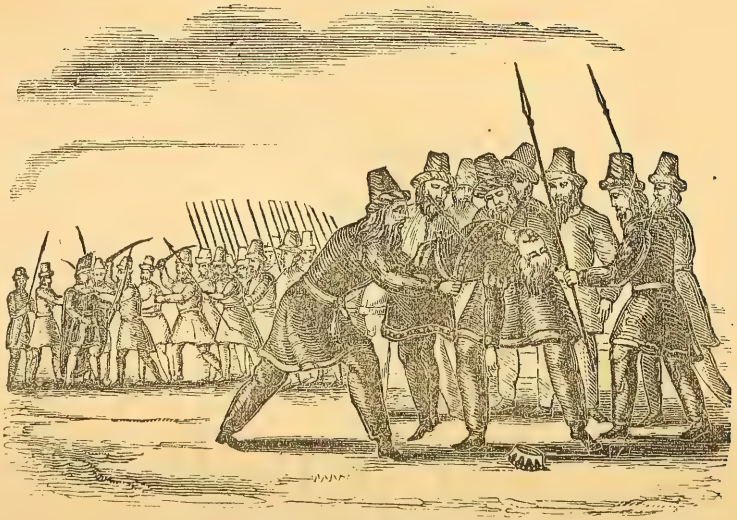
The door was locked, and, in dread of another attack, I threw up the broken window, and to my unutterable joy, the figure of a man was visible upon the snow, near the outbuildings of the college. It was a charity student, risen before day to labor in the wood-yard. I shouted to him, and Greyling leaped to his feet.

"There is time yet!" said the madman; but as he came toward me again, with the same panther-like caution as before, I seized a heavy stone pitcher standing in the window-seat, and hurling it at him with a fortunate force and aim, he fell stunned and bleeding on the floor. The door was burst open at the next moment, and calling for assistance, we tied the wild Missourian into his bed, bound up his head and side, and committed him to fresh watchers. * * * *

We have killed bears together at a Missouri Salt Lick since then; but I never see Washington Greyling with the smile off his face, without a disposition to look around for the door.

SKILL IN ARCHERY

Miracha, who was the cause of the death of Tamerlane, his father, succeeded him in the empire of India. All the Rajas were not equally submissive to the son of their vanquisher. The king of Cascar took arms against Miracha, and the evil genius which constantly persecuted the son of Tamerlane, delivered him into the hands of the Indian king. He was made prisoner in a combat; but the conqueror made a generous use of his victory He re-



SKILL IN ARCHERY.

stored his captive to liberty on the sole condition of the kingdom of Cascar being for the future exempt from tribute. Miracha, who had as often as seven times experienced fortune adverse to his arms in his wars with the prince, was at last so fortunate as to defeat and take him prisoner in his turn. The Tartar proved that he had less humanity and generosity than the Indian. He kept him prisoner, and put out his eyes. Ingratitude of so deep a die was punished by the very individual who had been the subject of it. He made use of the following artifice:— The Tartars have always had the reputation of being superior in archery, and in darting the javelin, to all other nations. The Tartar soldiery were daily accustomed to the exercise of shooting at a mark. Miracha himself excelled in this kind of diversion, and as he fancied himself unrivaled, he was astonished to learn that the Raja Cascar, blind as he was, could hit a mark with the greatest precision, provided he heard a sound to proceed from the spot at which it was necessary to take aim. The story of this surprising skill of the Raja appeared to the king quite fabulous. He therefore commanded that his prisoner should be brought into his presence, being surrounded at the time by all the officers of his court. A bow and arrow were placed in his hands, and he was ordered to suspend drawing the bow till the word commanding him to do so should be given. The Raja assuming in his misfortunes an air of haughtiness which became him: "I shall not obey," he said, "in this place, any one but my conqueror; no other person has a right to command me. As soon as I hear the king's voice, commanding me to let fly the arrow, I shall obey his mandate." Having thus spoken, he placed himself in an attitude to obey the prince, as soon as he should give the word. Miracha then raising his voice, ordered him to let fly the arrow at the spot whence his voice proceeded. At these words the Raja obeyed; the bow was drawn, and the arrow entered the body of Miracha. He was carried off expiring, and the Raja was hewn in pieces by Miracha's guards. Miracha died in the year fourteen hundred and fifty-one, after a reign of forty-six years.

CHARLES HESS.

Charles Hess, who attended Major Taliaferro to Washington, a few years since, in the character of interpreter to a tribe of northwestern Indians, was a remarkable illustration of the superiority of white intellect over aboriginal genius and cunning, when placed on an equal footing in the native haunts, and with the same experience and habits as the Indian. Where he came from, or what his parentage was, he had no recollection, having been evidently among the Indians since his infancy. He had a faint recollection of having witnessed the burning of his paternal roof, and the slaughter of his family by a party of Indians; and as he retained his language and remembered his name, he believed himself an American. Having lived several years a savage, and being many times transferred from one tribe to another, he found himself at last on the Red River of the north, and entered the service of the North American Fur Company, where his talents and activity soon obtained him a clerkship.* According to the custom of the country, he married a Chippeway squaw, by whom he had several children.

In the winter of 1816, Hess was stationed at the Lake of the Woods. An Indian, called Opawgun Mokkeetay, or the Black Pipe, took offence at him, for having refused to give him as much liquor as he desired. Shortly after, Hess had occasion to go on a journey, and employed the Black Pipe as a guide. They traveled together half a day, without suspicion on the part of Hess. As they came to a ravine, the Indian proposed to stop and smoke before crossing it, and the white man cheerfully complied. "Brother," said Opawgun Mokkeetay, "you have always been very kind to me. The other day you refused to let me make a fool of myself; you were right. I have a fast hold on your heart."†

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* In the Indian trade, he who is entrusted with an outfit is called a clerk, whether he can read or write, or not.

† *I have hold on your heart.* One of the few figurative expressions the Indians use—meaning, "I love you."

"I am glad," replied Hess, "that you are wise at last; but we have far to go; let us push on."

"Directly," rejoined the other, examining the lock and priming of his gun. "Go on, brother. I will but tie my moccason, and then follow."

Hess took up his own piece and crossed the gap; just as he attained the level ground on the other side, he heard the report of an Indian's weapon, and felt his side grazed by a bullet. He turned, and saw that Opawgun Mokkeetay had taken to his heels as soon as he fired. A ball from the white man's gun overtook him, and he fell. The weapon leveled for the destruction of Hess had been charged with two bullets, and this contrivance to make sure of him, had saved his life. The balls had diverged—one grazed his right side, and the other cut his belt in twain on his left. He returned in a few days to his house.

Two or three evenings after his return, a cousin of the deceased, by name Squibee, or the Drunkard, entered his apartment with his gun in his hand, and his face painted black.* He seated himself before the fire without saying a word. Hess saw that he was bent on mischief, and thought it best to temporize. He offered the Drunkard a pipe, which was refused. He then set before him a wooden platter of boiled venison, but he would not taste it. He spoke several times to the savage, but received no answer. Squibee sat sullen and immovable, his eyes steadfastly fixed on the blazing logs before him. At intervals his eyes turned in their sockets, though his head did not move, and he cast furtive and scowling glances around. The *engages* belonging to the establishment, who were much attached to their principal, looked in; but when they saw the expression of the Indian's features, they shrunk back, and loaded their guns.

After a silence of half an hour, Hess determined to bring matters to an issue. "Nitchie," (i. e. friend,) said he, "what makes your heart sorrowful, and what do you seek in my house?"

"My brother Opawgun Mokkeetay is dead," replied

* *His face painted black.* A black face signifies grief, or an intention of revenge

the savage. "My eyes are dry, and I want something to make tears come in them."

Hess went into his store-house and drew a glass of spirits, which he gave to the Indian. The latter held it up between his eyes and the light, and then threw it into the fire. It blazed above the chimney.

"Why did you not drink it?" said Hess.

"It is not good; it is no better than water," he replied.

"It burned as if it was good," said Hess, still desirous to conciliate him. "I thought it was strong enough; I will get some more." And he went out to do so.

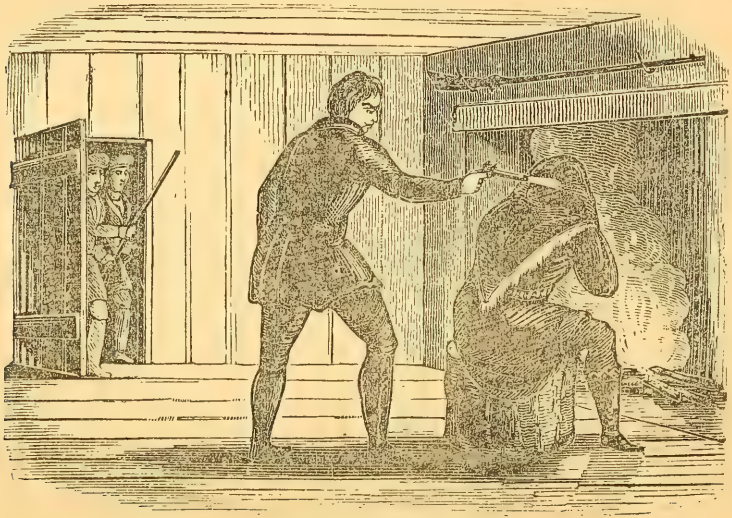
Squibee was evidently working himself to the pitch of resolution for some desperate action. He began to examine his gun, and to look uneasily about him. At one moment he seemed to relent. He wiped the smut from one side of his face with the corner of his blanket; but one of the Canadians happening to look in, he turned away his head. The instant the man withdrew, he scraped some soot from the chimney-back with his fingers, spit upon it, and renewed the color of his visage with the mixture. He had scarcely finished, when Hess re-appeared. "Here," said the trader, "is liquor that is strong as fire. Drink."

The Indian doggedly put the glass to his lips, took a mouthful, and spit it out again. He threw the remainder into the fire, saying, "Neither is that good. Bring more."

Hess turned to obey; and as he stooped to pass through the door, heard the explosion of Squibee's gun, and saw the splinters fly from the timber over his head. Without testifying any concern, he went out, and was asked by Menard, one of his people, "What is the matter? Are you hurt, mon bourgeois?"

"I believe not," he replied; "but I have had a narrow escape. I felt the scoundrel's bullet stir in my cap." He took it off, and saw that he had indeed been near death; the ball had gone through it within an inch of his skull.

Without uttering another word, he went into his store, drew a third glass of alcohol, and returned with it to the room where he had left the Indian sitting. He offered him the liquor, saying, "You have been at the fort at the forks of the Assineboin river, and have seen the scales that



CHARLES HESS.

are there used to weigh furs go up and down. Shall I live? Shall I die? Dog!" he continued, his choler rising as he saw that the Indian's countenance did not relax its ferocious expression, "your life is light in the balance. Look at that sun. It is the last time you shall ever look upon it. Drink that liquor; it is the last you shall ever drink."

Squibee, as ready to suffer as he had been to inflict suffering, took the glass, coolly emptied its contents, and drew his blanket over his head. Hess leveled a pistol and blew out his brains.

Menard and other *engages* rushed into the room at the report, with their guns, and discharged them into the bleeding body of the Chippeway. "If any harm is come to you, mon bourgeois," cried Menard, "we are resolved to share it. If the Indians revenge themselves on you, they shall kill us also."

Some days after, the Drunkard's brothers sent to invite Hess to a feast in their lodge.

The wigwam, like all Chippeway lodges, was made of mats of rushes, spread upon a frame of slight poles, of an oval form: the fire was in the centre, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the top. Hess found the three brothers of the man whom he had slain, sitting with their legs crossed under them; each had a wooden bowl full of dog's flesh before him.

A bear skin to sit upon, and a similar repast, were placed for Hess. The Indians had painted their faces black, and their arms were laid before them. "Sit," said the elder of the brothers, and Hess sat down. The speaker then produced a red stone pipe, with a stem three feet long, curiously ornamented with eagle feathers, porcupine quills, and human hair, died red, which had been taken from the scalp of a Dahcotah. He filled it with a mixture of tobacco and the dried and pulverized inner bark of the red willow; which compound is called *kinnikkinnik*, in the Chippeway tongue. He lighted the pipe, took a few whiffs, and passed it to the next, who imitated his example. When the brethren had smoked, it was handed to Hess, the elder saying, "our brothers whom you have killed, were foolish young men and deserved their fate. We

know they sought it, and that you were blameless in what has happened. If they had followed our advice, they would now be alive: but they were fools, and a fool soon comes to his end. We offer you this pipe, and ask you to eat out of the dish before you, in token of amity and assurance that no harm shall befall you for what you have been compelled to do."

"Brothers," replied Hess, "I am a man. If you had intended me harm, I should not have fallen alone." And he showed the butts of two brace of pistols that he had brought under his garment. "But," he continued, "I am not to blame for what has come to pass. If you wish me to believe your words, or to smoke your pipe, or to partake of your feast, you must first wash the black color of your faces away; and then I will comply with your invitation. I am not a woman, nor a child, to believe every bird that sings."

The Indians rose, left the lodge, and soon returned with their faces washed. One of them said, "If our faces were black, our hearts were clean. It was not in sign of malice towards you, but of grief for our relations, that we were painted. Eat, then, and smoke, without doubt or fear."

Hess smoked and ate. When he had finished, the elder Indian said, "we hope, brother, that you will give the widows and children of the dead something to cover their nakedness, and to relieve their hunger." And Hess complied with the request, for he was a humane man, when left quiet.

Whether, if they had not washed their faces, the family would have avenged their slain relatives or not, cannot now be ascertained; but it is certain that he was never afterwards molested for what he had done.

THE CAPTURE OF THE FRIGATE PRESIDENT

FROM A SAILOR'S JOURNAL OF HIS FIRST CRUISE.

On the fifteenth of January, 1815, at four bells, in the forenoon-watch, the boatswain called, "All hands, up an-

chor," on board the President frigate, Commodore Decatur, then lying in New York harbor, off the Battery. We walked it up in the turning of an hour-glass, and dropped down the bay, the wind at nor'-west, and came to an anchor in the Horse-shoe.

Now, it was high water on the bar, at a quarter past nine that evening: but Decatur, for some reason, which nobody ever knew, called, "all hands, up anchor," at four bells in the first dog-watch. As soon as the pilot heard the order, he went to Decatur; "Commodore," says he, 'the ship cannot go over the bar till high water."

"She must go, sir," says Decatur.

That settled the business, and we weighed anchor; but it blew such a gale o' wind, that the only sail we set, was a double-reefed foretopsail, and so stood out for the Hook. When the ship was about twice her length from the bar, the pilot went to Decatur again. "Commodore Decatur," says he, "the ship cannot go over the bar; it's an impossibility. She'll strike, and thump to pieces."

"Well, sir," says Decatur, "if that's the case, let go the anchor." So we let go the larboard-bower, and veered away cable enough to bring her to. The ship swung round by the anchor, and her stern struck on the bar.

"Cut away the cable!" says Decatur. We had hempcables in those days, and a few blows with an axe cut it away, and we swung round, and struck broadside on the bar, and there she thumped. Then it was, "Down topgallant and royal yards!" and, as I was captain of the maintop, I was expected to show a lead. So we lay aloft, but could not get any higher than the tops; for, when the ship struck, which she did every minute, it was all we could do to hold on, let alone sending down yards, and, for the same reason, the foretopsail had not been furled, and so it was flapping as if it would carry away the yard. So we lay and thumped on the bar till high water, and then she floated.

'Now, sir," says Decatur, to the pilot, "take me back to New York."

"It is impossible, sir," says the pilot, "it is blowing a gale o' wind from the northwest, and no ship that ever floated could beat up against it." So there was nothing

to be done but go to sea; and, as the wind had moderated a little, we made sail on her and stood out, and, as we knew the English fleet was watching for us, we doused every light, except the binnacle-lamps, and kept very still for, as it was very dark, we did not know how near we might be to them, and so, with every thing she could stagger under, we were off, southeast-by-east. About seven bells, in the mid-watch, a blue light was burnt by the English admiral's ship, and was repeated by all the ships of his squadron, to show him where they were.

They were all around us, and, to avoid them, we hauled close on the wind, boarded our larboard-tacks, and stood in for the Long Island shore. When daylight came, we found that the English fleet was all around us. The Tenedos, frigate, was on our starboard-bow; the Pomone, frigate, on the larboard-bow; the Endymion, frigate, right ahead; the Despatch, brig, clear out to sea, ahead, and the Majestic, seventy-four, astern. We could not stand all that; so we up helm, and bore away to the south'ard and east'ard, and setting a foretopmast stu'n-sail, although it blew a gale of wind, we left Johnny Bull to take care of himself; and, in two hours, the Endymion was the only ship within ten miles of us. But then the wind began to ease off, and, though we crowded all sail, the Endymion begun to gain upon us. She was the fastest sailer in the English fleet, and was kept light and in complete sailing trim. She drew her provisions from the other ships, and was, of course, only in ballast; while we had on board six months and thirteen days' provision, beside stores of all kinds, and were very heavy with shot, and to add to all this weight, we had knocked our false-keel to pieces on the bar; some of it was gone, and the rest stood athwart-ships, and hindered our sailing very much.

Well, the Endymion kept on, gaining on us, and came on hand-over-fist; so, the commodore gave orders to lighten the ship. First and foremost we threw over all the provision, except ten days' allowance, but the wind still easing off, the Endymion still gained on us; so we threw over the boats, spare rigging, and spars, then the anchors, and cutting the cables into lengths of five or six fathoms, so that they would be of no use to any one, we

sent them overboard too, and every thing else, except our fighting-traps. In spite of all we could do, the Endymion still gained on us, and it was very plain she would overtake us. So, at six bells, in the afternoon-watch, when she was about four miles astern, Commodore Decatur called all hands aft. "Now, my lads," says he, "the Endymion will overtake us, and we can't help it; but when she comes alongside, I want you to give her *one* broadside, double-shotted, and then every man and boy in the ship must board her; and we will take her and go off in her, (for she is the fastest ship in the English squadron,) and leave the President where she is. No man must leave the ship till you see me mount the hammock-nettings, and then will you follow me?"

"Ay, ay, sir, we will that," says we, and gave him three cheers. By this time the Endymion was within three miles of us, and, training one of her bow-chasers on us, she let drive; but the shot fell short, about twice the ship's length; so we tried her with our stern-chasers, to do her some hurt, if possible, and help us along; but our shot fell short, too. At two bells, in the first dog-watch, the Endymion's shot overreached us, (she was within a mile of us,) and shot told well on both sides; but the Tenedos and Pomone came up so fast, that we saw we could not get away.

"Now, my boys," said Decatur, "we must surrender; but I want you to unrig the Endymion for me first. Will you do it?"

"Ay, ay, sir," says we, and cheered him again. Just at this minute, a shot from the Endymion carried away our wheel, and killed the quartermaster-at-the-gun and three men. The ship broached-to, and then the drums beat to quarters; we manned our starboard-battery, and in *seventeen minutes* the Endymion was a wreck; the only spar standing was about eighteen feet of her foremast. All this time, Decatur stood on the spar-deck with his speaking-trumpet, singing out, "Don't overshot your guns, my brave boys; don't overshot your guns." He was afraid the guns would burst, as they grew hot, if we overshotted them; but his advice did no good. We put three round shot into each gun, and as the Endymion was only

about fifty feet from us, you may know how the shot told. The Endymion, of course, would not strike to us, when the rest of their squadron was so near, and so we continued the battle; but as it was now too dark to fight by the flag, we set up a light, and they did the same.

By this time, the Endymion had dropped astern, but the Tenedos was on our larboard-bow, and the Pomone on our larboard-quarter.

"Now, Commodore Decatur," says Robinson, "I wish you would sink the Tenedos, and then the Majestic will sink us, and we'll all go to the bottom together, for our larboard-guns are all shotted, and *one* broadside will send her straight to the bottom."

"No, sir," says Decatur, "I will not throw away the lives of my brave fellows so. Now, go below, my lads, we must surrender; and you want refreshment: so, go below." We turned-to, and threw all our muskets, pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and every thing, overboard, and cutting loose both batteries, we went down to the berth-deck, to get something to eat and drink, for we had touched nothing since we left the Hook, and had not slept a minute either. I was going along forrard on the berth-deck, when I stumbled over a dead marine, and as I was getting up, I found two bottles of devilish fine wine, for the commodore had ordered his stores to be given to the sailors, and that was the reason I found this wine knocking about the deck. Just as I got upon my feet, one of the topmen, named Harry Brown, came along, whose scalp had been torn up by a musket ball, and hung over his face, so that he could not see. So I gave him one bottle of the wine, and it did him a great deal of good; but he was down-hearted, and thought he should die; so he told me to take a large gold chain, which he wore, and give it to his wife, when I got home; and I did so, and kept it, in spite of the English thieves, and gave it to her according to orders. When we went below, Decatur took his trumpet, and went forward to the fo'castle, and standing on the larboard-cathead, he hailed the Tenedos.

"I have surrendered, sir;" they pretended not to hear him, and let drive a whole broadside into us.

"I have surrendered, sir" says Decatur, again.

"To whom?" says the Tenedos.

"To the squadron, sir," says Decatur; for he was too proud to say he had surrendered to any one ship. Bang! came another broadside from the Tenedos. Now, when they fired this second broadside, the first lieutenant, with other officers, and a boat's crew, had just boarded us from the Pomone, which lay on our starboard-quarter, close aboard of us; and the shot from the Tenedos killed two officers and five men, on board the Pomone. So the first lieutenant of the Pomone run forrard, and hailed the Tenedos: "Cease firing, sir!" says he; "his Britannic majesty's officers are aboard, sir." Then the Tenedos stopped firing, and the Englishmen boarded us by the hundred, and in five minutes there were four hundred of them aboard, in spite of the tremendous sea, and the gale of wind. Then they had their hands full, for all our guns were cruising about decks, rolling with the roll of the ship, in every direction. It was as much as a man's life was worth, to be on our main-gundeck then; for if a long thirty-two pounder had rolled over a fellow, he would be about used up; and so the Englishmen danced and swore, a good deal, when they came to secure the batteries again, and wanted us to lend them a hand: but devil the bit would we do, so they had the fun all to themselves. After they had got every thing snug again, they took half of us, and sent us aboard the Tenedos; and as it was now near four bells, in the first watch, they stowed us away in the fore-hold, in double-irons, to keep us safe till morning.

Then it was, "down all boats, and search for the Endymion;" for she had dropped so far astern, that they did not know where she was, but at last they found her, and towed her up as the wind lulled, and when we were taken out of the hold, in the morning, she was alongside.

Well, that afternoon they sent all hands of us aboard of the Endymion; and stowed half of us in the fore-hold and the rest on the main-gundeck, amidships, in irons; and, as she had jury-masts rigged, they all bore away for Bermuda.

Now, the Endymion was still the fastest ship, in the squadron, and not being very full manned, we agreed to rise and take her, and bear away for some port in the

States; and we had it all arranged, and in *three minutes* more, the ship would have been our own, when the mainjurymast went by the board, and dished all our plans. In a couple of days we made Bermuda, and there we were landed and marched through the town; and such a set of looking fellows no man ever saw. We had not been shaved for so long a time that we looked like bears; water was no shipmate of ours; and, as the English thieves had stolen every thing we had, the clothes that we wore were both few and small; for example, my thumbnail is as well clothed as we were; and as we went along with our hands behind our backs, two and two, the boys pelted us with mud, eggs, dead cats, and such like. Then they put us aboard the Ardent, sixty-four, commanded by a mean old hunks, Sir William Barnaby, or "Captain Bill," as we used to call him; and we lay in port, aboard of her, till the peace. The ladies of Bermuda gave us clothing and knickknacks, and tried to make us comfortable; but, under "Captain Bill," that was an impossibility. So, when the peace came, they shipped us to New York and we arrived there in June, safe and sound.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

James Richards lived on a cape. His house, a neat one story building, was situated on the furthermost part of the cape, towards the sea. He was an old sailor, and had followed the sea until he was three score years of age, when he bought this spot and built him a house. It was a dangerous part of the coast; and this was one great reason, he said, why he settled there. "For he meant to keep a bright light burning in the dark night, to light his brother tars on their way."

Richards' family consisted of himself, wife, and two sons, the eldest thirty, and the youngest twenty-five years of age. "And smart, active boys, they are too," the old man would say, "as any about these parts."

The afternoon of the day on which our story opens, had been lowry, and the appearances betokened a tempest.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION

The two young men had been absent about a week on a fishing cruise. They were, therefore, anxiously looked for all the afternoon by their parents; more especially, as they had then out-stayed their usual time of absence. As the day wore away, and the appearance of a storm increased, the mother's fears arose proportionally; although the father was too much of a sailor to be frightened, as he expressed himself, at a black cloud. However, as the day drew near its close, and the wind began to increase, the old man became uneasy, and his eye was directed oftener than usual, seaward. The sun went down luridly in the west, and the large waves began to heave in their feathery tops. The old man left the house and proceeded to the shore. There was a smooth, sandy cove, which made a snug little harbor: but save this, the cape was lined with high, rugged, and shelving rocks. Mr. Richards seated himself on the highest eminence—*Broad Stone*, it is called, directly on the pitch of the cape, from whence he could overlook the sea at all points.

Here, as he sat gazing off, he would mutter to himself, "I don't like that white streak in the east: it is a weather-lifter, and bodes no good; and the scud there in the south looks badly, skimming over the water at such a rate. It will be an ugly night this. The plague is in the boys that they don't come home—they ought to know better than to be abroad in such weather as this!" Time and again, as the dusk crept on, he would visit Broad Stone, and throw anxious glances about, in hopes of detecting the appearance of a sail, and then he would give vent to his spleen for their absenting themselves, in which, however, fear, as could easily be seen, rather than anger, was predominant. Darkness settled down on earth and ocean; still nothing met the eye of the anxious watchers, but the dark green waves, rolling turbidly to the shore, with a sullen, fearful murmur. The wind blew furiously, and the rain came with a heavy plash to the earth. As the hour grew late, and the heavy gusts of wind swept by, and Mr. Richards had been once or twice to the shore without any signs of their approach, their anxiety became too great for silence, and impassioned prayers were put up by the mother for her sons' safety; while the father, in a voice

slightly trembling, tried to comfort her, by saying. "fear not, wife—the boys are strong, and a better boat never swam; they are well acquainted with the coast. Besides, God will have them in his keeping, and will not leave us childless in our old age. Cheer up, and put your trust in Him, at whose bidding—'peace, be still'—the waves can not harm."

Ten o'clock came and went by. The boys came not. The storm was at its height. After walking the room awhile Mr. Richards asked his wife to prepare a lantern. "I am going," said he, in answer to his wife's inquiries, "to kindle a fire on Broad Stone, if possible. Keep a good heart—trust in God, and all will be well." So saying, he left the house. It was but a short time before he had a bright fire kindled on the Broad Stone, which threw its light far on the troubled waters. "Pray God the youngsters may see it!" the old man muttered to himself as he heaped on the brush. "*He* will not leave me desolate in my old age! Take me, Father Almighty," dropping on his knees, and raising his arms on high, in a prayerful attitude—"take *me*, but spare my children! take me, who am nothing worth—a worn out hulk; but spare the boys to comfort and support their aged mother!" A hand this moment was laid on his shoulder, and a trembling voice said hastily, "James, James—*His* will, not *ours*, be done!"

"Wife, how came you here? You should not be out in this tempest"——

"Hark! there it is again—I was sure I heard it!"

"Heard what?" said her husband, in astonishment.

"Hark—listen!" said the woman, pointing her arm seaward.

It was but a moment, when a bright flash was seen, and a faint report was borne on the breeze from the seaward.

"They are coming—the boys are coming!" burst simultaneously from the aged pair.

"They see the light," said the wife, hurriedly—"let us heap on more wood, James—praise God!"

"We have reason to praise Him, wife, and may He who has protected them thus far, restore them to us in safety!"

"He will—he will," said the agitated wife, as she heaped a large quantity of brush on the fire.

As the flames shot up in the air, and were curling about in the wind, the old man and his wife seated themselves to await the approaching vessel, that contained all that was dear to them. Their eyes were strained towards the cove, in the hope of seeing her in that direction; but happening to turn their eyes, they saw the little schooner dashing over the waves, right towards the rocky part of the cape. They both uttered a cry of horror. Death, inevitable death, seemed the doom of those on board. Onward she came, now rising high on a towering wave, fluttering on its top like a frightened bird, and now plunging down into the gulf of foaming waters, as if to destruction—then slowly rising again, still struggling towards the rock. The aged pair stood for a moment like statues gazing on the scene before them, until the little bark shot into the shade made by the cliff, and was lost to sight. Instead of running frantically about, accomplishing nothing, as is too often the case in scenes of alarm and danger, the "*old sailor*" was put on. Bidding his wife advance to the edge of the cliff with the lantern, Mr. Richards, with the speed of one some two scores of years younger, went to the house, procured a coil of rope, and a fishing line, and was back to the cliff nearly as soon as his wife.

At this place the cliff rose forty feet, perhaps, above the level of the sea. About two thirds or more of the way down was a shelf, projecting out three or four feet. It was here the boat came ashore.

"Husband!" said Mrs. R., wringing her hands in agony "what can be done? Father in Heaven, couldst thou not have spared them to us?"

"Peace, wife, peace!—wouldst thou chide thy Maker? Say not a word, but attend to me; it is no place to be womanish here. Now, wife, pitch your voice to its shrillest tone, above that of the wind, and see if the poor boys are alive, to give answer."

The woman did as she was bid; and bending over the cliff, screamed in a high, sharp tone, "John—Samuel! my children!"

Her voice rang shrilly above the dash of the waves and the blast of the gale.

"Quick, the light—there is hope!" said Mr. R. Imme

diately the lantern was lowered down by the line, and by its feeble light the oldest son could be seen on the shelf leaning back against the jagged rock, looking upwards.

"There is but one—it is John!" said the old man wildly, as he bent in eagerness fearfully over the edge of the cliff. "The rope, wife, the rope!" shouted he. In a second it was lowered down, swayed to and fro by the wind. John was not long in possessing himself of it. But what was the old man's horror, when he saw his son cast off his jacket, and grasping the end of the rope, walked to the edge of the shelf, as if to jump into the waters that foamed at his feet.

"What is he doing? he is leaping into the sea! merciful Parent! boy, boy, will you leave me childless, in my old age?" shouted he, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he saw his son dive into the sea. He stood transfixed with horror. In a few minutes, however, John appeared on the shelf, and made signs for those above to pull the rope. The old man commenced giving directions to his wife to watch the motions of John. He soon made signs to stop hauling, and then was seen to lift the apparently lifeless body of his brother on the shelf. After examining the rope, he made signs for them to hoist again. It was a sight to witness that old man, by the uncertain light of the fire, the rain beating upon his gray head, straining himself to raise the corpse of his own son from the dark depths below: and when the body was raised to the cliff, to see the aged mother clasp it in her arms, and hear her voice, quick with agony—"Samuel, my son, would to God I could have died for you!"—the wind and the rain the while beating down upon her uncovered head, and flinging her gray and tangled tresses to the air.

The old man's attention was now directed toward rescuing his other son, who was in imminent danger, as the tide was setting in, and ere long would probably wash him off, the force of the wind having raised it more than its usual height. He made fast the rope to a neighboring tree, and bending over the cliff, gave directions to his son to avoid the sharp rocks that jutted out, as he attempted the perilous ascent, steadying the rope, and encouraging him the while.

"Father, your hand!" said John, breathing thickly, lifting his arm to the edge of the cliff, well nigh exhausted. At the moment he uttered these words, the rope, which had worn against the sharp rocks, parted, leaving him dangling over the horrid depth below, holding by one hand to the edge of the cliff, and by the other to the tired arm of his father.

"Wife! wife!" shouted the old man, in a voice hoarse with agony, "leave the dead, and attend to the living." His wife was so absorbed in grief, she paid no attention. "Woman!" shouted he, in a voice of despair, "will ye sacrifice the living to the dead? Will you see your first born perish? Quickly, for my strength fails."

"What would ye, my husband?" said she, starting up, and seeing the situation of her husband, stretched on the ground at full length, holding one arm of her son; she sprung forward, and bending down grasped the other hand, and with almost supernatural strength, by one effort, lifted her son safe on the cliff, and then sunk beside him, with no more strength than a child. She soon recovered, and the excitement of the moment being over, their attention was turned to the younger son, who lay stretched out on the wet ground, without sense or motion, exhibiting a pale and ghastly face, as the light of the fast expiring fire occasionally flashed over it.

"Is he dead, father?" said John, as he gazed wildly in his face. "It was an ugly blow the main boom gave him, as we struck."

"Heaven be praised!" said the father, "that we have one left—and thankful I am that the waters did not devour him. Wife, let us be comforted that his grave will be on the land, and that he was not fated to float on the cold caverns of the deep."

"Father—mother!" said John, who had bent beside his brother, "he lives! I feel his heart beat!" And truly enough it did beat with returning life, and by midnight they were all gathered, a happy group, in the front room of the cottage, congratulating each other, and thanking God for their safety. * * * *

Where stood the humble cottage of James Richards, a brilliant light-house now stands—and it is the "best light"

on the eastern coast, Old John Richards is the keeper of it. Visit him, and he will tell you the story I have related, far better than I have done; and will show you the graves of his father and mother, and will tell you how he and Sam worked for them and made them comfortable in their old age—how, after they were dead, Sam went to sea, and found, after all, a grave in the "cold caverns of the deep;" and that he never lights the lamps of the light-house, without thinking how anxiously he watched the fire kindled by his father on "Broad Stone," in the night of the tempest, when he was off in the boat, tumbled about by the waves: and how upon the dark and angry waters, he vowed, if God spared his life, he would consecrate it to him, forever and ever, and try to sin no more—how Sam broke his vow that he made on his knees beside him, at that terrible hour—ever since which, the world went hard with him, until he was punished by a drowning death: of his own vow he speaks not; but from appearances, he has not forgotten it.

BEAR HUNTING IN MAINE.

As a man by the name of Bradbury, of Brownfield, was at work with his team in a wood about eighty rods from his house, he discovered a hole under the decayed root of a large tree, which he was induced to examine, from the supposition that it might have been the former resort of some wild beast. After considerable knocking at the entrance of the den, and finding no one had the politeness to bid him "walk in," he returned to introduce the end of his ox-goad; upon which a large bear, not so well acquainted with this kind of treatment as Old Buck and Golding, uttered a horrid growl and sprang at him; but failing in her attempts to seize his hand, she retreated to the back part of the cavern, where her voice, united with that of two companions, formed a language not very well calculated to charm the hearer.

Mr. B., not to be intimidated by the singular and uncouth noise, and waiting with patience at the mouth of the den till their passion somewhat subsided, then ran a few

BEAR HUNTING IN MAINE

rods, picked up his axe, and returned; and, after spending near four hours in fruitless exertions to obtain assistance, he formed the resolution of attempting to dispatch them himself. He accordingly stepped into the entrance of the den, and a second time introduced the end of his ox-goad; which he had no sooner done, than Bruin, with his two companions, rushed out upon him, when he gave the foremost one a blow with his axe, which severed his head from his body; the second was stunned, and the third, which appeared to be the old dam, received a blow that broke her upper jaw, and obliged her to retreat into the den. After dispatching the one which he had already stunned, Mr. B. attempted to force the old dam from her retreat: but not relishing her first interview, she kept her quarters, which compelled him to make an attack in another direction. He consequently stopped the entrance of the den, and then cut a hole through the top, and no sooner was an opening made than she sprang out upon him; when she received the whole blade of the axe in her head, which was repeated three times before she was brought to the ground.

WASHINGTON AND THE HORSE.

THE following incident is related in Mr. Custis's Recollections of Washington:

"The blooded horse was the Virginia favorite of those days, as well as these. The mother, fond of the animal to which her deceased husband had always been particularly attached, had preserved the race in its greatest purity, and at the time of our story, possessed several young horses of superior promise.

"One there was, a sorrel, destined to be famous, (and for much better reason than the horse which a brutal emperor raised to the dignity of consul.) This sorrel was of a fierce and ungovernable nature, and resisted all attempts to subject him to the rein. He had reached his full size and vigor, unconscious of a rider, and ranged as free as air, which he snuffed in triumph, tossing his mane to the winds, and spurning the earth, in the pride of his freedom.

"It was a matter of common remark, that a man never would be found hardy enough to back and ride this vicious horse. Several had essayed, but deterred by the fury of the animal, they had desisted from their attempts; and the steed remained unbroken.

The young Washington proposed to his companions that if they would assist him in confining the steed, so that a bridle could be placed in his mouth, he would engage to tame this terror of the parish. Accordingly, early the ensuing morning, the associates decoyed the horse into an enclosure, where they secured him and forced a bit into his mouth. Bold, vigorous, and young, the daring chief sprang to his unenvied seat, and bidding his comrades remove their tackle, the indignant courser rushed to the plain.

"As if disdaining his burden, he at first attempted to fly; but soon felt the power of an arm which could have tamed his Arab grandsires, in wildest course, on their native deserts. The struggle now became terrific to the beholders, who almost wished they had not joined in an enterprise so likely to be fatal to their daring associate. But the youthful hero, that 'spirit-protected man,' clung to the furious steed, till, Centaur like, he appeared to make part of the animal itself. Long was the conflict; and the fears of the associates became more relieved as, with matchless skill, the rider preserved his seat, and with matchless force controlled the courser's rage, when the gallant horse, summoning all his power to one mighty effort, reared, and plunged with tremendous violence, burst his noble heart, and died in an instant!

"The rider, 'alive, unharmed, and without a wound,' was joined by the youthful group, and all gazed upon the generous steed, which, now prostrate, 'trailed in dust the honors of his name,' while from his distended nostrils gushed in torrents the life-blood that a moment before had swollen in his veins.

"The first surprise was scarcely over, with a 'what's to be done?' 'who shall tell this tale?' when the party was summoned to the morning's meal. A conversation the most mal-apropos to the youthful culprits, became introduced by the matron's asking, 'Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope

WASHINGTON AND THE HORSE

they are well taken care of: my favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire.' Considerable embarrassment being observable, the lady repeated her question; when George Washington replied, 'Your favorite, the sorrel, is dead, madam.' 'Dead! exclaimed the lady; why, how has this happened?' Nothing dismayed, the chief continued, 'that sorrel horse has long been considered ungovernable, and beyond the power of man to back or ride him: this morning, aided by my friends, we forced a bit into his mouth—I backed him—I rode him—and in a desperate struggle for the mastery, he fell under me, and died on the spot.' The hectic of a moment was observed to flush upon the matron's cheek; but, like a summer cloud, it soon passed away, and all was serene and tranquil, when she remarked, 'It is well: but while I regret the loss of my favorite, *I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth.*'"

A MODERN BRUTUS.

It was in the summer of 1819, that the incident occurred which I am about to relate, and which agitated all that part of France which was the scene of its enactment. I was studying the antiquities of Rouen, that beautiful city, on which the character of the middle ages is so deeply imprinted. I had already surveyed and admired its wonderful cathedral, its castles, its fountains, and its venerable crosses, when I found myself, one morning, before the hall of justice. Crowds were flocking to it from every quarter, the expression of whose eager faces seemed to announce the expectation of some deeply interesting judicial drama. The doors were not yet opened, and I awaited patiently the moment which should give entrance to the multitude and leave me to the uninterrupted enjoyment of my antiquarian researches, and of the reflections on the past which they should call up in my mind.

It came at length, and I was left in solitude. Hours were passed in wandering from one interesting relic to another—examining, verifying, and comparing—recalling the scenes and incidents of ancient days, and contrasting them with what now existed around me; when my atten-

tion was awakened by the animated looks and gestures of two advocates, who had halted at the foot of the great staircase, and from time to time directed their eyes toward the hall of justice, as if anxiously awaiting the result of some important trial. They approached me, and the loud tone of their conversation made me involuntarily acquainted with its subject: it was the judgment of a father, the murderer of his only son. My curiosity was aroused, and, yielding to its impulse, I drew near the speakers, who saluted me with courtesy, and readily obliged me with the following narration.

"Arnaud Magnier, who is at this moment under trial, is a retired veteran, whose spirit is as loyal and true to honor, as his temper is quick and violent. He had an only son, a young man of about nineteen, who, inheriting the energetic character, without the rectitude, of his father, early became the slave of corrupt and degrading passions. Frequent complaints had been laid before the old man, of his son's excesses, and more than once he had inflicted upon him severe punishment; which, so far from working a reformation, only seemed to harden the spirit of the incorrigible offender. One evening, Magnier received a visit from an old and valued friend, M. Duval, the proprietor of an extensive manufactory at some distance from the city, who had accepted the invitation of his ancient comrade, with the intention of returning home at night.

"Edward, the son, who had for some time apparently renounced his dissipated and licentious habits, was present, and cheerfully aided his father in fulfilling the duties of hospitality. The cheerful glass and merry jest went round, and the flight of time was unheeded, until at length the eyes of M. Duval chanced to fall upon the mantle-clock, which indicated the hour of eleven: he arose hastily, and, resisting the entreaties of his friend to pass the remainder of the night under his roof, fastened on his belt, from which the clink of gold was distinctly heard, mounted his horse, and set off for home.

"He had proceeded nearly half a mile, and was about entering a little wood, through which the road was carried, when suddenly, at the termination of a glade, conspicuously lighted by the moonbeams, he saw approaching him,

a man whose face was blackened, and whose movements indicated a hostile purpose. The merchant drew a pistol from his holster, and giving his steed the spur, quickly found himself confronted by the stranger.

"'If you would save your life, give up your purse!' exclaimed the latter, in a hoarse and apparently assumed voice, presenting a pistol in each hand. M. Duval had his finger upon the trigger of his own, and was on the point of firing, when a sudden thought appeared to strike him, and he dropped his hand. 'My purse!' he replied: 'take it—there it is;' and he detached his belt, and placed it in the hand of the robber. The unknown turned, and was quickly out of sight; while the merchant resumed his journey, buried in thought, and allowing the bridle to hang loose upon the neck of his horse, whose pace gradually dwindled to a walk, without appearing to attract the notice of the rider.

"Thus he continued to proceed for nearly half an hour, when, raising his head, like one who had arrived at a conclusion, M. Duval suddenly checked his horse, and turning the rein, set off at a full gallop on his way back to the place from whence he had come. He drew up in the suburbs of the city, near the house of his friend, left the horse at an inn, and proceeded to the gate, which opened upon the garden at the back of Magnier's dwelling. He entered, and advancing with cautious steps to the window of the veteran's sleeping apartment, which was upon the ground floor, tapped gently against the glass. The signal was heard, and M. Duval speedily admitted. 'My friend,' said he, to the old man, who was impatient to know the cause of his quick return, 'I have been waylaid and robbed—the voice, the figure, and, so far as I could distinguish them under their disguise, the features of the robber, struck me—they have given rise to a strange thought—I may be deceived, but my conviction is strong, that the honor of your house—'

"'What do your words portend? For heaven's sake, explain.'

"'Listen—heavy charges are brought against your son—I hope that my suspicions may be wrong—forgive me—it is my friendship for you——'

"'In mercy, speak out at once—what would you say?'

"'Alas, my poor friend, I am forced to suspect——'

"'Whom? What? That it was *he?*'

"'Calm yourself—let us examine quietly, and, if possible, convince ourselves that it was nothing more than a resemblance.'

"'Come,' exclaimed the old soldier, taking up the lamp, and leading the way to the chamber of his son. They entered cautiously, and found him buried in a profound slumber. The old man, whose hand trembled violently, passed the light before his eyes, to assure himself that the sleep was real, and then turned to his friend, with a deep sigh, like that of one who is relieved from a terrible suspense. The merchant bent down over the sleeper, and doubt and fear again resumed their sway in the mind of the unhappy father, whose eyes roamed fearfully around the apartment—they rested at length with horror upon a blackened cloth, a pair of pistols, and the leathern belt which the robber had imperfectly concealed beneath his pillow.

"'Still this *proves* nothing,' exclaimed the merchant, who shuddered at beholding the ghastly workings of the old man's face; 'besides, I was on horseback, and how could he overtake me on foot?'

"'There is a foot-path that is much shorter,' answered the father, with a dreadful look; 'and if proof were wanting, it is here,' he continued, pointing to the shoes and gaiters of the young man, which were covered with damp mud. M. Duval cast down his eyes, without a word.

"'And he sleeps,' the old man muttered, while his eyes glowed with a fearful light; then, with a desperate hand he grasped one of the pistols, and before the merchant could even move to interrupt his purpose, he lodged its contents in the brain of his guilty son.

"This is the crime upon which the court is now engaged in passing judgment, and it is the result of the trial, that we, and the crowds whom you have seen entering the hall, are so anxiously awaiting."

Just then a multitude of people hurried down the staircase, and amid the confusion of voices that broke upon my ear, I heard frequently repeated the words, "banishment for life."

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